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ART. I. — 1. *La Russie en* 1839. Par le MARQUIS DE CUSTINE. 4 vols. Seconde Edition, revue, corrigée, et augmentée. Paris. 1843.

2. *A Memoir of the Life of Peter the Great.* By JOHN BARROW, Esq., Secretary to the Admiralty. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1839.

ONE day, in the year 1697, the great Duke of Marlborough happened to be in the village of Saardam. He visited the dockyard of one Mynheer Calf, a rich shipbuilder, and was struck with the appearance of a journeyman at work there. He was a large, powerful man, dressed in a red woollen shirt and duck trowsers, with a sailor's hat, and seated, with an adze in his hand, upon a rough log of timber which lay on the ground. The man's features were bold and regular, his dark brown hair fell in natural curls about his neck, his complexion was strong and ruddy, with veins somewhat distended, indicating an ardent temperament and more luxurious habits than comported with his station; and his dark, keen eye glanced from one object to another with remarkable restlessness. He was engaged in earnest conversation with some strangers, whose remarks he occasionally interrupted, while he rapidly addressed them in a guttural but not unmusical voice. As he became occasionally excited in conversation, his features twitched convulsively, the blood rushed to his forehead, his arms were tossed about with extreme violence of gesticulation, and he seemed constantly upon the point of giving way to some explosion of passion, or else of falling into a fit of catalepsy.

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His companions, however, did not appear alarmed by his vehemence, although they seemed to treat him with remarkable deference; and, after a short time, his distorted features would resume their symmetry and agreeable expression, his momentary frenzy would subside, and a bright smile would light up his whole countenance.

The Duke inquired the name of this workman, and was told it was one Pieter Baas, a foreign journeyman of remarkable mechanical abilities and great industry. Approaching, he entered into some slight conversation with him upon matters pertaining to his craft. While they were conversing, a stranger of foreign mien and costume appeared, holding a voluminous letter in his hand; the workman started up, snatched it from his hand, tore off the seals and greedily devoured its contents, while the stately Marlborough walked away unnoticed. The Duke was well aware that, in this thin disguise, he saw the Czar of Muscovy. Pieter Baas, or Boss Peter, or Master Peter, was Peter the despot of all the Russias, a man who, having just found himself the undisputed proprietor of a quarter of the globe with all its inhabitants, had opened his eyes to the responsibilities of his position, and had voluntarily descended from his throne for the noble purpose of qualifying himself to reascend it.

The empire of Russia, at this moment more than twice as large as Europe, having a considerable extent of seacoasts, with flourishing commercial havens both upon the Baltic and the Black seas, and a chain of internal communication, by canal and river, connecting them both with the Caspian and the Volga, was, at the accession of Peter the First, of quite sufficient dimensions for any reasonable monarch's ambition, but of most unfortunate geographical position. Shut off from civilized Western Europe by vast and thinly peopled forests and plains, having for neighbours only the sledded Polack, the Turk, the Persian, and the Chinese, and touching nowhere upon the ocean, that great highway of civilization, — the ancient empire of the Czars seemed always in a state of suffocation. Remote from the sea, it was a mammoth without lungs, incapable of performing the functions belonging to its vast organization, and presenting to the world the appearance of a huge, incomplete, and inert mass, waiting the advent of some new Prometheus to inspire it with life and light.

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Its capital, the *bizarre* and fantastic Moscow, with its vast, turreted, and venerable Kremlin, — its countless churches, with their flashing spires and clustering and turbaned minarets glittering in green, purple, and gold, — its mosques, with the cross supplanting the crescent, — its streets swarming with bearded merchants and ferocious Janizaries, while its female population were immured and invisible, — was a true type of the empire, rather Asiatic than European, and yet compounded of both.

The government, too, was far more Oriental than European in its character. The Normans had, to be sure, in the eleventh century, taken possession of the Russian government with the same gentlemanlike effrontery with which, at about the same time, they had seated themselves upon every throne in Europe ; and the crown of Ruric had been transmitted like the other European crowns for many generations, till it descended through a female branch upon the head of the Romanoffs, the ancestors of Peter and the present imperial family. But though there might be said to be an established dynasty, the succession to the throne was controlled by the Strelitzes, the licentious and ungovernable soldiery of the capital, as much as the Turkish or Roman empire by the Janizaries or Pretorians ; and the history of the government was but a series of palace-revolutions, in which the sovereign, the tool alternately of the priesthood and the body-guard, was elevated, deposed, or strangled, according to the prevalence of different factions in the capital. The government was in fact, as it has been epigrammatically characterized, " a despotism tempered by assassination."

The father of Peter the First, Alexis Michaelovitz, had indeed projected reforms in various departments of the government. He seems to have been, to a certain extent, aware of the capacity of his empire, and to have had some faint glimmerings of the responsibility which weighed upon him, as the inheritor of this vast hereditary estate. He undertook certain revisions of the laws, if the mass of contradictory and capricious edicts which formed the code deserve that name ; and his attention had particularly directed itself to the condition of the army and the church. Upon his death, in 1677, he left two sons, Theodore and John, and four daughters, by his first wife ; besides one son,

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Peter, born in 1672, and one daughter, Natalia, by the second wife, of the house of Narischkin. The eldest son, Theodore, succeeded, whose administration was directed by his sister, the ambitious and intriguing princess Sophia, assisted by her paramour Galitzin. Theodore died in 1682, having named his half-brother Peter as his successor, to the exclusion of his own brother John, who was almost an idiot. Sophia, who, in the fitful and perilous history of Peter's boyhood, seems like the wicked fairy in so many Eastern fables, whose mission is constantly to perplex, and, if possible, destroy, the virtuous young prince, who, however, struggles manfully against her enchantments and her hosts of allies, and comes out triumphant at last, — Sophia, assisted by Couvanski, general of the Strelitzes, excited a tumult *in the capital. Artfully inflaming the passions of the soldiery*, she directed their violence against all those who stood between her and the power she aimed at; many of the Narischkin family (the maternal relatives of Peter), with their adherents, were butchered with wholesale ferocity, many crown-officers were put to death, and the princess at length succeeded in proclaiming the idiot John and the infant Peter as joint Czars, and herself as regent.

From this time forth, Sophia, having the reins of government securely in her hand, took particular care to surround the youthful Peter with the worst influences. She exposed him systematically to temptation, she placed about him the most depraved and licentious associates, and seems to have encouraged the germination of every vicious propensity with the most fostering care. In 1689, during the absence of *Prince Galitzin upon his second unsuccessful invasion of* the Crimea, Peter was married, at the age of seventeen, through the influence of a faction hostile to Sophia, to a young lady of the Lapouchin family. After the return of Galitzin, a desperate revolt of the Strelitzes was concerted between their general, and Sophia and Galitzin, whose object was to seize and murder Peter. He saved himself for the second time in the Convent of the Trinity, — the usual place of refuge when the court was beleaguered, as was not unusual, by the Janizaries, — assembled around him those of the boyards and the soldiers who were attached to him, and, with the personal bravery and promptness which have descended like an heirloom in his family, defeated the conspirators at

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a blow, banished Galitzin to Siberia, and locked up Sophia in a convent, where she remained till her death, fifteen years afterwards. His brother John remained nominally as joint Czar till his death in 1696.

In less than a year from this time, Peter made the acquaintance of a very remarkable man, to whom, more than to any other, Russia seems to have been indebted for the first impulse towards civilization. Happening one day to be dining at the house of the Danish minister, he was pleased with the manners and conversation of his Excellency's private secretary. This was a certain youthful Genevese adventurer, named Lefort. He had been educated for the mercantile profession and placed in a counting-house ; but being of an adventurous disposition, with decided military tastes and talents, he had enlisted as a volunteer, and served with some distinction in the Low Countries. Still following his campaigning inclinations, he enlisted under a certain Colonel Verstin, who had been commissioned by the Czar Alexis to pick up some German recruits, and followed him to Archangel. Arriving there, he found that the death of Alexis had left no demand for the services either of himself or the colonel, and after escaping with difficulty transportation to Siberia, with which he seems to have been threatened for no particular reason, he followed his destiny to Moscow, where he found employment under the Danish envoy De Horn, and soon after was introduced to the Czar.

It was this young adventurer, a man of no extraordinary acquirements, but one who had had the advantage of a European education, and the genius to know its value and to reap its full benefit, — a man of wonderful power of observation, in whom intuition took the place of experience, and who possessed the rare faculty of impressing himself upon other minds with that genial warmth and force which render the impression indelible, — it was this truant Genevese clerk, who planted the first seeds in the fertile, but then utterly fallow, mind of the Czar. Geniality and sympathy were striking characteristics of both minds, and they seem to have united by a kind of elective affinity, from the first instant they were placed in neighbourhood of each other.

It was from Lefort that the Czar first learned the great superiority of the disciplined troops of Western Europe over the licentious and anarchical soldiery of Russia. It

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was in concert with Lefort, that he conceived on the instant the daring plan of annihilating the Strelitzes, the body-guard which had set up and deposed the monarchs, — a plan that would have inevitably cost a less sagacious and vigorous prince his throne and life, and which he silently and cautiously matured, till, as we shall have occasion to relate, it was successfully executed. Almost immediately after his acquaintance with Lefort, he formed a regiment upon the European plan, which was to be the germ of the reformed army which he contemplated. This regiment was called the Preobrazinski body-guard, from the name of the palace, and Lefort was appointed its colonel, while the Czar entered himself as drummer.

It was to Lefort, also, that the Czar was, about this time, indebted for the acquaintance of the celebrated Menzikoff. This was another adventurer, who had great influence upon the fortunes of the empire, who sprang from the very humblest origin, and who seemed, like Lefort, to have been guided from afar by the finger of Providence to become a fit instrument to carry out the plans of Peter. The son of miserable parents upon the banks of the Volga, not even taught to read or write, Menzikoff sought his fortune in Moscow, and, at the age of fourteen, became apprentice to a pastry-cook, and earned his living as an itinerant vender of cakes and pies; these he offered about the streets, recommending them in ditties of his own composing, which he sang in a very sweet voice. While engaged in this humble occupation, he happened one day to attract the attention of Lefort, who entered into some little conversation with him. The Swiss volunteer, who had so lately expanded into the general and admiral of Muscovy, could hardly dream, nor did he live long enough to learn, that, in that fair-haired, barefooted, sweet-voiced boy, the future prince of the empire, general, governor, regent, and almost autocrat, stood disguised before him. There really seems something inexpressibly romantic in the accidental and strange manner, in which the chief actors in the great drama of Peter's career seem to have been selected, and to have received their several parts from the great hand of fate. The youthful Menzikoff was presented by Lefort to the Czar, who was pleased with his appearance and vivacity, and made him his page, and, soon afterwards, his favorite and confidant.

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At about the same time that Peter commenced his model regiment, he had also commenced building some vessels at Voroneje, with which he had already formed the design of sailing down the Don and conquering Azoff, the key to the Black Sea, from the Turks.

Nothing indicated the true instinct of Peter's genius more decidedly than the constancy with which he cultivated a love for maritime affairs. He is said in infancy to have had an almost insane fear of water; but as there was never any special reason assigned for it, this was probably invented to make his naval progress appear more remarkable. At all events, he seems very soon to have conquered his hydrophobia, and in his boyhood appears to have found his chief amusement in paddling about the river Yausa, which passes through Moscow, in a little skiff built by a Dutchman, which had attracted his attention as being capable, unlike the flat-bottomed scows, which were the only boats with which he had been previously familiar, of sailing against the wind. Having solved the mystery of the keel, he became passionately fond of the sport, and, not satisfied with the navigation of the Yausa, nor of the lake Peipus, upon which he amused himself for a time, he could not rest till he had proceeded to Archangel, where he purchased and manned a vessel, in which he took a cruise or two upon the Frozen Ocean as far as Ponoi, upon the coast of Lapland.

Peter understood thoroughly the position of his empire, the moment he came to the throne. Previous Czars had issued a multiplicity of edicts, forbidding their subjects to go out of the empire. Peter saw that the great trouble was, that they could not get out. Both the natural gates of his realm were locked upon him, and the keys were in the hands of his enemies. When we look at the map of Russia now, we do not sufficiently appreciate the difficulties of Peter's position at his accession. To do so is to appreciate his genius and the strength of his will. While paddling in his little skiff on the Yausa, he had already determined that this great inland empire of his, whose inhabitants had never seen or heard of the ocean, should become a maritime power. He saw, that, without seaports, it could never be redeemed from its barbarism, and he was resolved to exchange its mongrel Orientalism for European civilization. Accordingly, before he had been within five hundred miles of blue water,

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he made himself a sailor, and at the same time formed the plan, which he pursued with iron pertinacity to its completion, of conquering the Baltic from the Swede, and the Euxine from the Turk. Fully to see and appreciate the necessity of this measure was, in the young, neglected barbarian prince, a great indication of genius ; but the resolution to set about and accomplish this mighty scheme in the face of ten thousand obstacles constituted him a hero. He was, in fact, one of those few characters whose existence has had a considerable influence upon history. If he had not lived, Russia would very probably have been at the present moment one great Wallachia or Moldavia, — a vast wilderness, peopled by the same uncouth barbarians who even now constitute the mass of its population, and governed by a struggling, brawling, confused mob of unlettered boyards, knavish priests, and cut-throat Janizaries.

It was not so trifling a task as it may now appear, for Russia to conquer Sweden and the Sublime Porte. On the contrary, Sweden was so vastly superior in the scale of civilization, and her disciplined troops, trained for a century upon the renowned battle-fields of Europe, with a young monarch at their head who loved war as other youths love a mistress, gave her such a decided military preponderance, that she looked upon Russia with contempt. The Ottoman empire, too, was, at that time, not the rickety, decrepit state which it now is, holding itself up, like the cabman's horse, only by being kept in the shafts, and ready to drop the first moment its foreign master stops whipping ; on the contrary, in the very year in which Peter inherited the empire from his brother Theodore, 200,000 Turks besieged Vienna, and drove the Emperor Leopold in dismay from his capital. Although the downfall of the Porte may be dated from the result of that memorable campaign, yet the Sultan was then a vastly more powerful potentate than the Czar, and the project to snatch from him the citadel of Azoff, the key of the Black Sea, was one of unparalleled audacity.

But Peter had already matured the project, and was determined to execute it. He required seaports, and, having none, he determined to seize those of his neighbours. Like the "king of Bohemia with his seven castles," he was the "most unfortunate man in the world, because, having the

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greatest passion for navigation and all sorts of sea affairs, he had never a seaport in all his dominions." Without stopping however, like Corporal Trim, to argue the point in casuistry, whether — Russia, like Bohemia, being an inland country — it would be consistent with divine benevolence for the ocean to inundate his neighbour's territory in order to accommodate him, he took a more expeditious method. Preferring to go to the ocean, rather than wait for the ocean to come to him, in 1695 he sailed down the Don with his vessels, and struck his first blow at Azoff. His campaign was unsuccessful, through the treachery and desertion of an artillery officer, named Jacob ; but as the Czar through life possessed the happy faculty of never knowing when he was beaten, he renewed his attack the next year, and carried the place with the most brilliant success. The key of the Palus Mæotis was thus in his hands, and he returned in triumph to Moscow, where he levied large sums upon the nobility and clergy, to build and sustain a fleet upon the waters he had conquered, to drive the Tartars from the Crimea, and to open and sustain a communication with Persia, through Circassia and Georgia.

Thus the first point was gained, and his foot at last touched the ocean. Moreover, the Tartars of the Crimea, who had been from time immemorial the pest of Russia, — a horde of savages, who "said their prayers but once a year, and then to a dead horse," and who had yet compelled the Muscovites to pay them an annual tribute, and had inserted in their last articles of peace the ignominious conditions, that "the Czar should hold the stirrup of their Khan, and feed his horse with oats out of his cap, if they should chance at any time to meet," — these savages were humbled at a blow, and scourged into insignificance by the master hand of Peter.

A year or two before the capture of Azoff, Peter had repudiated his wife. Various pretexts, such as infidelity and jealousy, have been assigned for the step ; among others, the enmity of Menzikoff, whom she had incensed by the accusation that he had taken her husband to visit lewd women, who had formerly been his customers for pies ; but the real reason was, that, like every one else connected with the great reformer, she opposed herself with the most besotted bigotry to all his plans. She was under the influence of the priests, and the priests, of course, opposed him. Unfortunately, the

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Czar left his son Alexis in the charge of the mother, a mistake, which, as we shall see, occasioned infinite disaster.

Peter, having secured himself a seaport, sent a number of young Russians to study the arts of civilized life in Holland, Italy, and Germany ; but being convinced that he must do every thing for himself, and set the example to his subjects, he resolved to descend from his throne, and go to Holland to perfect himself in the arts, and particularly to acquire a thorough practical knowledge of maritime affairs.

Having been hitherto unrepresented in any European court, he fitted out a splendid embassy extraordinary to the States-General of Holland, — Lefort, Golownin, Voristzin, and Menzikoff being the plenipotentiaries, while the Czar accompanied them *incognito*, as *attaché* to the mission. The embassy proceeds through Esthonia and Livonia, visits Riga, — where the Swedish governor, D'Alberg, refuses permission to visit the fortifications, an indignity which Peter resolves to punish severely, — and, proceeding through Prussia, is received with great pomp by the king, at Königsberg. Here the Germans and Russians, " most potent at pottery," meet each other with exuberant demonstrations of friendship, and there is much carousing and hard drinking. At this place, Peter leaves the embassy, travels privately and with great rapidity to Holland, and never rests till he has established himself as a journeyman in the dockyard of Mynheer Calf. From a seafaring man, named Kist, whom he had known in Archangel, he hires lodgings, consisting of a small room and kitchen, and a garret above them, and immediately commences a laborious and practical devotion to the trade which he had determined to acquire. The Czar soon became a most accomplished ship-builder. His first essay was upon a small yacht, which he purchased and refitted upon his arrival, and in which he spent all his leisure moments, sailing about in the harbour, visiting the vessels in port, and astonishing the phlegmatic Dutchmen by the agility with which he flew about among the shipping. Before his departure, he laid down and built, from his own draught and model, a sixty-gun ship, at much of the carpentry of which he worked with his own hands, and which was declared by many competent judges to be an admirable specimen of naval architecture.

But besides his proficiency so rapidly acquired in all

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maritime matters, he made considerable progress in civil engineering, mathematics, and the science of fortification, besides completely mastering the Dutch language, and acquiring the miscellaneous accomplishments of tooth-drawing, blood-letting, and tapping for the dropsy. He was indefatigable in visiting every public institution, charitable, literary, or scientific, in examining the manufacturing establishments, the corn-mills, saw-mills, paper-mills, oil-factories, all of which he studied practically, with the view of immediately introducing these branches of industry into his own dominions ; and before leaving Holland, he spent some time at Texel, solely for the purpose of examining the whale-ships, and qualifying himself to instruct his subjects in this pursuit after his return. "*Wat is dat? Dat wil ik zien*," was his eternal exclamation to the quiet Hollanders, who looked with profound astonishment at this boisterous foreign prince, in carpenter's disguise, flying round like a harlequin, swinging his stick over the backs of those who stood in his way, making strange grimaces, and rushing from one object to another with a restless activity of body and mind which seemed incomprehensible. He devoured every possible morsel of knowledge with unexampled voracity ; but the sequel proved that his mind had an ostrich-like digestion as well as appetite. The seeds which he collected in Holland, Germany, and England bore a rich harvest in the Scythian wildernesses, where his hand planted them on his return. Having spent about nine months in the Netherlands, he left that country for England.

His purpose in visiting England was principally to examine her navy-yards, dockyards, and maritime establishments, and to acquire some practical knowledge of English naval architecture. He did not design to work in the dockyards, but he preserved his *incognito*, although received with great attention by King William, who furthered all his plans to the utmost, and deputed the Marquis of Caermarthen, with whom the Czar became very intimate, to minister to all his wants during his residence in England. He was first lodged in York Buildings ; but afterwards, in order to be near the sea, he took possession of a house called Sayes Court, belonging to the celebrated John Evelyn, "with a back door into the king's yard, at Deptford" ; there, says an old writer, "he would often take up the carpenters' tools, and work with

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them ; and he frequently conversed with the builders, who showed him their draughts, and the method of laying down, by proportion, any ship or vessel."

It is amusing to observe the contempt with which the servant of the gentle, pastoral Evelyn writes to his master concerning his imperial tenant, and the depredations and desecrations committed upon his "most boscaresque grounds." "There is a house full of people," he says, "right nasty. The Czar lies next your library, and dines in the parlour next your study. He dines at ten o'clock, and six at night ; is very seldom at home a whole day ; very often in the king's yard, or by water, dressed in several dresses. The best parlour is pretty clean for the king to be entertained in." Moreover, in the garden at Sayes Court, there was, to use Evelyn's own language, "a glorious and refreshing object, an impregnable hedge of about four hundred feet in length, nine feet high, and five feet in diameter, at any time of the year glittering with its armed and variegated leaves ; the taller standards, at orderly distances, blushing with their natural coral" ; and through this "glorious and refreshing object," the Czar amused himself by trundling a wheelbarrow every morning for the sake of the exercise !

He visited the hospitals, and examined most of the public institutions in England ; and particularly directed his attention towards acquiring information in engineering, and collecting a body of skilful engineers and artificers to carry on the great project, which he had already matured, of opening an artificial communication, by locks and canals, between the Volga, the Don, and the Caspian ; — a design, by the way, which was denounced by the clergy and nobility of his empire, "as a piece of impiety, being to turn the streams one way, which Providence had directed another." His evenings were generally spent with the Marquis Caermarthen, with pipes, beer, and brandy, at a tavern near Tower hill, which is still called the "Czar of Muscovy."

During his stay in England, he went to see the University of Oxford, and visited many of the cathedrals and churches, and "had also the curiosity to view the Quakers and other Dissenters at their meeting-houses in the time of service." In this connection it is impossible not to quote the egregiously foolish remarks of Bishop Burnet, in his "History of his own Times."

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"I waited upon him often," says the bishop, "and was ordered, both by the king and the archbishop, to attend upon him and to offer him such information as to our religion and constitution as he might be willing to receive. I had good interpreters, so I had much free discourse with him. He is a man of a very hot temper, soon influenced, and very brutal in his passion; he raises his natural heat by drinking much brandy, which he rectifies himself with great application; he is subject to convulsive motions all over his body, and his head seems to be affected with these. He wants not capacity, and has a larger measure of knowledge than might be expected from his education, which was very indifferent; a want of judgment, with an instability of temper, appears in him but too often and too evidently. He is mechanically turned, and seems designed by nature rather *to be a ship-carpenter than a great prince.* This was his chief study and exercise while he staid here; he wrought much with his own hands, and made all about him work at the models of ships. He told me he designed a great fleet at Azoff, and with it to attack the Turkish empire; but he did not seem capable of conducting so great a design, though his conduct in his wars since this has discovered a greater genius in him than appeared at that time. He was desirous to understand our doctrine, but he did not seem *disposed to mend matters in Muscovy.* He was, indeed, resolved to encourage learning and to polish his people by sending some of them to travel in other countries, and to draw strangers to come and live among them. He seemed apprehensive still of his sister's intrigues. There is a mixture both of passion and severity in his temper. He is resolute, but understands little of war, and seemed not at all inquisitive in that way. After I had seen him often, and had conversed much with him, I could not but adore the depth of the providence of God, that had raised up such a furious man to so absolute an authority over so great a part of the world."— *History of his own Times*, Vol. II., pp. 221, 222.

The complacency with which the prelate speaks of this "furious man," "designed by nature rather to be a ship-carpenter than a great prince," who "did not seem disposed to mend matters in Muscovy," is excessively ludicrous. Here was a youth of twenty-five, who had seen with a glance the absolute necessity of opening for his empire a pathway to the ocean, and had secured that pathway by a blow, and who now, revolving in his mind the most daring schemes of conquest over martial neighbours, and vast projects of internal improvement for his domains, had gone forth in mask

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and domino from his barbarous citadel, not for a holyday pastime, but to acquire the arts of war and peace, and, like a modern Cadmus, to transplant from older regions the seeds of civilization to the barbarous wildernesses of his realm. Here was a crowned monarch, born in the purple, and, in the very heyday of his youth, exchanging his diadem and sceptre for the tools of a shipwright, while, at the same time, in his capacious brain his vast future lay as clearly imaged, and his great projects already to his imagination appeared as palpable as, long years afterwards, when completed, they became to the observation of the world ; and yet, upon the whole, the churchman thought him " not disposed to mend matters in Muscovy," and rather fitted by nature " to be a ship-carpenter than a great prince."

The Czar, before his departure from England, engaged a large number of scientific persons, at the head of whom was Ferguson, the engineer, to accompany him to Russia, to be employed upon the various works of internal improvement already projected. To all these persons he promised liberal salaries, which were never paid, and perfect liberty to depart when they chose, " with crowns for convoy put into their purse " ; although, in the sequel, the poor devils never got a ruble for their pains, and those who escaped assassination by some jealous Russian or other, and were able to find their way " bootless home, and weather-beaten back," after a few profitless years spent upon the Czar's sluices and bridges, were to be considered fortunate.

One of the disadvantages, we suppose, of one man's owning a whole quarter of the globe and all its inhabitants, is a tendency to think lightly of human obligations. It is useless to occupy one's mind with engagements that no human power can enforce. The artificers, being there, might accomplish their part of the Czar's mission to civilize, or at least to Europeanize, Russia. This was matter of consequence to the world ; their salaries were of no importance to any body but themselves. It is odd, that these persons were the first to introduce into Russia the science of reckoning by Arabic numerals, accounts having been formerly kept (and, indeed, being still kept by all shop-keepers and retail dealers) by means of balls upon a string, as billiards are marked in America. For the Czar to have introduced an improved method of account-keeping by means of the very men with

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whom he intended to keep no account at all seems a superfluous piece of irony ; but so it was. He had, however, a nicer notion of what was due from one potentate to another; for, upon taking his departure from England, he took from his breeches pocket a ruby wrapped in brown paper, worth about £10,000, and presented it to King William. He also, in return for the agreeable hours passed with Lord Caermarthen at the "Czar of Muscovy" upon Tower hill, presented that nobleman with the right to license every hogshead of tobacco exported to Russia by an English company, who had paid him £15,000 for the monopoly, and to charge five shillings for each license.

Upon his return through Vienna, where he was entertained with great pomp, he received news of an insurrection which had broken out in Moscow, but which had already been suppressed by the energy of General Patrick Gordon. This news induced him to give up his intended visit to Italy, and to hasten back to his capital. He found, upon his arrival, that the Strelitzes, who, instigated of course by the Princess Sophia, were the authors of the revolt, had been defeated, and the ringleaders imprisoned. He immediately hung up three or four of them in front of Sophia's window, had half a dozen more hung and quartered, and a few more broken upon the wheel. Under the circumstances, this was quite as little as a Czar who respected himself, and who proposed to remain Czar, could have done by way of retaliation upon a body of men as dangerous as these Strelitzes.

It is not singular, however, that, at that day, when the Czar of Muscovy was looked upon by Western Europeans as an Ogre who habitually breakfasted upon his subjects, these examples of wholesome severity were magnified into the most improbable fables. Korb, the secretary of the Austrian legation at Moscow, entertained his sovereign with minute details of several banquets given by Peter to the nobility and diplomatic corps, at every one of which several dozen Strelitzes were decapitated in the dining-room. He tells of one select dinner-party in particular, in which the Czar chopped off the heads of twenty with his own hands, washing down each head with a bumper of brandy, and then obliging Lefort, and several of the judges, and some of the foreign ministers, to try their hand at the sport. In short, if we could believe contemporary memorialists, the Stre-

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litzes were kept in preserves like pheasants, and a grand *battue* was given once a week by the Czar to his particular friends, in which he who bagged the most game was sure to recommend himself most to the autocrat. If we were to rely upon the general tone of contemporary history, or to place any credence in circumstantial and statistical details of persons having facts within their reach, we should believe that there never was so much fun in Moscow as while these Strelitzes lasted. Residents there stated, that two thousand of them were executed in all, including those made way with by the Czar and the *dilettanti*.

Perhaps our readers may think that we are exaggerating. We can assure them that the flippancy is not ours, but history's. We should have dwelt less upon the topic, had not our friend the Marquis de Custine reproduced some of these fables with such imperturbable gravity.*

At all events, the Strelitzes were entirely crushed by these vigorous measures ; and from cutting off the heads of the Janizaries, the Czar now found leisure to cut off the petticoats and beards of his subjects. The great cause of complaint which De Custine makes against Peter is, that he sought to improve his country by importing the seeds of civilization from the older countries of Western Europe. He

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* On lit dans M. de Ségur les faits suivants: " Pierre, lui même a interrogé ces criminels (les Strélitz) par la torture ; puis à l'imitation d'Iwan le Tyran, il se fait leur juge, leur bourreau ; il force ses nobles, restés fidèles, à trancher les têtes des nobles coupables, qu'ils viennent de condamner. Le cruel, du haut de son trône assiste d'un œil sec à ces exécutions ; il fait plus, il mêle aux joies des festins l'horreur des supplices. Ivre de vin et de sang, le verre d'une main, la hache de l'autre, en une seule heure, vingt libations successives marquent la chute de vingt têtes de Strélitz, qu'il abat à ses pieds, en s'enorgueillissant de son horrible adresse. L'année d'après, le contre coup, soit du soulèvement de ses Janissaires, soit de l'atrocité de leur supplice, retentit au loin dans l'Empire, et d'autres revoltes eclatent. Quatre-vingt Strélitz, chargés de chaînes, sont trainés d'Azoff à Moscou, et leurs têtes, qu'un boyard tient successivement par les cheveux, tombent encore sous la hache du Czar." *Hist. de Russie et de Pierre le Grand*, par M. le Général Comte de Ségur. — *La Russie en* 1839, par le Marquis de Custine, I. 306.

" Mais tandis que ce grand précepteur de son peuple enseignait si bien la civilité puérile aux boyards et aux marchands de Moscou, il s'abaissait lui même à la pratique des métiers les plus vils, à commencer par celui de bourreau ; on lui a vu couper vingt têtes de sa main dans une soirée ; et on l'a entendu se vanter de son adresse à ce métier, qu'il exerça avec une rare férocité lorsqu'il eut triomphé des coupables, mais encore plus malheureux Strélitz," etc. — De Custine, III. 330.

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would have preferred to have had the Russians, being a Sclavonic race, civilized as it were Sclavonically. What this process is, and where it has been successfully put into operation, he does not inform us. As we read the history of the world, it seems to us that the arts have circled the earth, successively implanting themselves in different countries at different epochs, and producing different varieties of intellectual, moral, and physical fruit, corresponding to the myriad influences exercised upon the seed. At all events, if Peter made a mistake in importing the germs of ancient culture from more favored lands, it was a mistake he made in common with Cadmus, and Cecrops, and Theseus, and other semi-fabulous personages, — with Solon, and Lycurgus, and Pythagoras, in less crepuscular times.

Right or wrong, however, Peter was determined to *Occidentalize* his empire. The darling wish of his heart was to place himself upon the seashore, in order the more easily to Europeanize his country. In the mean time, and while awaiting a good opportunity for the "reannexation" of Ingria, Esthonia, and Livonia, provinces which had several centuries before belonged to the Russian crown, but had been ceded to, and possessed by, Sweden for ages, he began to denationalize his subjects, by putting a tax upon their beards and their petticoats. Strange to say, his subjects were so much more patriotic than their master, that the tax became very productive. Peter increased his revenue, but could not diminish the beards or petticoats. He was obliged to resort to force, and by "entertaining a score or two of tailors and barbers" at each gate of Moscow, whose business it was to fasten upon every man who entered, and to "cut his petticoats all round about," as well as his whiskers, he at last succeeded in humanizing their costume ;—a process highly offensive, and which caused the clergy, who naturally favored the Russian nationality upon which they were fattened, to denounce him as Antichrist. At the same time, he altered the commencement of the year from the 1st of September to the 1st of January, much to the astonishment of his subjects, who wondered that the Czar could change the course of the sun. He also instituted assemblies for the encouragement of social intercourse between the sexes. But his most important undertakings were the building, under his immediate superintendence, assisted by the English offi-

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cers whom he had brought with him, of a large fleet upon the Don, and the junction of that river with the Volga. About this time, he met with an irreparable loss in the death of Lefort, who perished at the early age of forty-six. Peter was profoundly afflicted by this event, and honored his remains with magnificent obsequies.

Both coasts of the gulf of Finland, together with both banks of the river Neva, up to the lake Ladoga, had been long, and were still, in possession of the Swedes. These frozen morasses were not a tempting site for a metropolis, certainly; particularly when they happened to be in the possession of the most warlike nation of Europe, governed by the most warlike monarch, as the sequel proved, that had ever sat upon its throne. Still, Peter had determined to take possession of that coast, and already in imagination had built his capital upon those dreary solitudes, peopled only by the elk, the wolf, and the bear. This man, more than any one perhaps that ever lived, was an illustration of the power of volition. He always settled in his own mind exactly what he wanted, and then put on his wishing-cap. With him, to will was to have. Obstacles he took as a matter of course. It never seemed to occur to him to doubt the accomplishment of his purpose. For our own part, we do not admire the capital which he built, nor the place he selected; both are mistakes, in our humble opinion, as time will prove and is proving. But it is impossible not to admire such a masterly effort of human volition as the erection of Petersburg.

In the year 1700 was formed the alliance between Augustus the Strong, elector of Saxony and king of Poland, the king of Denmark, and the Czar Peter, against Charles the Twelfth, king of Sweden, then a boy of eighteen, of whose character nothing was known, and who, it was thought probable, might be bullied. The Czar, as we know, desired Ingria and Carelia. Augustus wished to regain Esthonia and Livonia, ceded by Poland to Charles the Eleventh of Sweden; and Denmark wished to recover Holstein and Schleswig. It soon appeared, that the allied sovereigns had got hold of the wrong man. Charles the Twelfth, to the astonishment of his own court no less than of his enemies, in one instant blazed forth a hero. He "smote the sledded Polack," to begin with; then defeated the Danes; and, hav-

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ing thus despatched his two most formidable enemies in appearance, he was at leisure to devote his whole attention to the Czar, whom, however, he treated with the contempt which a thoroughbred soldier, at the head of tried and disciplined troops, naturally felt for the barbarous autocrat of barbarous hordes.

Peter, however, who knew nothing of war but in theory, with the exception of his maiden campaign of Azoff, went manfully forward to the encounter. He invaded Ingria at the head of sixty thousand men; and wishing, like Andrew Aguecheek, to "keep on the windy side of the law," and to save appearances, he defended his invasion by the ludicrous pretext, that his ambassadors had been charged exorbitant prices for provisions on their tour through the Swedish provinces to Holland, and that he himself had been denied a sight of the citadel at Riga. Not that he wanted Riga himself, or Ingria, or Livonia, — "O, no, not at all"; — but the preposterous charges made by the butchers and bakers of Ingria were insults which could only be washed out in blood. On the 20th of September he laid siege to Narva, a strongly fortified town on the river Narowa. On the 19th of November, Charles the Twelfth fell upon Peter's army during a tremendous snow-storm, which blew directly in their teeth, and with nine thousand soldiers completely routed and cut to pieces or captured about sixty thousand Russians. Never was a more ignominious defeat. The Russians were slaughtered like sheep, and their long petticoats prevented the survivors from running away half as fast as they wished. The consequence was, that, according to the Swedish accounts, the prisoners four times outnumbered the whole Swedish army.

One would have thought that this would have settled the Czar for a little while, and kept him quiet and reasonable. It did so. He preserved the most imperturbable *sang-froid* after his return to Moscow, and devoted himself with more zeal than ever to the junction of the Baltic and the Euxine, just at the moment when the former seemed farthest from him, and when a common man would have been "qualmish at the name" of Baltic. At the same time, reversing the commonplace doctrine, he continues in war to prepare for peace, — with one hand importing sheep from Saxony, erecting linen and paper factories, building hospitals and

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founding schools, while with the other he melts all the church and convent-bells in Moscow into cannon, and makes every preparation for a vigorous campaign the ensuing season. He had not the slightest suspicion that he was beaten. He was, in fact, one of those intellectual Titans, who never feel their strength till they have been fairly struck to the earth. "I know very well," he says in his journal, "that the Swedes will have the advantage of us for a considerable time; but they will teach us at length to beat them." And at a later period he says: — "If we had obtained a victory over the Swedes at Narva, being, as we were, so little instructed in the arts of war and policy, into what an abyss might not this good fortune have sunk us! On the contrary, the success of the Swedes cost them very dear afterwards at Pultowa."

In the following spring, his troops obtained some trifling successes, and General Scherematoff made the memorable capture of Marienburg, in Livonia, — memorable not so much in a military point of view, as on account of a young and pretty Livonian girl, who was captured with the town. This young woman, whose Christian name was Martha, without any patronymic, or any at least that has been preserved, was born near Dorpt, and had been educated by one Dr. Gluck, a Lutheran minister at Marienburg, who pronounced her a "pattern of virtue, intelligence, and good conduct"; she had been married the day before the battle of Marienburg to a Swedish sergeant, who fell in the action, and she now found herself alone, a friendless, helpless widow and orphan of sixteen, exposed without any protector to all the horrors of a besieged and captured town.

If a writer of fiction, with a brain fertile in extravagant and incredible romance, had chosen to describe to us this young peasant-girl, weeping half distracted among the smoking ruins of an obscure provincial town, and then, after rapidly shifting a few brilliant and tumultuous scenes in his phantasmagoria, had presented to us the same orphan girl as a crowned empress, throned upon a quarter of the world, and the sole arbitress and autocrat of thirty millions of human beings, and all this without any discovery of a concealed origin, without crime and without witchcraft, with nothing supernatural in the machinery, and nothing intricate in the plot, — should we not all have smiled at his absurd-

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ity ? And yet, this captive girl became the consort of the Czar Peter, and upon his death the empress of all the Russias. The Russian General Bauer saw her, and rescued her from the dangers of the siege. She afterwards became the mistress of Menzikoff, with whom she lived till 1704, when, in the seventeenth year of her age, the Czar saw her, was captivated by her beauty, and took her for his mistress, and afterwards privately, and then publicly, married her.

It is to this epoch that belongs the abolition of the patriarchal dignity in Russia. Peter, having at a blow destroyed the Strelitzes, had long intended to annihilate the ecclesiastical power, the only balance which existed in the country to the autocracy of the sovereign. The superstition of the Russians was, and is, unbounded. Their principal saint was Saint Anthony, who, says a quaint old author, "came all the way from Rome to Novogorod by water on a millstone, sailing down the Tiber to Civita Vecchia, from thence passing through several seas to the mouth of the Neva, then went up that, and, crossing the lake Ladoga into the Volkhoff, arrived at the city before named. Besides this extraordinary voyage, he wrought several other miracles as soon as he landed where the monastery now stands that is dedicated to him ; one was, to order a company of fishermen to cast their nets into the sea ; which having done, they immediately drew up, with a great quantity of fish, a large trunk containing several church ornaments, sacred utensils, and priestly vestments for celebrating the liturgy, which the Russians, as well as the Eastern Greeks, believe was first performed at Rome in the same manner and with the same ceremonies as they themselves use at this time. The people tell you farther, that he built himself a little cell, in which he ended his days. In this place there now stands a chapel, in which they say he was buried, and that his body remains as uncorrupted as at the instant of his death. Over the door of the cell, the monks show a millstone, which they endeavour to make the ignorant people believe is the very same that the saint sailed upon from Rome, and to which great devotions were once paid, and many offerings made, till the time Peter the Great made himself sovereign pontiff."

To this saint, or to Saint Nicolas, we forget which, letters of introduction were always addressed by the priests, and

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placed in the hands of the dead when laid in their coffins. The superstition of the Russians is grosser and more puerile than that of any people purporting to be Christians. They would rather starve than eat pigeons, because the Holy Ghost assumed the form of a dove; they dip their new-born children into the Neva in January, through holes cut in the ice, directly after the ceremony of blessing the water has been concluded by the Patriarch; and it would be an easy but endless task to enumerate other similar absurdities. It may be supposed, that the patriarchal dignity, founded upon superstition as solid as this, would be a difficult power to contend with. It was so. The Patriarch's power was enormous. He pronounced sentence of life, and death, and torture, without intervention of any tribunal. On Palm Sunday, he rode to church upon an ass "caparisoned in white linen," at the head of a long procession of ecclesiastical and civil dignitaries, with a mitre upon his head, and "skirts of many colors, three or four ells long," borne by a band of young men; while the Czar walked uncovered by his side, holding the bridle of the beast upon his arm.

This dignity, which had been established by a sort of accident in the year 1588, up to which time the Russian church acknowledged the supremacy of the Patriarch of Constantinople, had grown to be very distasteful to Peter. The church was the greatest possible enemy to his plans of reformation. The bigotry of its opposition to all his projects was insurmountable. Besides, it was very inconvenient that any one should have any power, or any rights, except himself. He determined to annihilate the office of Patriarch, and to place himself at the head of the church. We do not find, however, that he thought it necessary to go through an apprenticeship in this profession, as he had done in others; but on the contrary, upon the death of the Patriarch Adrian, which happened about this time, he simply appointed himself *pontifex maximus*, and declined nominating any other Patriarch. The man who had destroyed the Janizaries, cut off the beards of his subjects, and changed the course of the sun, was also strong enough to trample the prelate's mitre in the dust. He was entirely successful in his contest with the church. The clergy made but a feeble resistance. The printing-press, to be sure, which he had first introduced into Russia, swarmed with

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libels upon him, and denounced him as Antichrist; but he was defended by others of the clergy, "because the number six hundred and sixty-six was not found in his name, and he had not the sign of the beast."

Before the close of the year 1702, the troops of the Czar had driven the Swedes from the Ladoga and the Neva, and had taken possession of all the ports in Carelia and Ingria. On the 16th of May, without waiting another moment after having possessed himself of the locality, he begins to build his metropolis. One hundred thousand miserable workmen are consumed in the first twelve months, succumbing to the rigorous climate and the unhealthy position. But "*il faut casser des œufs pour faire une omelette*"; in one year's time there are thirty thousand houses in Petersburg. Never was there such a splendid improvisation. Look for a moment at a map of Russia, and say if Petersburg was not a magnificent piece of volition, — a mistake, certainly, and an extensive one, — but still a magnificent mistake. Upon a delta, formed by the dividing branches of the Neva, — upon a miserable morass half under water, without stones, without clay, without earth, without wood, without building materials of any kind, — having behind it the outlet of the lake Ladoga and its tributary swamps, and before it the gulf of Finland contracting itself into a narrow compass, and ready to deluge it with all the waters of the Baltic, whenever the southwest wind should blow a gale eight-and-forty hours, — with a climate of polar severity, and a soil as barren as an iceberg, — was not Petersburg a bold *impromptu*? We never could look at this capital, with its imposing though monotonous architecture, its colossal squares, its vast colonnades, its endless vistas, its spires and minarets sheathed in barbaric gold and flashing in the sun, and remember the magical rapidity with which it was built, and the hundred thousand lives that were sacrificed in building it, without recalling Milton's description of the building of Pandemonium: —

> "Anon out of the earth a fabric huge
> Rose like an exhalation, ...
> Built like a temple, where pilasters round
> Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
> With golden architrave; nor did there want
> Cornice or frieze, with bossy sculptures graven;
> The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon

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> Nor great Alcairo such magnificence
> Equalled in all their glories, to enshrine
> Belus or Serapis their gods, or seat
> Their kings, when Egypt with Assyria strove
> In wealth and luxury. The ascending pile
> Stood fixed her stately height; and straight the doors
> Opening their brazen folds discover, wide
> Within, her ample spaces o'er the smooth
> And level pavement."

Within a few months after the foundation of Petersburg and Cronstadt, Peter had the pleasure of piloting into his new seaport with his own hands a vessel belonging to his old friend, Cornelius Calf, of Saardam. The transfer of the seat of government, by the removal of the senate from Moscow to Petersburg, was effected a few years afterwards. Since that time, the repudiated Oriental capital of the ancient Czars, the magnificent Moscow, with her golden tiara and her Eastern robe, has sat, like Hagar in the wilderness, deserted and lonely in all her barbarian beauty. Yet even now, in many a backward look and longing sigh she reads plainly enough that she is not forgotten by her sovereign, that she is still at heart preferred, and that she will eventually triumph over her usurping and artificial rival.

The building of Petersburg in a year was, however, a mere *aside* in the great military drama that was going on. Peter founded this city as soon as he had won a place for it; but the war still went on. While the Czar was erecting his capital, establishing woollen manufactures, and importing sheep from Saxony, Charles the Twelfth was knocking the Elector of Saxony off the Polish throne, putting Stanislaus Leckzinsky in his place, and ravaging all Poland and Saxony. The scenes of the great drama which occupied the next few years, but which we have no intention of sketching, opened in Poland, and closed on the confines of Turkey. It is a magnificent, eventful, important drama, a chapter of history which has been often written and is familiar to almost every one, and yet which would well bear handling again. There is no life of Peter which is in all respects satisfactory, which does not partake too much of eulogium or censure in its estimation of his character; and there is none which developes with sufficient accuracy and impartiality, and in a sufficiently striking manner, the stirring events of the great Northern war. The brilliant drama enacted in the first fifteen years of the present century — forming probably the most splendid chapter

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in the military history of the world, and which is still so fresh in the minds of men — has thrown into comparative oblivion the very picturesque and imposing scenes which were displayed in the first fifteen years of the eighteenth. And yet what a magnificent subject for the historical painter, what imposing personages, what dramatic catastrophes, what sudden and bewildering reverses, what wild scenery, what Salvator-like *chiaroscuro*, — dark Sarmatian forests enveloping the actors in mystery and obscurity, with flashes of light breaking upon the anxious suspense of Europe, and revealing portentous battles, sieges, and hairbreadth escapes, — what "dreadful marches" through the wilderness, what pitched combats, upon whose doubtful result hinged, as almost never before or since, the weal or woe of millions, and in which kings fought sword in hand in the hottest of the fight, with their crowns staked upon the issue!

There was always something very exciting to our imagination in the characters of the three kings who were the principal actors in the Northern war. There seemed to be a strange, fitful, mythical character about the war and the men who waged it. The Elector Augustus of Saxony, king of Poland, with his superhuman and almost fabulous physical strength, his personal bravery, his showy, chivalrous character, his world-renowned adventures in a gentler field, familiar to posterity through the records of "*La Saxe galante*," is a striking personage. It is astonishing that such a magnificent Lothario should have chosen, for the barren honor of being elected to the Polish throne, to exchange the brilliant and voluptuous gayety of his own court for "the bloody noses and cracked crowns" which were "passing current" in Poland. But it is still more astonishing, that, having once engaged in the affair, he should have cut such a miserable figure in it. The splendid Augustus, Augustus the Strong, Augustus the Gallant, became merely the anvil for the sledgehammers of Charles and Peter. He made a fool of himself; he disgraced himself more than it seemed possible for a human being to disgrace himself; he humiliated himself more completely, more stupidly, because more unnecessarily, than it seemed possible for the greatest idiot, as well as the most arrant coward, to humiliate himself. He lost his crown at the very start, went down on his knees in the dirt to pick it up again, made a secret treaty with

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Charles, renouncing his alliance with the Czar, deserted his ally with incredible folly just as the Russians in conjunction with his own troops were gaining a brilliant victory and entering Warsaw in triumph, concealed his shameful negotiation from his own generals, while at the same time he wrote a letter to Charles, apologizing for having gained a victory, and assuring him that he had intended to have drawn off his troops and deserted to the enemy, but that his orders had not been obeyed, and then sneaked off to Charles's camp, where, in obedience to that monarch's orders, he capped the climax of his shame by writing a letter of sincere and humble congratulation to Stanislaus Leckzinsky for supplanting him upon his own throne. Peter, in the sequel, put his crown on his head again, to be sure; but for ever after he looked like

> "The thief,
> Who from the shelf the precious diadem stole,
> And put it in his pocket."

What a pity that this man, who was deficient neither in courage nor, we suppose, in a certain amount of intellect sufficient for all ordinary purposes, should have got himself into such a scrape, merely for the sake of carrying an election over the Prince of Conti and Stanislaus! The truth was, that, the moment he got among giants, — giants in action, like Charles and Peter, — he showed himself the pigmy he was in mind, despite his stature, his strength, and his personal bravery.

And Charles the Twelfth, the hero, the crowned gladiator, — what had he to do with the eighteenth century? The hero of every body's boyhood, he remains a puzzle and a mystery to us in our maturer years. He seems an impossibility in the times in which he lived. On the death of Charles the Eleventh, and the commencement of the hostile movement by Russia and Denmark, the stripling sovereign seems to dilate into the vast, shadowy proportions of some ancient hero of Scandinavian Sagas. He seems like one of the ancient Norsemen, whose vocation was simply to fight, — who conquered the whole earth, not because they wanted it, but because they were sent into the world for no other earthly purpose; a legitimate representative of the old Sea Kings, or rather an ancient Sea King himself, reappearing in the eighteenth century, with no specially defined object, and

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proposing to himself no particular business in the world which he had so suddenly revisited, but to fight as much as possible, and with any body that came along. Viewed in this light, he can be judged more justly. He was out of place where he was. He would have been a magnificent hero and a useful personage six or seven hundred years earlier. He was a very mischievous character in the eighteenth century. People no longer fought in the same way as before; they no longer fought for the fun of it; they now had always an object in their wars. Sovereigns, however belligerent in taste, had always an eye to their interest. This was pre-eminently the case with his great antagonist, Peter. He never fought except for an object; but sooner than relinquish the object, he would have fought till "sun and moon were in the flat sea sunk." He was a creator, a founder, a law-giver, as well as a warrior. He was constructive; Charles merely destructive. The Czar was a great statesman; Charles only a great gladiator. In war, Peter was always preparing for peace; as for Charles, after he first started upon his career, he never seemed to have had the faintest suspicion that there was such a thing, such a *status*, as peace. He came into the world to fight, and he fought; he lived fighting, he died fighting. He poured himself out, like a fierce torrent from his native mountains, in one wild, headlong, devastating flood. There was nothing beneficent, nothing fertilizing, in his career. His kingdom was neglected, his treasury exhausted, his subjects impoverished; while he himself, from the admiration and wonder of Europe, became, or would have become, but for his timely death, its laughing-stock. The hero at Narva was only Bombastes Furioso at Bender.

While Charles was deposing Augustus and crowning Stanislaus, the troops of Peter were not idle. Keeping his eye ever fixed upon his great object, the Czar was adding to his domain province after province of what was then the Swedish seacoast. Dorpat and Narva are captured, and with them all Ingria, of which Peter makes the pastry-cook's apprentice governor. Courland soon follows, and now the Czar joins his forces to those of Augustus in Poland. While he is called off to quell an insurrection in Astracan, (distances are nothing to the Czar,) Augustus seizes the opportunity to make the ignominious compact with

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the Swedish king, to which we have referred, and — most shameful and perfidious part of his treason — surrenders to the vengeance of the ferocious Charles, *to the torture and the wheel*, the unfortunate General Patkul, ambassador of the Czar at the court of Augustus, who had incurred the hatred of the Swedish monarch for heading a deputation of Livonian nobles, and presenting to him a petition concerning the rights and privileges of their province. The allies of King Augustus take possession of Warsaw, while King Augustus himself is writing his congratulations to King Stanislaus.

Peter, having helped himself to almost as many Swedish provinces as he cared for, while Charles has been bullying Augustus and breaking Patkul on the wheel, is now disposed to treat for peace. The French envoy at Dresden offers his services, but Charles declines treating except at Moscow. "My brother Charles wishes to act Alexander," says the Czar; "but he shall not find me Darius."

Peter now conceives almost exactly the same plan by which the conqueror of the nineteenth century was entrapped and destroyed. He makes his country and climate fight for him, and retreats slowly before his advancing enemy, drawing him on step by step to a barren country, whence he could have no retreat, and where Peter could suddenly advance from his own secure position, and overwhelm him at a blow. With masterly generalship, he retreats before his hot-headed adversary, still "tempting him to the desert with his sword," marches to Moghilef and Orsha, on the eastern bank of the Dnieper, a position in free communication with Smolensko, sends his Cossacks to lay waste the country for thirty miles round, and then orders them to join him beyond the Borysthenes. The two Northern monarchs now disappear from the eyes of anxious Europe among the wildernesses of ancient Scythia. Peter, with a hundred thousand men, well provided, and in convenient communication with his own cities and magazines, remains quiet. Charles, intent upon dictating terms at Moscow, crosses the Borysthenes with eighty thousand men. A fierce battle without results is fought on the Berezina. Charles pushes on to Smolensko. By order of Peter, the country between the Borysthenes and Smolensko had been laid waste. At the approach of winter, the Swedish army dwindles and wastes away beneath the horrors of the iron climate. Still Charles advances, when suddenly, and to

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the Czar inexplicably, he turns aside from his path, abandons his design upon Moscow, and directs his steps to the Ukraine. The mystery is solved by the news of Mazeppa's treason. The old hetman of the Cossacks deserts to Charles, promising to bring over all his troops ; he brings no one but himself ; the Cossacks scorn his treachery, and remain faithful to their Czar.

By this time it was December, the cold intense, and, the Swedish army perishing by thousands, Count Piper implores his master to halt, and go into the best winter-quarters they could find in the Ukraine. The king refuses, resolved to reduce the Ukraine, and then march to Moscow. In the month of May, after a winter spent by the Czar's forces in comfortable quarters, and by the king's exposed to all kinds of misery, Charles lays seige to Pultowa with eighteen thousand men, the remnant of his eighty thousand. On the 15th of June, 1709, the Czar appears before Pultowa, and, by feint of attack upon the Swedes, succeeds in throwing two thousand men into the place, and at length, a few days after, gives him battle, and utterly routs and destroys his army. Both the king and the Czar, throughout this

"Dread Pultowa's day,
When fortune left the royal Swede,"

fight in the front of the battle. Several balls pierce the Czar's clothes ; while Charles, having been previously wounded in the heel, is carried through the fight upon a litter. After the total overthrow of his army, Charles escapes on horseback, with a handful of followers, and, entering the confines of Turkey, halts at Bender on the Dniester.

The battle of Pultowa and the final overthrow of Charles are followed, during the autumn and winter, by the complete conquest of Livonia, — Wiborg, Elbing, Riga, and Revel being taken early in 1710. At the same time, Peter deposes Stanislaus, and restores the illustrious Augustus.

In the mean time, Charles remains at Bender, the stipendiary of the Sultan, while Poniatowski, his emissary at the Porte, is busily intriguing to bring about a declaration of war from Turkey against the Czar. In conjunction with the Khan of the Crimean Tartars, who appeals to the Sultan's jealousy of the increasing power of Russia, and inspires him with a desire to recover Azoff and expel his encroaching neighbours from the Black Sea, the envoy succeeds.

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The Grand Mufti declares that it is necessary for the Sultan to go to war with the Czar; whereupon the Muscovite ambassador is forthwith "clapped into prison," by way of commencement of hostilities, and the war begins. Peter immediately makes a levy of one man in four, besides one "valet out of every two belonging to the nobility," makes a solemn declaration of war, and then marches at the head of forty thousand men to the frontier of Turkey. Previously to his departure, he makes a public proclamation of his previous marriage to Catharine; and the empress, despite his earnest remonstrances, accompanies the invading army.

It is strange that the Czar, on this expedition, should have committed the same error, and placed himself in almost the same unfortunate predicament, as his adversary, Charles. Trusting to the representations and the friendship of the faithless hospodar of Moldavia, he advances rapidly, at the head of an insufficient force, into a hostile and barren country, relying for men and munitions of war upon his ally. Crossing the Pruth, he finds himself near Jassy, in a hostile country, between an army of Turks and another of Tartars, with a deep and rapid river between him and his own dominions. Forty thousand Russians are held at bay by two hundred thousand Turks and Tartars. The situation of the Czar is terrible; annihilation seems to stare him in the face. His enemy, Charles, visits the Turkish camp in disguise, urging the Czar's destruction upon the Vizier. A destructive battle is going on unceasingly, which in three days costs him eighteen thousand men. Retreat is impossible; no ally is near him, no succour expected. What can possibly extricate him? Shall he dash upon the Turks at the head of his remaining forces, and cut his way through them, or die, sword in hand, in the attempt? Shall he surrender to the overwhelming power of the Sultan's army, and be paraded at Constantinople as the captive Czar? Tortured and perplexed, he shuts himself up alone in his tent, and falls into terrible convulsions. None of his generals dare approach him; he has forbidden an entrance to all. Suddenly, despite of the prohibition, the captive of Marienburg stands before him. She, who at all times possessed a mysterious power to calm the spasmodic affections, half physical, half mental, to which he was subject, now appears before him

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like an angel to relieve his agony, and to point out an escape from impending ruin. She suggests the idea of negotiation, which had occurred to no one, in the desperate situation in which they were placed, and which, she instinctively prophesied, would still be successful. She strips herself of her jewels, and ransacks the camp for objects of value, to form a suitable present for the Grand Vizier. The Vice-Chancellor Shaffiroff is despatched to the enemy's camp, and the apparently impossible result is a treaty of peace. Arms are suspended immediately, and soon afterwards honorable articles are signed, of which the principal are the surrender of Azoff, the exclusion of the Czar from the Black Sea, the demolition of the fortress of Taganroc, the withdrawal of the Russian soldiers from the neighbourhood of the Danube, and the promise of free passage to Charles the Twelfth through Russia to his own states.

It is unnecessary to analyze or to criticise the different motives that actuated the Vizier in acceding to an honorable negotiation, when the Czar seemed to be so completely in his power. It is sufficient that this was the surprising and fortunate result of Catharine's counsel. "Her great merit," says Voltaire, "was, that she saw the possibility of negotiation, at a moment when the generals seem to have seen nothing but an inevitable misfortune." No language can describe the rage and mortification of Charles the Twelfth at this unexpected result, — at this apparently impossible escape of his hated rival from overwhelming ruin. Hastening to the camp of the Vizier, he upbraids him, as if he had been his master, instead of his stipendiary; he expresses his profound disgust, that the Czar has not been carried to Constantinople, instead of being allowed to go home so easily. "And who will govern his empire in his absence?" asked the Vizier, with bitter irony; adding, that "it would never do to have all the sovereigns away from home." In answer to this retort, Charles grins ferociously in his face, turns on his heel, and tears the Vizier's robe with his spurs. After thus insulting the great functionary of the Sultan, he continues three years longer a pensionary upon his bounty. To the reiterated entreaties of his senate, that he would return, and attend to the pressing exigencies of his kingdom, he replies, in a style worthy of Bombastes, that he would send one of

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his boots to govern them, and remains at Bender, still deluded and besotted with the idea that he should yet appear with a Turkish force before Moscow. At last, in 1714, after fighting a pitched battle, at the head of his valets, grooms, and house-servants, against a considerable Turkish army, sent to dislodge him by force, he is ignominiously expelled from the country whose hospitality he has so long outraged, and returns in the disguise of a courier to Sweden.

The Czar, upon his return to his dominions, gains a considerable victory over the Swedish fleet in the Baltic, commanding his own in person, in a line-of-battle ship of his own building. On arriving at Petersburg, he ordains a great triumphal procession to bring the captured ships, with their admirals and officers, up the Neva. At this time, he transfers the senate from Moscow to Petersburg, establishes assemblies, at which the penalty for infringement of the rules and regulations is to "empty the great eagle, a huge bowl, filled with wine and brandy," institutes the Academy of Arts and Sciences, founds the public library commenced with the one captured ("conveyed, the wise it call") from the University at Abo, sends a mission through Siberia to China, and draws up a map of his dominions, much of it with his own hand.

In 1715, after taking Stralsund, completing the conquest of Finland and Esthonia, and commanding in person the allied fleets of England, Denmark, and Russia, he makes a second tour in Europe, accompanied by Catharine. He revisits Saardam, where he is received with great enthusiasm, is entertained with great distinction in Paris, and visits the tomb of Cardinal Richelieu, where he exclaims, dropping upon his knees, "Thou great man, I would have given thee half of my dominions to have learned of thee to govern the other half." He drew up with his own hand a treaty of commerce with France, and returned through Berlin to Petersburg. The letters of the Margravine of Bayreuth from Berlin present no very flattering picture of the imperial travellers. She describes Peter as dressed plainly in a naval costume, handsome, but rude, uncouth, and of dreadful aspect; and Catharine as fat, frouzy, and vulgar, needing only to be seen to betray her obscure origin, and bedizened with chains, orders, and holy relics, "making such a *geklinkklank* as if an ass with bells were coming along"; she

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represents them both as intolerable beggars, plundering the palace of every thing they could lay their hands on.

Peter had long ago constituted himself the head of the church, and treated with contempt the pretensions of the prelates to temporal power. When at Paris, however, he had received an elaborate petition from the Sorbonne, the object of which was to effect a reunion between the Greek and Latin churches. But the despot who had constituted himself the head, hand, heart, and conscience of his people, — who had annihilated throughout his empire every element of power adverse to his own, — who had crushed the soldiery, the nobility, and the clergy, deposed the Patriarch, and constituted himself the high-priest of his empire, — was not very likely to comply with the Sorbonne's invitation to acknowledge the supremacy of the Pope in his dominions. Nevertheless, he received their petition with great politeness.

On his return to Petersburg, he was vexed by the importunity of some of his own clergy, who clamored for the appointment of a Patriarch, on the ground that it was demanded by the people, and that it was necessary to assert the dignity and independence of the Greek church. Now there happened to be about Petersburg one Sotoff, a venerable jester of eighty-four, who had been the Czar's writing-master in his younger years, and at the age of seventy had been advanced to the dignity of buffoon. This venerable individual the Czar fixes upon for the office of Patriarch, previously creating him a prince and a pope. In order to make the office of Patriarch completely ridiculous in the eyes of the people, and to give them a little innocent recreation at the same time, he now ordains a solemn marriage between this Patriarch and a "buxom widow of thirty-four." We must ask indulgence, while we quote a short description of this funny ceremony from the old author already cited.

"The nuptials of this extraordinary couple were solemnized by the court in masks or mock show. The company consisted of about four hundred persons of both sexes. Every four persons had their proper dress and peculiar musical instruments, so that they represented a hundred different sorts of habits and music, particularly of the Asiatic nations. The four persons appointed to invite the guests were the greatest stammerers that could be found in all Russia. Old decrepit men, who were not able to walk or

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stand, had been picked out to serve for bridesmen, stewards, and waiters. There were four running footmen, the most unwieldy fellows, who had been troubled with the gout most of their lives, and were so fat and bulky that they wanted others to lead them. The mock Czar of Moscow, who represented King David in his dress, instead of a harp, had a lyre with a bear-skin to play upon. He, being the chief of the company, was carried on a sort of a pageant placed on a sled, to the four corners of which were tied as many bears, which, being pricked with goads by fellows purposely appointed for it, made such a frightful roaring as well suited the confused and horrible din raised by the disagreeing instruments of the rest of the company. The Czar himself was dressed like a boor of Friesland, and skilfully beat a drum in company with three generals. In this manner, bells ringing everywhere, the ill-matched couple were attended by the masks to the altar of the great church, where they were joined in matrimony by a priest a hundred years old, who had lost his eyesight and his memory; to supply which defect, a pair of spectacles were put upon his nose, two candles held before his eyes, and the words sounded into his ears, which he was to pronounce. From church the procession went to the Czar's palace, where the diversion lasted some days. Many strange adventures and comical accidents happened on their riding sleds through the streets, too long to be related here. Thus much may suffice to show that the Czar, among all the heavy cares of government, knew how to set apart some days for the relaxation of his mind, and how ingenious he was in the contrivance of those diversions."

We confess that we are unable to agree with the grave conclusion of the author from whom we quote. To us this "ingenious diversion" seems about as sorry a jest as we ever heard of. However, it was considered "most admirable fooling" in Moscow, and at all events, after two or three repetitions, seems to have quite cured the people of their desire for Patriarchs.

"The Czar," says Voltaire, "thus laughingly avenged twenty emperors of Germany, ten kings of France, and a host of sovereigns. This was all the fruit which the Sorbonne gathered from their not very politic idea of reuniting the Greek and Latin churches."

The darkest chapter in the life of Peter now approaches. After the lapse of a century, no one can read the account of that dreadful tragedy, the trial, condemnation, and death of the Czarowitch Alexis, without a shudder of horror. No

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one can contemplate the spectacle of a son judicially condemned by his father for no crime, — no one can read the record of the solemn farce which represents the trial of the unfortunate victim, without feeling all his admiration for the extraordinary qualities of the Czar swallowed up by indignation and abhorrence. Up to this time, Peter seems a man, — a hard-hearted, despotic, inexorable man, perhaps, — but he is still human. He now seems only a machine, a huge engine of unparalleled power, placed upon the earth to effect a certain task, working its mighty arms night and day with ceaseless and untiring energy, crashing through all obstacles, and annihilating every thing in its path with the unfeeling precision of gigantic mechanism.

It was hardly to be expected, to be sure, that this tremendous despot, who had recoiled before no obstacle in the path of his settled purpose, who had strode over every thing with the step of a giant, who had given two seas to an inland empire, who had conquered the most warlike nation and sovereign of Europe with barbarians in petticoats, who had crushed the nobility, annihilated the Janizaries, trampled the Patriarch in the dust, — who had repudiated his wife, because she was attached to the old customs of Muscovy, and had married and crowned a pastry-cook's mistress, because it was his sovereign will and pleasure, — it was hardly to be expected that such a man would hesitate about disinheriting his own son, if he thought proper to do so. But it might have been hoped, that he would content himself with disinheriting him, and that the "*Pater Patriæ*," as by solemn decree he was shortly afterwards entitled, would remember that he was also father of Alexis.

This unhappy young man, the son of the repudiated wife of the Czar, seems to have been a very miserable creature. We have the fullest sympathy with the natural disappointment of Peter at the incorrigible, hopeless stupidity and profligacy of his son. Still, he had himself to blame, in a great measure, for many of his son's defects. His education had been neglected, or, rather, worse than neglected ; it had been left to the care of monks, to the care of the very order of people most wedded to the ancient state of things, and most desirous of restoring it, if possible. The necessary result of such training upon a dull boy might easily have been foreseen. There was, however, not the slightest objection

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to disinheriting him ; he had no claim to the throne, and he was totally unworthy of it. There was no law of Russia designating the eldest son as successor. On the contrary, the genius of the Russian autocracy seems to vest the fee simple of all the Russias and all the Russians in the actual autocrat, to be disposed of as he sees fit, and devised to whomsoever he deems most eligible. This had been, and was then, the law, if it be worth while to talk about law, when the will of the sovereign makes and alters the law at any moment. Alexis seems to have been weak, dissolute, and intriguing, — a sot, a bigot, a liar, and a coward, — the tool of " bushy-bearded " priests and designing women, whose control of the empire had been terminated by Peter's energetic measures. The Czar's predominating fear was, that, at his death, the empire would relapse into the quagmire of barbarism from which he had reclaimed it. Alexis, priest-ridden and ignorant, was sure to become a tool in the hands of priests as soon as he should ascend the throne, and the old order of things would as surely be reinstated.

Peter, soon after the death of his son's wife, (a virtuous and intelligent German princess, whose life seems to have been worn out by the neglect, cruelty, and debauchery of her husband,) remonstrates with him upon his evil courses, commands him to reform, and threatens else to disinherit him. " Amend your life, or else turn monk," says the Czar. " I intend to embrace the monastic life," replies the son ; " I pledge myself to do so, and only ask your gracious permission." The Czar, just before his departure for Germany and France, visits Alexis, who was, or pretended to be, confined to his bed by sickness. The young man again renews his renunciation of the succession, and repeats his pledge to become a monk. Peter bids him take six months to consider the matter, takes an affectionate farewell of him, and sets out upon his travels. As soon as his back is turned, Alexis realizes the old distich : —

> " The devil was sick, the devil a monk would be ;
> The devil got well, the devil a monk was he."

He recovers his health instantaneously, and celebrates his father's departure by getting very drunk with a select party of friends. Seven months afterwards, the Czar writes to

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him to join him at Copenhagen, if he had determined to reform his life and make himself fit for the succession; if not, to execute his monastic plans without delay. Alexis accordingly announces his intention of going to Copenhagen, draws a heavy bill on Menzikoff for his travelling expenses, leaves Moscow, and, instead of Copenhagen, sneaks off to Vienna. The emperor of Germany, however, turns him off, and he goes to Naples. Two envoys of the Czar, Tolstoy and Romanzoff, proceed to Naples, and induce him, by ample promises of forgiveness on the part of his father, to return. The following is a part of his father's letter.

"I write to you for the last time, to tell you that you are to execute my will, which Tolstoy and Romanzoff will announce to you on my part. *If you obey me, I assure you and I promise, in the name of God, that I will not punish you, and that, if you return, I will love you more than ever;* but if you do not, I give you as your father, in virtue of the power which I have received from God, my eternal curse; and as your sovereign, I assure you that I shall find the means of punishing you; in which I hope that God will assist me, and that he will take my just cause in his hand."

Upon the faith of this sacred promise, Alexis accompanies the two emissaries to Moscow, where they arrive on the 13th of February, 1718. The day after his arrival, the Czar, by way of keeping his promise of pardoning and loving him more than ever, calls a grand council of the senate and all the dignitaries of the empire, and there, in the most solemn, formal, and authentic manner, disinherits Alexis, deprives him of all claim to the succession, and obliges him, and all those present, to take the oath of future allegiance to his and Catharine's son Peter, then an infant, who, however, shortly afterwards died. This was the beginning of the fulfilment of his promise; but it was only the beginning of the end. Alexis was worthless, ignorant, stupid, and depraved; but he had committed no crime, and deserved no punishment, certainly not the punishment of death. A comfortable state of things there would be in the world, if every man who happened to have a profligate dunce of a son were to be justified in cutting his head off; and for an autocrat and high-priest to do so seems to us a thousand times more atrocious.

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However, the Czar seems to have been determined, after his first evasion, to get rid of him, and accordingly produces the charge of a conspiracy. Alexis is formally accused of conspiring against his father's life and throne, and a pack of perfectly contemptible stuff is collected together to make what was called evidence ; it consisted of confessions of his mistress, his pot-companions, and his confessor, — all upon the rack, — that he had been known to express wishes for his father's death, and to throw out hints about receiving assistance, in a certain event, from the emperor of Germany. But in the whole mess of it there is not the faintest shadow of a shade of evidence that he had ever conspired, that he had ever entertained any design, against his father ; and the necessary result, upon any candid mind, of a perusal of the evidence is a conviction of his perfect innocence of the crime charged upon him. There is not a country in the world, where there is any pretence of administering justice, in which such an accusation, supported by such evidence, would not have been hooted out of court. Still, the accusation was made, and something which they called a trial was instituted. The prince is sworn upon the Holy Evangelists to tell the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; and he immediately begins to utter lies by the wholesale. His weak intellect seems to have been possessed and disordered by one idea, — that, if he should confess a great deal more than was expected, and make himself out much more guilty than he was supposed to be, he should perhaps obtain his pardon. Having, however, done nothing criminal, and having said nothing that could be fairly considered suspicious, he dives into the bottom of his breast, and brings up and displays his most secret thoughts by way of self-accusation. The truth seems to have been, that he was bullied to the last degree. We know the Czar to have been a man who eminently inspired awe, and Alexis was of an uncommonly sneaking disposition. As the event proved, Peter absolutely frightened his son to death. Certainly, never were the forms of judicial investigation so outraged as in this trial. The details are sickening, and we have already transgressed the indulgence of our readers. Let one or two questions, made by the prosecution, and answered by the criminal in writing, suffice as specimens of the Czar's criminal jurisprudence.

" When you saw, in the letter of Beyer [a gossiping en-

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voy from the German emperor's court, who wrote to his sovereign all the news, true or false, as fast as he picked it up], that there was a revolt in the army of Mecklenburg, you were rejoiced; I believe that you had some view, and that you would have declared for the rebels, even in my lifetime." The answer of Alexis is, "*If the rebels had called me in your lifetime, I should probably have joined them, supposing that they had been strong enough.*" In answer to another question, he avows that "he had accused himself before God, in confession to the priest Jacques, of having wished the death of his father; and that the confessor Jacques had replied, 'God will pardon you for it; we all wish it as much.'"

After this farce of a trial had been enacted, the Czar, waiving his prerogative of life and death, determined to submit the case to the judgment of the clergy, judges, and high officers of state. This always seemed to us very paltry. It was an attempt to shift the responsibility of the murder off his own shoulders, where only it belonged. The council of clergy, after recognizing the Czar's power, — *jus vitæ et necis*, — which nobody ever doubted, and citing several cases from the Old Testament, recommended mercy, relying principally upon Absalom's case. It was plain they washed their hands of it. Meantime, further investigations, it was pretended, had made the matter worse; and, on the 5th of July, the ministers, senators, and generals unanimously condemn the prince to death, leaving the sentence, of course, open to the Czar's revision, and prescribing no particular mode of execution. The sentence of death is published, Alexis is informed of it, and seems literally to have been frightened to death by it; for, while the Czar was deliberating what course to take (and the opinion of the most indulgent — we confess not ours — seems to be that he did not intend the execution of the sentence), the unfortunate young man was carried off by a kind of apoplectic seizure, and, on the 7th of July, died contrite, receiving the sacrament and extreme unction, and imploring his father's pardon.

This account seems to be now accepted as the true one. But the Marquis de Custine, in his greediness to devour every thing that blackens the character of Russia in general, and of Peter the Great in particular, could not, of course, fail to reproduce the stories that have been told and retold, ex-

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ploded and reëxploded, — and which will continue, we suppose, to be told and exploded, believed in and ridiculed, to the end of time. It was not believed by many people in Europe at the time, and it is not believed by the Comte de Ségur and the Marquis de Custine now, that the prince died a natural death, — if the cataleptic convulsive fit, consequent upon extreme and protracted mental agony, which finally ended his life, can be called a natural, and not a violent, death. All sorts of stories were told at the time, each more incredible than the other, and each disproving the other. The Czar was said to have knouted him to death with his own hands, — to have poisoned him with a potion which he sent Marshal Weyde to an apothecary's shop in broad daylight to procure, — to have cut off his head, and then to have had it privately sewed on again by Madame Cramer; — in short, to have made way with him by a variety of means, all of which could not well have been true, and all of which are, under the circumstances, extremely unlikely. To us it seems ridiculous to add a new horror to this terrible tragedy. We are not sure, either, that the supposed assassination makes the matter any worse. "Murder most foul as at the best it is," we are unable to see that the private murder is a whit more atrocious than the public, solemn, and judicial murder, of which the Czar stands accused and condemned to all eternity.

It certainly does not seem to have been in Peter's nature to have taken his son off by poison, or in any private way. The autocrat was a man who gloried in his own actions, in displaying the tremendous, irresistible power of his own will. He had collected all the dignity of his empire to assist at the spectacle; he had invoked the attention of all Europe to the tragedy he proposed to enact; he had determined to execute his son, and he did intend, we have no doubt, to murder him in the most ceremonious manner, and for the good of his country. We have not a doubt of his motives; he thought himself actuated by the purest philanthropy; but these expansive bosoms, which embrace the whole earth, or a third of it, in their colossal affection, are apt to be deficient in the humbler virtues of love and charity, when it comes to detail. The truth was, Peter loved his country so well that he determined to sacrifice his son to its welfare; in other words, his heart was as hard as the nether millstone, and he

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would have sacrificed twenty thousand sons rather than have been thwarted in the cherished projects of his ambitious intellect. But we confess we can conceive of no motive for the alleged assassination. It was not in the character of the emperor, and it was a piece of stupidity as well as barbarity. "If the assassination had trammelled up the consequence" of all that preceded, "then it were well"; and the deed might have been possible. But the broken faith to his son, the atrocious trial, the deliberate condemnation, could in no manner have been obliterated from the minds of men by the "deep damnation" of a secret "taking off." He had announced to the world his intention of executing his son for alleged disobedience and conspiracy; he had sent to every court in Europe copies of the judicial proceedings, ending in the condemnation of the victim; he had been publicly brandishing the sword of justice over his son's neck, and calling upon the world to witness the spectacle; and why he should have made all this parade for the mere purpose of poisoning him, knouting him, or cutting his head off, in secret, seems inexplicable.

Besides, as Voltaire very strongly urges, the different kinds of assassination alleged disprove each other, and the fact that Alexis was never alone from the moment of the condemnation to the hour of his death makes any secret execution impossible. The knouting story has not found many advocates; the poisoning and the beheading are supported about equally, and are both about equally probable. It certainly was not probable that the Czar would have sent a high officer of court to fetch the poison, and a few minutes afterwards have despatched another messenger to bid the first make great haste. This is not exactly the way in which poisoning is usually managed. And the other story, that the young man's head was cut off and then sewed on again, is so ludicrous, that it would deserve no attention but for the number of writers who have reported it upon the authority of contemporaneous gossip. At what moment the Czar found a secret opportunity to cut the head off, — how Madam Cramer found a secret opportunity to sew it on again, — how this ingenious lady, who, we suppose, had not practised this kind of needle-work as a profession, was able to fit it on so adroitly as to deceive not only the whole court, but even the patient himself, for, as far as we can understand the

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story, Alexis seems to have received extreme unction and the sacrament, in presence of about a hundred witnesses, after Mrs. Cramer's job was finished, — are all matters very difficult to explain. Moreover, as we have already observed, we do not see much greater atrocity in the one case than the other. Peter's will being the only law of the land, he could do what he chose, execute his son as he chose, and by his own hand if he chose. The only law which could have any binding force over the autocrat was the law of nature, and that, to his soul of granite, was weaker than the spider's web. He was determined to sacrifice his son to the welfare of his country, and to insure the continuance of his reformation in church and state. Sacrifices of this sort have always found advocates and admirers, and are sure to be repeated on great occasions, and at rare intervals, to the end of time.

Dismissing this painful subject, we hasten to conclude this imperfect sketch of the principal events in the Czar's history. We will not dwell upon the extraordinary, but abortive, intrigues of the two arch plotters of Europe, Cardinal Alberoni and Baron Goertz, by which the Czar and the Swedish monarch were to be reconciled, and combined in a plot against George the First of England, and in favor of the Pretender. A chance bullet, from "a petty fortress and a dubious hand," at Friedrichsthal in Norway, terminates at once the life of Charles and the intrigues of Goertz. The baron, instead of taking the crown from George's head, loses his own head at Stockholm; Alberoni is turned out of Spain; and the Czar remains *in statu quo*, having been careful, throughout the whole intrigue, which was perfectly well known in England, to make the most barefaced promises of eternal friendship to the House of Hanover; and "to reiterate," as the diplomatists say, "the assurances of his distinguished consideration" for the English king, all the time that he was plotting against his throne.

The death of Charles alters the complexion of Europe. Peace, which was hardly possible during his lifetime, becomes the immediate object of all parties. The prince of Hesse, husband of Queen Ulrica, and, by cession of his wife, king of Sweden, is desirous of peace upon almost any terms which will allow of an honorable repose to his exhausted and impoverished country. Peter, having obtained possession of all the provinces he required, is ready to sheathe

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the sword, on receiving proper recognition of his title to the property thus acquired; and accordingly, after a good deal of bravado upon the Baltic between the English and Russian fleets, and the burning of some fifty or sixty Swedish villages, innumerable *châteaux*, and fifteen or twenty thousand houses, in a descent made by the Russians upon the coasts of Sweden, the war, which continues with ferocity during all the negotiations for peace, is at last brought to a conclusion by the signing of the treaty of Neustadt, on the 10th of September, 1721. By this treaty of peace, the Czar is guarantied in the possession of Livonia, Esthonia, Ingria, Carelia, Wiborg, and the many adjacent islands, and thus reaps the reward of twenty years' hard labor; receiving, moreover, from the senate and synod, by solemn decree, — what seems insipid homage for an autocrat, — the titles of Great, Emperor, and *Pater Patriæ*.

After an interval of two years, passed in establishing woollen, paper, and glass manufactories, embellishing his capital, and regulating the internal and foreign commerce of Russia, we suddenly find him, accompanied by the faithful Catharine, descending the Volga at the head of a large army. A revolution which had broken out in Persia, in the course of which the reigning sovereign, the imbecile Hussein, finds himself hard pressed by the Affghan prince, Meer Mahmoud, offers an opportunity to Peter to possess himself of a few maritime provinces on the Caspian, to console him for the loss of Azoff consequent upon the disaster of the Pruth. A few hundred Russians, engaged in commerce at the town of Shamakia, having been cut to pieces during some of the hostile movements, he finds therein a pretext for invading Persia, and requiring satisfaction from both sovereign and rebel. Failing in this, of course, he sails from Astracan to Derbent, which town he takes possession of, and, soon afterwards, being applied to by the unhappy Sophi for protection against the Affghans, he consents to afford it, in consideration of receiving the towns of Bachu and Derbent, together with the provinces of Guilan, Mazanderan, and Asterabad. "It is not land I want, but water," exclaims the Czar, as he snatches these sunny provinces, the whole southern coast of the Caspian, the original kingdom of Cyrus, from the languid hand of the Persian, without the expenditure of the blood, time, and treasure which it had cost him to wrest the frozen swamps of Finland from the iron grasp of Charles.

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Peter's conquests are now concluded. The Russian colossus now stands astride, from the "thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice" on the Baltic, to the "fragrant bowers of Asterabad" on the Caspian, with a foot upon either sea. The man who had begun to gratify his passion for maritime affairs by paddling a little skiff on the Yausa, and who became, on his accession, only the barbaric sovereign of an inland and unknown country, now finds himself the lord of two seas, with a considerable navy, built almost by his own hand. It was upon his return to Petersburg from his Persian expedition, that he ordered the very skiff in which he commenced navigation to be brought from Moscow, and took occasion to give to his court an entertainment, which was called the "consecration of the Little Grandsire," that being the name he had given to the skiff. At the time of this ceremony of the consecration, the progeny of the Little Grandsire numbered already, according to the returns of the admiralty, "forty-one ships of the line, in a condition for service at sea, carrying two thousand one hundred and six guns, manned with fourteen thousand nine hundred seamen, besides a proportionate number of frigates, galleys, and other smaller craft." The little cabin, which was Peter's house while building Petersburg, still stands upon what is now called the Citadel; it is consecrated as a chapel, filled with votive offerings, and inclosed with a brick wall, and the Little Grandsire is religiously preserved within the building.

We are certainly not taken in by the colossal puerility of the Russian marine, any more than the Marquis de Custine is; and, although the descendants of the Little Grandsire are now at least double the number they were at the time of the consecration, we have not heard of any very brilliant exploits on any ocean to justify the very imposing and very Roman *rostra* which decorate the exchange at Petersburg. To use a vulgar but expressive phrase, the Russian navy has not yet set the Baltic on fire, and we doubt if it ever will. If it could thaw it a little, it would be all the better; for Cronstadt being blockaded by ice six months in the year, the navy is only paraded during the pleasant weather for the amusement of the autocrat. As long as England stands where it does, and the Russian winter remains as it is, we shall hardly fear much from the descendants of the Little Grandsire, at least till the capital is shifted to the Bosphorus.

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At the same time, we are far from agreeing with the Marquis de Custine in his sweeping condemnation of Peter's policy in building Petersburg and establishing a marine. It was a thousand times better to have the Black Sea and the Baltic than nothing; and if his successors had taken half as much pains as himself in fostering the maritime trade of the country, and if Russia, instead of all this parade of ships of the line, frigates, and steamers, could create a mercantile marine for itself, and could manage its own considerable foreign trade, now monopolized by foreign vessels, principally the English, she might still obtain the germ of a maritime population, while waiting for Constantinople. But till she learns that the strength of a navy consists in sailors and not ships, she is not likely to be a very formidable power upon the ocean, let her build as many line-of-battle ships as she chooses.

The only other interesting incident in Peter's life, which now draws rapidly to its close, was the coronation of Catharine as empress consort. This event was celebrated with extraordinary pomp, and particular stress is laid in the emperor's proclamation upon her conduct in the affair of the Pruth, and the salvation of himself and his army is attributed to her heroism and presence of mind. There seems to be little doubt, that Peter intended this solemn coronation of the empress during his lifetime — a ceremony which was not usual in Russia — to be an indication of his intention that she should succeed to the throne upon his death.

Very soon after this, having exposed himself when in a feeble state of health, by standing in the water a long time and over-exerting himself in saving the lives of some sailors and soldiers, who were near being wrecked in a storm upon the gulf of Finland, he was attacked by a painful disorder, to which he had been subject during the latter years of his life, and expired, with calmness and resignation, on the 28th of January, 1725. His sufferings during his last illness had been so intense, that he was unable to make any intelligible disposition as to the succession; and strange to say, the possessor of this mighty empire, of which the only fundamental law was the expressed will of the sovereign, died intestate. It is in the highest degree probable, that he had intended to appoint his wife as his successor; at any rate, assisted by the promptness of Menzikoff and her own

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resolution, Catharine ascended the throne without opposition.

The disorder which thus cut off the Czar in the fifty-fourth year of his age, was an acute inflammation of the intestines and bladder ; but, as a matter of course, his death was attributed to poison. We do not observe that the Marquis de Custine has revived this story, which is matter of surprise to us, particularly as we believe that his friend, the Comte de Ségur, has adopted it in his history. The temptation to damage the character of the empress, and to represent her to posterity as an adulteress and a poisoner, was too strong to be resisted by the contemporary chroniclers. Lamberti gives us a detailed account of an intrigue of Catharine with one of her chamberlains, a melodramatic discovery made by Peter in an arbor, and a consequent determination upon his part to shut her up for life in a convent. She escaped her fate, according to the same faithful historian, in a singular manner. Peter, it appears, kept a memorandum-book, and was in the habit of making daily minutes of every thing he proposed to do ; while one of Catharine's pages was in the habit of secretly bringing his Majesty's tablets from his dressing-room for the daily inspection of the empress. The intended imprisonment of Catharine, jotted down among other memoranda, was thus revealed to her ; whereupon she incontinently poisoned him. This story has been sufficiently disproved. It is hardly worth disproving ; for it is not probable, that a man who had suddenly made this discovery of the guilt of the woman who had just been crowned as empress, and whom he had now determined to imprison for life, instead of designating her as his successor, would require to make any memorandum of the matter. And yet, we are expected to believe, that an entry was found upon Peter's tablets almost literally to this effect : — "*Mem.* To repudiate my wife, shave her head, and lock her up in a convent" ; — as if otherwise the matter would have slipped his memory. How is it possible that our friend De Custine has allowed this story to escape him ?

In the vast square of the Admiralty at St. Petersburg stands the celebrated colossal statue of Peter the Great. Around him are palaces, academies, arsenals, gorgeous temples with their light and starry cupolas floating up like paint-

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ed balloons, and tall spires sheathed in gold, and flashing like pillars of fire. This place, which is large enough for half the Russian army to encamp in, is bounded upon one side by the Admiralty building, the Winter Palace, and the Hermitage, the *façades* of the three extending more than a mile; in front of the Winter Palace rises the red, polished granite column of Alexander, the largest monolith in the world; from the side opposite the palace radiate three great streets, lined with stately and imposing buildings, thronged with population, and intersected by canals, which are all bridged with iron; across the square, on the side opposite the statue, stands the Isaac's Church, built of marble, bronze, granite, and gold, and standing upon a subterranean forest, more than a million large trees having been driven into the earth to form its foundation. The emperor faces the Neva, which pours its limpid waters through quays of solid granite, which for twenty-five miles line its length and that of its branches; and beyond the river rise in full view the Bourse, the Academy of Arts and Sciences, and other imposing public edifices.

This equestrian statue has been much admired; we think justly so. The action of the horse is uncommonly spirited and striking, and the position of the emperor dignified and natural. He waves his hand, as if, like a Scythian wizard as he was, he had just caused this mighty, swarming city, with all its palaces and temples, to rise like a vapor from the frozen morasses of the Neva with one stroke of his wand. In winter, by moonlight, when the whole scene is lighted by the still, cold radiance of a polar midnight, we defy any one to pause and gaze upon that statue without a vague sensation of awe. The Czar seems to be still presiding in sculptured silence over the colossal work of his hands; to be still protecting his capital from the inundations of the ocean, and his empire from the flood of barbarism, which he always feared would sweep over it upon his death.

"How shall we rank him upon glory's page?"

It is impossible not to admire his genius, his indomitable energy, his unconquerable will. He proposed to himself, while yet a youth, the mighty task of civilizing his country, and of converting a mongrel Asiatic empire into a powerful European state. It is difficult to place one's self in the right

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position to judge him correctly. We are very far from agreeing with the Marquis de Custine, that his mistake was in importing his civilization. Russia had waited in vain quite long enough for the spontaneous and indigenous germination of the arts and sciences. Besides, in these days when steam is so rapidly approximating and assimilating the different parts of the earth to each other, when railroads are opened to the Red Sea, and steamers paddle by the Garden of Eden, it is difficult to say what nation will long retain a peculiar and appropriate civilization of its own. That the Czar opened the door to Europe and the ocean, that he erected a granite portal, a triumphal arch, upon his western frontier, is to us his greatest merit. If Russia is to be civilized, it must be through the influence of the West; if Russia is to be free, the hymn of liberty will never be wafted to her ears from the silent deserts of Asia, or the sepulchral stillness of China. The emperor did right to descend from his Sclavonic throne, and to go abroad to light the torch of civilization in more favored lands.

But while we admire the concentration of purpose which sustained him throughout his labors, we cannot help deploring the great and fundamental mistake which made them all comparatively worthless. A despot by birth, education, and temperament, he had never the most glimmering notion of the existence of a people. In Russia, then and at this day, there is not even the fiction of a people. Peter had a correct idea of the proper sources of civilization; he knew where and how to collect the seeds; but he forgot that there was nobody to civilize. A people may be humanized, cultivated, brought to any degree of perfection in arts, and arms, and sciences; but he undertook to civilize a state in which there was but one man, and that man himself. The root must grow, before the branches and the foliage. Of this the autocrat had no idea. He had already annihilated the only class which was not composed of slaves. With one stroke of his sceptre he had demolished the feudal nobility, or what corresponded in a degree to the feudal nobility of Europe, and had made all social rank throughout his empire to depend upon service to himself. What was accomplished at a later day in Western Europe, in the midst of long convulsions and struggles, by the upheaving of the democracy, was effected by the autocrat at a blow. This

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was a fatal error. There were slaves enough before. It was unnecessary to degrade the nobles. But the more closely we analyze Peter's character, the more cogently we are compelled to conclude, that his actuating motive was rather his own fame than the good of his country. A great peculiarity of his ambition was, that, though possessed of eminent military talents and highly successful in his campaigns, he seems to have cared but little for the *certaminis gaudia*; to have taken but small delight in battles and victories for themselves; to have cared little for conquest, beyond what he required for his settled purpose. Conquering, he never aspires to be a conqueror; victorious over the greatest general of the age, he is ready to sheathe his sword as soon as the object of the contest is attained. His ambition was to be a founder, and he never, in victory or defeat, was once turned aside from his purpose. He was determined to advance his empire to the ocean, to create a new capital, and to implant there and throughout his empire the elements of European civilization. If his ambition had flown a little higher, had he determined to regenerate his people, the real civilization of his empire would have followed sooner than it is now likely to do. Of this he probably never dreamed. He was a despot throughout. He might have found other matters in England worthy of his attention, other institutions as intimately connected with civilization as the English naval architecture; but he appears to have been completely indifferent to the great spectacle presented to an autocrat by a constitutional kingdom. "Are these all lawyers?" said he, one day, when visiting the courts at Westminster. "What can be the use of so many lawyers? I have but two in my empire, and I mean to hang one of them as soon as I get back." He certainly might as well have hung them both; a country without law has very little need of lawyers.

It was because his country was inhabited by slaves, and not by a people, that it was necessary, in every branch of his great undertaking, to go into such infinitesimal details. Our admiration of the man's power is, to be sure, increased by a contemplation of the extraordinary versatility of his genius, its wide grasp, and its minute perception; but we regret to see so much elephantine labor thrown away. As he felt himself to be the only man in the empire, so in his power of

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labor he rises to a demigod, a Hercules. He felt that he must do every thing himself, and he did every thing. He fills every military post, from drummer to general, from cabin-boy to admiral; with his own hand he builds ships of the line, and navigates them himself in storm and battle; he superintends every manufactory, every academy, every hospital, every prison; with his own hand he pulls teeth and draws up commercial treaties, — wins all his battles with his own sword, at the head of his army, and sings in the choir as chief bishop and head of his church, — models all his forts, sounds all his harbours, draws maps of his own dominions, all with his own hand, — regulates the treasury of his empire and the account-books of his shop-keepers, teaches his subjects how to behave themselves in assemblies, prescribes the length of their coat-skirts, and dictates their religious creed. If, instead of contenting himself with slaves who only aped civilization, he had striven to create a people, capable and worthy of culture, he might have spared himself all these minute details; he would have produced less striking, instantaneous effects, but his work would have been more durable, and his fame more elevated. His was one of the monarch minds, who coin their age, and stamp it with their image and superscription; but his glory would have been greater, if he had thought less of himself, and more of the real interests of his country. If he had attempted to convert his subjects from cattle into men, he need not have been so eternally haunted by the phantom of returning barbarism, destroying after his death all the labor of his lifetime, and which he could exorcise only by shedding the blood of his son. Viewed from this position, his colossal grandeur dwindles. It seems to us that he might have been so much more, that his possible seem to dwarf his actual achievements. He might have been the creator and the lawgiver of a people. He was, after all, only a tyrant and a city-builder. Even now, his successors avert their eyes from the West. The city of his love is already in danger from more potent elements than water. New and dangerous ideas fly through that magnificent western gateway. When the portal is closed, the keys thrown into the Baltic, and the discarded Moscow again embraced, how much fruit will be left from the foreign seeds transplanted? When the Byzantine empire is restored, perhaps we shall

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see their ripened development; the Russians of the lower empire will be a match for the Greeks who preceded them.

Still, we repeat, it is difficult to judge him justly. He seems to have felt a certain mission confided to him by a superior power. His object he accomplished without wavering, without precipitation, without delay. We look up to him as to a giant, as we see him striding over every adversary, over every obstacle in his path. He seems in advance of his country, of his age, of himself. In his exterior he is the great prince, conqueror, reformer; in his interior, the Muscovite, the barbarian. He was conscious of it himself. "I wish to reform my empire," he exclaimed, upon one occasion, "and I cannot reform myself." In early life, his pleasures were of the grossest character; he was a hard drinker, and was quarrelsome in his cups. He kicked and cuffed his ministers, on one occasion was near cutting the throat of Lefort in a paroxysm of drunken anger, and was habitually caning Prince Menzikoff. But after all, he did reform himself, and, in the latter years of his life, his habits were abstemious and simple, and his days and nights were passed in labors for his country and his fame.

It is difficult to judge him justly. Perhaps it would have been impossible to have planted even the germ of civil, or even social, liberty in such a wilderness as Russia was at his accession. It was something to lift her ever so little above the waves of barbarism, where he found her "many fathoms deep." He accomplished a great deal. He made Russia a maritime country, gave her a navy and a commercial capital, and quadrupled her revenue; he destroyed the Strelitzes, he crushed the Patriarch, he abolished the monastic institutions of his empire. If he had done nothing else, he would, for these great achievements, deserve the eternal gratitude of his country.

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ART. II. — *Message from the President of the United States to the Two Houses of Congress, at the Commencement of the Second Session of the Twenty-eighth Congress*, December 3, 1844. Washington: Printed by Gales & Seaton. 1844. pp. 702.

WE would again, at the risk of being read by only a few of those who look over this Journal, solicit the attention of the public to some of the military concerns of the nation. The many-paged document, the title of which is placed at the head of this article, is not likely to be read by any; parts of it will be glanced at by a few. And yet its contents are highly important. They contain much information which should be generally known. And those who submit to the task of rendering that information sufficiently attractive to be noticed may be said to perform a beneficial service to the public. In most cases, samples may be hung out, which will give a tolerable idea of the bales within; and many will cast an eye upon the former who would not think of examining the latter. We will not attempt to answer the often propounded question, whether these public documents could not be made more brief, convenient, and popular, — in other words, more useful. As they now come forth, they are almost wholly useless. They are not generally even laid aside, uncut, for the contingent benefit of future reference; but fall into the receptacles of waste paper, like the newspaper of yesterday. It is half amusing and half deplorable to witness the residuary documents which are found lumbering, for a short time, the rooms of an ex-member of congress. A retired stationer, who has not yet sold off the remnants of his stock, is not in a more littered and encumbered condition.

The document before us has more than seven hundred pages, besides unpaged matter, such as returns, printed out in all their length and breadth. There is much of this with which we have nothing to do. The reports which accompany the report of the secretary of war form, however, more than five hundred and fifty of these pages. But we may deduct from these more than two hundred pages which belong to the Indian department; with these we have no concern; and we may hazard the remark, that the public, in

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general, has as little. It may well be asked, why such a mass of unimportant details should be printed each year at the public expense. The "one hundred" reports relating to the Indian department, filling nearly two hundred pages, might as well have remained in the pigeon-holes of the Indian commissioner. They show the manner in which a great variety of small agencies, in every nook and corner of the frontier, have discharged a benevolent trust, and that the Indians — those *quasi* wards of the government — are under a careful guardianship. But if each bureau were to swell its communications to its proper chief after a similar fashion, — were to dilate, or dilute, its matter after this manner, — congressional printers would have as much presswork as they could do, and the public mails more documents than they could carry. If there be no process of distillation at the bureaux, to extract the spirit, leaving the crude matter behind, we might expect a more sharpsighted discrimination in congress, which professes to sift all matters submitted to it. But it is probable that whatever leaves the bureaux passes, like a sealed package, through all its stages of transmission, unread and unseen, until it reaches the printer's hands, where there is no motive to curtail, nor power to do so, even if the motive arose.

We turn over all the pages of this document until we come to the report of the secretary of war. Our war secretaries have latterly had but little time to learn the duties of their station. During the last four or five years, they have shifted as often as the almanac. Occasionally, they have not even outlived the annuals. Under such variable circumstances, experience has not been looked for, being a plant of somewhat slow growth. Fortunately, the welfare of the army does not depend for its stability upon this high functionary. He may go out and come in with each season; he may be as deciduous as the leaves; and yet the military establishment, and the national defence, so far as it relies on that establishment, remain the same. There is a permanency in the command of the army, and in all the subordinate departments connected with its administration, that makes it nearly independent of these fluctuations. We would suggest a change in the present subordination of the military bureaux at Washington. Having been established, we believe, at a time when there was no commander-in-chief

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there, nor, indeed, anywhere, they were all placed, of course, in immediate communication with the war department, — that is, in direct communication with the executive. There is a want of symmetry and congruity in this plan. All these departments (excepting, perhaps, the engineer and ordnance departments) should be concentrated under one head. The commander-in-chief is now that head. He is the proper channel from the army to the cabinet, and from the cabinet to the army. Any other arrangement divides and diminishes responsibility, produces awkwardness and embarrassment, and is a departure from military and efficient organization. We do not apprehend that any bureau entertains objections to such a change. There is a routine that seldom deviates; there are regulations which prevail under all circumstances. It is satisfactory to contemplate the well ordered and fixed character of one of our institutions, where the benefits intended to result to the public depend so much, not to say entirely, upon such a character.

The report of the secretary of war, which appears in this document, compares advantageously with many that have preceded it. When a secretary comes into office, and is called upon for a report such as this, before he has had time to become familiar with its details, he may well be at a loss for materials to give it the customary length. In such a case, if he were to make a brief report, and refer to subordinate reports, which are made under all the advantages of long experience, he would probably lose no credit with the public; and he would certainly set an example of brevity, which is much needed in these days, when prolixity is so fashionable. But unfortunately, the importance of these reports is measured like a road or canal; it is the length, and not the area, that is calculated. The immediate predecessor of Mr. Wilkins, in a like strait as to familiarity with his charge, adopted a new, if not clever, expedient to eke out his report, and give it due elongation. The returns of the adjutant-general of the army, which were presented to him in figures, he rendered into plain prose. Many, who were desirous of knowing the position and composition of our various garrisons, were pleased to find all these details put into a shape that gave them entrance into any newspaper. The adjutant-general's returns come in such a shape as excludes them from these ordinary avenues to the public eye.

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They have too much length and breadth, too much superficies, to find accommodation anywhere but in such a "Document" as is now before us, which can hardly be said to meet the public eye.

It may be difficult for a secretary, with all the helps of the largest experience, to determine what limits he should impose on himself. He is the lens to collect into one focus the lights thrown in by ten distinct offices or bureaux. If he transmit them without such concentration, he becomes almost a useless medium. A piece of tape, sufficient to stitch the various reports together, would perform the office nearly as well. How much to admit, how much to reject, may be hard to determine. The report before us is most respectable in its character. It is well written, and marked by liberality of opinion throughout. It is not a mere echo. While the secretary indorses all the suggestions of the subordinate bureaux which have his approbation, he hazards several somewhat new suggestions, which were not acted upon by the last Congress, and which it may be well to examine in anticipation of another session. The secretary says,

"Efficiency and military spirit are much improved by keeping troops in mass. Central depots, on healthy sites, whether forts or not, so that they are readily accessible from all points where the service of a regiment might be required, are the best locations for the barracks for troops. In several of the seacoast fortifications, the plan of defence has excluded, as barracks and quarters for the garrison, separate and exposed buildings, but providing instead thereof, and in the body of the rampart, bomb-proof accommodations, designed to avail for the comfort, health, and safety of the troops, as well as for the proper defence of the works, under the circumstances of actual warfare and of sieges. Proper and well designed as the casemates no doubt are for these objects, I have nevertheless formed the opinion, from my limited personal observation, that it is advisable, in time of peace, to afford the assembled troops and the hospitals barrack establishments, on airy and spacious sites, separate from the forts. With this impression upon my mind (an impression which seems to prevail throughout the army), I would be remiss in my duty, did I not express the hope that Congress may authorize and appropriate funds for the erection of barracks at the necessary points on the seaboard, care being taken that by their location and construction they shall not interfere with the proper purpose and action of the fortifications."

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The plan here suggested of collecting troops into large bodies has often been formed, and occasionally carried partially into effect. No military man has ever doubted the advantages of such concentrations. There are certain modes of discipline which can never otherwise be introduced. Still, admitting all this, paramount considerations may forbid them. Every captain of a company naturally desires that the men under his command may be brought together, that he may instruct them fully in all their appropriate duties. Every colonel has the same desire with respect to his regiment; and the brigadier-general and the major-general entertain similar ambitious and commendable anxieties about *their* respective commands. The opinions that govern them all are praiseworthy. A division of troops, with all its appurtenances, forms a perfect military body, and can be instructed to the full scope of discipline. Much larger concentrations are made in the older countries, where the character of the government, and the extent of the military establishments, render them unobjectionable and convenient. The question is, Can such concentrations, even in a subordinate degree, be unobjectionable and convenient here?

In the first place, our country is uncommonly large, and our army uncommonly small. We have a very great extent of frontier to guard. Fortifications have been erected, and posts have been established, at suitable distances, along this whole extent. It is intended that these fortifications and posts shall be occupied. The army is kept up for that purpose. In time of peace, it may be said, it is kept up for that purpose alone. If the troops be dispersed among these defences in a proper manner, there is no surplus for the concentrations recommended by the secretary. Then the determination must be, that such concentrations, beyond a very limited degree, cannot properly be made.

What is the consequence of this determination? It may be frankly admitted, that our troops have no chance, under ordinary circumstances, to become acquainted, practically, with the higher evolutions of the line. The brigadier-general and the major-general have no opportunity to exercise themselves in these evolutions. Their duties become, for the time being, supervisory and conservative. A regiment is occasionally embodied; battalions, often; and thus a measure of military proficiency is preserved, which answers

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all ordinary demands upon the army, and upon which, in times of action and enlarged operations, the movements and habits of larger bodies can easily and promptly be ingrafted. Segregation is the condition of our small army; and we must make the best of it. The way to do that is, to watch our garrison discipline with a strict eye and a steady hand. Give these component parts all the proficiency of which they are susceptible, and they will be prepared to coalesce at any moment on an emergency. These emergencies are not often so pressing as to allow no time to acquire a conformity with the change. Indian difficulties are generally sudden. But our largest posts are in the Indian vicinity; and, besides, the mode of warfare with such a foe does not call for extraordinary skill in the broad tactics. We need not apprehend any state of things, which is likely to make us feel that our army — disciplined as it may be, and at this moment actually is, though scattered among our numerous posts — is wanting in adaptation to all the purposes of national defence, so far as its numerical force admits.

There were times some years since, when, under the influence of opinions similar to those set forth in the report we are now considering, posts were evacuated, in order that concentrations might be effected for improvement in discipline upon a larger scale. Colonels saw their regiments deteriorating as regiments, and their own importance dwindling away. All was quiet around them, and it seemed to be thought nothing was likely to disturb that quiet. Garrisons here and there were withdrawn, and others were strengthened. These instances occurred upon our interior frontier; and in most of them, an Indian disturbance, accompanied by some bloodshed, much expense, and great damage to the growth of the outer settlements, was the consequence. The evacuation of a post near the savages always leads to misapprehension on their part. They see the usual restraints upon their uneasy disposition diminished, and, without looking beyond their immediate sphere, to see if other restraints, not probably far removed from that sphere, are increased in strength, they feel that their proneness to aggression and plunder, always curbed with difficulty, may be indulged with impunity. It is in vain to reason about this character of the dangers against which we are to guard. We must take them as we find them, and, if sev-

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eral small garrisons secure the public tranquillity better than one or two large ones, we must distribute the troops accordingly, even at the sacrifice of many degrees of military proficiency.

When the board of officers, which, a few years since, made a most able report on the national defence, was considering the proportion which certain works, required for the protection of certain straits, would bear to the number of troops necessary to defend the adjacent frontier, it suggested, that, where the immediate object of the works did not call for an extent capable of embracing a large garrison, subsidiary barracks should be built in the neighbourhood. Such an arrangement, under such circumstances, would be obviously proper. We do not apprehend, however, that the secretary alludes to such cases alone. His recommendation is very general; too general, probably, to obtain support. He remarks that the plan seems to have the approbation of the army. The general commanding does not allude to it. The chief engineer proposes, in accordance with what he supposes to be the wish of the government, subsidiary barracks in some instances, as at Governor's Island (New York harbour), and at the Barrancas (Pensacola), stating good reasons in support of the proposition.

Many of our largest works have been constructed with *casemates*, or bomb-proof arched halls within the ramparts. They are contrived a double debt to pay, accommodating guns (each casemate having an embrasure), and also the troops necessary to work them. In cases of bombardment, the garrison is safely lodged under this shelter, and manages the defence with no fear of the shells, that might, and probably would, otherwise drive it out of the works. There is an opinion prevailing among the troops, that these accommodations are not equally well suited to both the above-named purposes; that the guns have greatly the advantage, being impassive under the dampness and closeness of the massive arches that inclose them. At first view, those who occupy these deep and rather dark recesses seem to live a troglodite life. The dense and thick bulk of masonry and earth that is above and on each side of them makes them cool and damp, with little modification from the changes of the atmosphere without. Whether this makes them unhealthy is the question. The troops have generally decided

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that it does. The chief engineer says they were constructed for warlike purposes; that they fulfil those purposes; and are also thought to be applicable to the secondary purpose of quartering troops in time of peace. "The experience of other countries," he says, "justifies this expectation"; and that he believes "we have experience of our own in corroboration"; adding, that, "before judgment is entered against the use of casemates in all cases, it might be well to weigh facts rather than opinions; and where the health of the occupants is, as it would be with the greatest propriety, taken as an index, to rely on medical reports and statistics, rather than on mere belief and theory."

The surgeon-general does not notice this subject in his report connected with these documents. In some of his previous reports, however, he expresses himself strongly against the use of casemates, particularly for hospitals. The opinion of this officer, in such a case, is entitled to much consideration. He is the peculiar guardian of the health of the troops. His objection to the use of rooms for the sick which are habitually damp, and which cannot have very free ventilation, should be received without further evidence of its force. The sick have need of something besides the physician. Climates and general positions are beyond control. Troops may necessarily be placed where both are unfavorable to health. But the hospital, in fixed garrisons, is, so far as relates to comparative advantages, the result of choice and design. The remedies there applied should not be counteracted by artificial causes. Sick men should not be placed where well men are likely to become sick. The spear that wounds at one end, though it heal with the other, is almost useless. But in condemning the use of casemates for ordinary quarters for officers and men, evidence of their unfitness should be produced. The records of the hospital bureau must have such evidence, if it exist. A comparative examination could be instituted, which would silence dispute. It is not enough to show that officers and men are occasionally, or are often, sick in casemates, unless it be also shown, that they are not sick in the same degree under other and different shelter within the same post. Troops should not be unnecessarily exposed to unhealthy influences. Humanity, and even sound economy, forbid it. To keep men in good health is a saving, not only of physical strength,

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but of money to the treasury. Still, the extensive modifications proposed in some of our largest posts should not be resorted to without a conviction of their necessity. Such conviction cannot be said yet to have been produced. "Opinions only," and not "facts," as the chief engineer says, have thus far decided the question.

The next recommendation of the secretary exhibits rather an odd conjunction; that is, the "substitution of the single iron for the double wooden bedstead, and the erection of buildings for religious worship, and schools, at all the permanent fortifications." The branch of this recommendation which is placed first in order appears to have originated in the benevolent mind of that functionary, as no suggestion of the kind is found in the report either of the quartermaster-general or of the surgeon-general. Such a substitution would undoubtedly contribute to the cleanliness and comfort of the troops. Wooden bunks are unavoidably subjected to a pest that renders them almost intolerable, and any thing but beds of repose. But most readers of the report will ask whether a matter of police like this calls for such a grave recommendation, for the interposition of the President and Congress. If wooden bedsteads may be provided without such high sanctions (as they are so provided every day), it would seem that iron ones might also. The difference of the material can hardly call for such a wide difference in the sanction. We apprehend that either material can be adopted without new authority, without any enlargement of habitually exercised powers; particularly, as the difference in the cost would probably be inconsiderable. The objection may lie against the want of room, as it is assigned under the present regulations. But that allowance can be increased in conformity, if it be found necessary. We hope the improvement may be made. It is not often that a small matter has such a great recommendation.

We now proceed to the second branch of this recommendation, which loses none of its dignity or importance by coming in at the foot of the bedsteads. This subject is urged by the quartermaster-general in his report, which states, that, "since the employment of chaplains has been authorized by law, numerous applications have been made for means of erecting chapels or houses for religious exercises. But as Congress has never authorized any expendi-

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ture on account of such buildings, the authority to put them up has in every case been refused. Recently, however, instances have occurred of commanding officers causing buildings to be put up, to be used both as schoolhouses and chapels ; for which purpose, both public materials and public money have been used. The whole proceeding being in direct violation of law, those who have caused this expenditure of money and property must necessarily lose the amount expended, unless Congress relieve them. It would seem reasonable, that, where chaplains are authorized, suitable places should be provided for them to officiate." The quartermaster-general adds, that he has included in his estimate "an item of fifty thousand dollars" to provide these "necessary buildings at the several posts." It does not appear whether this part of the appropriation passed or not. We hope it did pass, and that the posts where chaplains are stationed will hereafter have places for religious worship which will be consistent with the solemnity and importance of the objects in view. At remote posts, far from all hallowed associations and privileges, the beneficial influences of this worship can hardly be overestimated. The class of people, which, in time of peace, furnishes most of our common soldiers, has a downward tendency, and it requires all helps of this kind to preserve them, at such posts, from sinking into a heathenish state of feeling.

The next recommendation introduced in the report of the secretary relates to the few companies of "horse or light field artillery" now belonging to our military establishment. We have four companies which are thus organized, being a part of the four regiments of artillery. They are now stationed at Fort Adams, Newport harbour ; Fort Hamilton, New York harbour ; Carlisle Barracks, Pennsylvania ; and Fort McHenry, Baltimore harbour. At all these stations they are associated with one or more companies of ordinary artillery. Some two years since, there were two companies of the mounted artillery combined at one post. This arrangement prevented that distribution of them which is deemed best suited to their usefulness and the wants of the public service. Singly, however, the companies, since the last reduction of the army, are too small "for this [light artillery] exercise in full battery." The general commanding the army says, in his report, that the present association

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of ordinary companies with the mounted companies is intended to bring, in succession, each company of the four regiments of artillery "through its school of practice with field batteries and horses." The secretary, while he commends the plan of diffusing this kind of instruction through the whole corps, under present circumstances, appears to consider that an enlargement of the mounted companies, so that they shall embrace within themselves sufficient strength for this full practice, is desirable; and he accordingly proposes that their complement shall be restored to the former footing. In case this be done, the practice with horses will doubtless be confined to the light companies. Whether this would meet the approbation of the general commanding, we are not told. It is likely that it would, and that this plan of passing each company through the ordeal of light artillery instruction was the result of necessity, and not of choice. If each soldier of the four regiments could become proficient in all the branches of artillery service, a most desirable degree of perfection would be attained. But this is more desirable than practicable. All profitable instruction must be somewhat exclusive. Too many seeds sown together obstruct each other's growth. That which is acquired by much drilling is preserved only by continued drilling. If each of these mounted companies can be made complete for all the purposes connected with their service, both officers and men remaining, as a general rule, unchanged, the best results will no doubt be attained.

The secretary does not rate too highly the importance of these light artillery companies, nor pay too high a compliment to the expertness which they exhibit. The facility and promptitude with which they manœuvre are wonderful. To an ordinary spectator, it is like legerdemain. We cannot measure the beneficial service they may render the country in an hour of need. They are the lightning as well as the thunder of our small army. But the secretary says they "are injudiciously stationed when in forts, for it is emphatically an arm for the open field service." The truth of the last part of this remark will be fully conceded; and yet it may not follow that the habitual station of these companies should not be *at* or *near* our forts. They are not for any one place, but to be in readiness to move hither and thither as emergencies arise. Their action, most probably,

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in time of maritime difficulties, would be, to dash for any threatened point between our regular fortifications, and serve as a *point d'appui* for local and summary defence. They constitute links of a chain, which, although nowhere joined together, stretch out, with magical celerity, wherever menace shows itself. They have nearly all the advantages of continuity, without its magnitude or expense. Those who recollect the war of 1812, when our coast was pierced in many directions by predatory bands, can well suppose the incalculable service a few such companies, stationed as these light artillery companies now are, would have rendered. They would not have saved Stonington, — glorious Stonington ! — but they would have made the event of Stonington so common, as to have been lost in the crowd of similar repulses. At Bladensburg, Commodore Barney's few unwieldy pieces made a most gallant stand ; they made the enemy waver. That wavering might have been converted into a retreat, had a flying battery been in their place.

Following up his remark upon the injudiciousness of the present stations of these companies (probably meaning to except that of Carlisle, which is "interior"), the secretary says their station, "in time of peace, should be in the interior, or in the Western States, where forage and horses are cheap, and where they would probably, also, serve to more advantage as a model for forming spirited uniform volunteer companies," &c. This suggestion strikes us as being singularly mistaken and objectionable. Forage and horses are undoubtedly cheaper in the interior, or in the Western States, than on the seaboard ; but this, of itself, we apprehend, furnishes no sufficient reason for fixing any part of our means of national defence, established for *exterior* protection, and almost for that purpose only, far within and away from the frontiers, merely for the saving of something in the price of forage and horses, and affording a model for militia companies. As for the latter object, it would be utterly futile, as no occasional trainings can make either men or horses expert in the duties of light artillery. Many militia companies, with only such drills as civil occupations admit, become expert at the musket, and ordinary foot movements. Light artillery is made only by constant and undivided application to its appropriate drill, — such application as enlisted soldiers alone can make.

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But it is unnecessary to dwell longer on this unadvised suggestion. The proper place for our light artillery companies is in connection with our seaboard defence. They are placed near the forts, because they there find public grounds, and all the public facilities of supply, — most important considerations, and which cannot be overlooked with due regard to convenience and economy. If this be their proper position in time of war, it is their proper position in time of peace. They form a most valuable and essential part of our maritime defence, and are at all times ready to move towards any quarter along the coast, with a rapidity that railroads and steamboats can make like that of a race-horse, whenever the urgency demands such speed. The company at Newport can shoot through New-England like a meteor. This hardly seems exaggerated language, when we take into consideration the helps found on all the great routes. The same may be said of the companies at New York, Carlisle, and Baltimore. They are all like salient bastions, or batteries, connected with the works to which they are attached; not fixed, and commanding only a certain range, but bearing forward their *point blank* to meet the danger afar off. If there be any objection to their present relative position, it is to the comparative proximity of Carlisle and Baltimore. If it were not for the public grounds and barracks at Carlisle, that place might properly be abandoned for some more southern position, as the South is not sufficiently cared for in the present arrangement.

We have dwelt the longer on this part of the secretary's report, because we feared that a suggestion, so pregnant with objections, coming from such a high quarter, might find abettors among those who look more to the savings proposed, than to the preservation of a well ordered system of national defence in all its parts. Besides, it is unsound policy* to

* This allusion to *policy* suggests to us a hint for the army which we think will not be thrown away. It is easily discerned, that the virulence often evinced in the speeches of certain members of Congress against military and naval officers does not arise so much from hostility to means of national defence, whether *personal* or *material*, as to "epaulets," "lace," "bright buttons," &c. There is no objection even to these insignia in their proper place. The most showy uniforms excite no irritation, even in the most splenetic and sensitive, when exhibited within the chain of sentinels, or upon the quarter-deck. It is when they display themselves on the sidewalks, and at the hotels, that they disturb these morbid humors.

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place any part of our army in situations not manifestly military and congruous. The parts, so placed, would soon be regarded as superfluous, because apparently unnecessary at improper places. Whenever the shield is thrown on the back, it seems to be an incumbrance, and probably will soon be thrown away. Where these companies are now, they have accommodations for man and horse. Wherever they are, when not in the field, these accommodations are necessary. Were the companies temporarily sent into the interior, or into the Western States, such accommodations would have to be provided, even at the risk of being soon abandoned in case of an emergency. One such miscalculation would overbalance the savings proposed in forage and horses many fold. We cannot hereafter flatter ourselves that war will send forth its heralds of warning, so that each one may have time to buckle on his armor, the careless to rouse themselves, the remote to come up to the danger. Steam-power has made an important revolution in the facility of attack. The cloud does not now show itself in the distant horizon no bigger than a man's hand, — thence slowly rising and expanding, and giving time to gird up one's loins and flee to shelter. The bolt may break forth from the clear heavens. It is, therefore, necessary that our maritime frontier should at all times be in readiness with such means of

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In England, it is said, these insignia are seldom seen except within the strict sphere of duty. John Bull has a jealousy of the sword, and this jealousy is respected. Brother Jonathan has the same jealousy, and it would be politic to respect it in the same manner.

We shall be pardoned for throwing out one more hint. The army is attacked from within as well as from without. It has eruptive disorders, — it may be the "black tongue." The fable of the members of the body quarrelling, and proposing to dispense with each other, is familiar to all. There are instances of such fatuity in the army. The foot would cut off the hand, even the head, and pare off the shoulders. The present organization has existed in substance, though not in form, ever since we were a nation; that is, every thing that is now done has been constantly done, or attempted to be done, only in a different way, or by different hands. Experience of evils has led to divisions in labor, such as mark improvement in all organizations. We now do that well and economically, which was formerly done perfunctorily and with prodigality. Formerly the army was fed by contractors, who made great fortunes by filching from the soldiers their small rations. They now have the full ration, of the best quality, and at a far cheaper rate. The change in the other departments has been equally beneficial both to the army and the public. The army lives, and moves, and has all things done, in order. If the Florida war cost, under the organization of 1840, "forty millions," it would have cost, under such an organization as we had between 1815 and 1821, four hundred millions.

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defence as government has provided. The war secretary assumes a perilous responsibility, whenever he throws any of those means *hors de condition*. He cannot add one jot to them; neither must he diminish them one tittle. Any misuse of them, or any thing short of the best use of them, is such a diminution. The forts are under his supervision, and the men are at his disposal. The former are nothing without garrisons; and the latter are nothing, unless connected with the frontier defences.

We now propose to turn our attention to the reports of the chief engineer, and of the colonel of the topographical engineers. They are full of interest, and it is to be regretted that they stand so little chance of being read. They present a minute view of the operations and expenditures of the two corps during the last year. These operations and expenditures were very extensive and important; the former spreading over our whole maritime and interior frontier, and the latter embracing many millions. It is not our intention to look beyond a few parts of the system. The appropriations which have been made annually for some years, for these objects, show that public opinion is sound with respect to the national defence. Some years since, there was ground for much anxiety. Heresies sprang up in high places, which were likely to affect injuriously both that which had been done and that which remained to be done. Apprehensions were entertained that innovations were to unsettle all that had been established, and that tried and long approved systems were to give way to mere experiments. But, happily, Congress did not coincide with this proneness to change. A sluggish spirit for a while prevailed over all these operations; only delaying, however, their progress, not altering their course. There is reason to congratulate the country that no worse effects followed this temporary hallucination of those in authority. If the present system be permitted to prevail until our seaboard be guarded by adequate fortifications, we shall be as invulnerable as other nations are which are similarly guarded. All civilized nations, which have common prudence, guard themselves thus; and, unless we are without that quality, we shall not relax our efforts until we are in the same condition. It is now some years since the chief engineer proposed, that a company of "sappers and miners" should be raised; but it was

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not until the last session of Congress, that a bill to that effect passed either house. It then passed the House of Representatives, and would undoubtedly have passed the Senate also, had there been time. We allude to this company only to express our hope that it will be authorized at another session. There has been scarcely a military proposition before Congress, since the suggestion was first made, which has been more strongly recommended by economy and the wants of the service. If any one will take the trouble to look over the reports of the chief engineer on this subject, he will be convinced that our extensive fortifications, costing so many millions, can be properly preserved only by such a company. Ordinary skill can be supplied by the mechanics of the country. But such laborers and mechanics as are formed by degrees in these companies can be found nowhere else in any country but *in* such companies. There is no ordinary calling that teaches such handicraft. It is peculiar, and can be acquired only by engineer teaching.

We would now more particularly ask attention to the lake frontier. Vast interests are growing up there, such as demand the most generous encouragement and careful protection. The public eye has been turned in that direction by much that has been written and said respecting the population and wealth bordering upon those waters. It is now not quite thirty years since there was not a commodious harbour upon either Lake Erie or Michigan. Presqu'ile (Erie), where Perry's fleet was built, was no harbour at all. That fleet had to float into the offing without its armament, taking it in there. Any one of the vessels which were afterwards so gloriously captured from Commodore Barklay would have been sufficient then to have scattered this fleet, in that predicament, to the four winds of the lake. Put-in Bay, where this fleet reposed on its laurels after the victory, is on an island, and of no more use to the main shore as a harbour, than a harbour on Guernsey is to France. Perry's fleet, after its short career of glory, was sunk for preservation, and only now and then a sail spread itself between Buffalo and Detroit. Had this state of destitution continued, — had art refused to assist nature, — those sails would still have remained few and far between. But we did not stop where nature left us. We have now on those

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lakes over twenty harbours, built by appropriations made by Congress.

These harbours are all artificial. Thirty years ago, scarcely one of them was habitually open. Sandusky came the nearest to an exception. All of them had sand-bars at their mouths, which rendered them generally accessible only to row-boats. At certain parts of the season, these bars gave way. When the thaw of spring, or when heavy rains, swelled the streams which had their outlets there, the strengthened current made a breach in the bar, which would admit even large vessels, until the next storm restored the impediment. Thus, a vessel might get in to-day, which could not get out to-morrow. And this contested power was not equally divided between the river and the lake. The former had its day only occasionally, as it was only occasionally that freshets gave it the predominance ; while the latter held undisturbed control the major part of the season of navigation. Such a state of things held out little encouragement for commerce. It was not even "fast and loose." The game presented no temptation to enterprise which looked to the water for scope. There was much speculation at the time as to the practicability of opening these river-mouths in a permanent manner. Soon, the population, collecting upon them, and in their neighbourhood, became such as to demand the aid of government. Fortunately, the president of the United States had just visited those waters, and the government was administered at that time upon principles that allowed these improvements to be regarded as of a national character. Mr. Calhoun, then at the head of the war department, had the forecast to perceive the beneficial influences of such improvements afar off. He saw into the future beyond the common ken ; he believed, that, if he could remove these sandy barriers, which put asunder what nature had intended should be joined together, fruitful results would ensue which no man could estimate. He sent up United States engineers, who devised expedients, which gradually curbed the alluvion drifting along the southern shores of Lake Erie, until nearly every river there flowed through an unobstructed channel into the lake, drawing in and sending out a great amount of tonnage, in its thousand shapes, which has all been launched within the last twenty or thirty years, and which may be said to have been brought into

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existence by the fostering influence of these harbour improvements. The national wealth which they have thus, as it were, created, renders the cost of these improvements as dust in the balance. Northern Ohio has grown up under them. That part of this great State would otherwise have been merely a remote interior to the river Ohio. These improvements at once gave her a new and better frontier. She was before like a plant which had the sun only on one side. All her growth was towards that side. The other was, as it were, against a dark and ungenial wall. These improvements broke down that wall, and let in an invigorating light on that side also.

Doubts have often been expressed whether this beneficial work should be continued by the general government; even, whether that which has already been done should be preserved. Mr. Calhoun, who, under Mr. Monroe's benignant administration, ushered in this lake prosperity, has hazarded the remark, that the United States should withdraw its sustaining hand, and leave the States bordering on the lakes to keep it up. Such a policy could be justified only on the ground that the improvements are not of a national character. If they were once national, they are still so. It would be difficult to prove, to the satisfaction of any reasonable man, that they have not been national from the first; that they do not continue to be so; that they are not only almost, but altogether, national, with hardly any exception. Cleveland has but a tithe of interest in the accessibility of her harbour. The whole sweep of States, from Louisiana to New York and Massachusetts, has a deep interest in that of Buffalo harbour. The occlusion, either from neglect or any other cause, of that artificial harbour, would be felt like another "Boston Port Bill"; it would agitate the country from the Atlantic to the Gulf of Mexico. The inconvenience and injury would be felt far and wide. New York could only have her share in them. The preservation of it is emphatically a national concern. And the same may be said with respect to most of the other artificial harbours on the lakes. They are not all national in the same degree; but none of them are so little so, as to become local or State concerns. The natural harbours of the seacoast are not objects of more general concern, than the artificial harbours of the lake frontier. It is not their size or

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importance that makes them so; it is their exterior position.

In most intimate connection with this subject, we would point out an improvement to be made on these lake waters by the government, which has been too long postponed. We allude to a channel through the "St. Clair Flats." There was an item in the "lost harbour bill" of some forty thousand dollars for this purpose. The late president could not have "pocketed" a greater injury to the Northwest. We do not see that this subject was introduced this year by the colonel of the topographical engineers in his report; the item, therefore, must have obtained its place in the bill through the exertions of the Michigan delegation. They would have been exceedingly unmindful of their duty, had they omitted these exertions. Lake St. Clair is known to connect the strait of Detroit with the river St. Clair, forming together the links that connect lakes Erie and Huron. This improvement has attracted less attention than its importance demands, arising from the fact, that, since the commerce of the lakes has become extensive, the level of the waters on those flats has been generally high enough to accommodate the craft floating over them. But there are many persons now on those waters, who can recall two periods, of a year or two each in duration, within the last thirty years, when not a tenth part of that craft could have floated over them. The theory relative to this rise and fall of the lakes was, for many years, that the change was periodical, the water rising for some seven years, and then falling during an equal period. And until 1828, this theory was in accordance with well established facts. Since then, the high level has been maintained, and the theory, as well as the facts on which it was based, has probably been forgotten.

Whether the waters will hereafter maintain their present high level, or subside as they have before subsided, is an unsettled question. There is about as much ground for apprehension as confidence; and unless that apprehension be removed, a strong necessity exists for a channel through the flats. The very great interests involved require such an improvement. We have seen many statements of the amount of tonnage which passes through these straits. They are probably somewhat conjectural. But not a doubt exists, that millions of property are constantly afloat there;

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and these millions are yearly on the increase. Should the level of these waters subside, as it has often subsided heretofore, and as it may often subside again, nearly all these millions would come to a dead stand at this point; a stand as dead as if a dam had been suddenly stretched across the lake. By unloading in part, or altogether, as was formerly done under similar circumstances, the boats and vessels might, in due time, be got over, and the trip, after much delay, be resumed. It would be difficult to reckon the cost of such hindrances; but there would be no extravagance in the supposition, that the hindrances of one month (and they might outlast a series of months, or even run through a series of years) would defray the expense of the improvement many times over.

This being the case, it behooves all the States concerned (and they are many and strong) to unite in carrying through this appropriation without delay. There is no reason that can be urged against it; and the reasons for it are a legion. The hazards of delay are imminent. We know not what a season may bring forth. Scarcely a season opens, which, when the channel is buoyed out over these flats (and this task has to be performed at each opening of the navigation), does not threaten to cut off this great communication between the upper and the lower lakes, and cause a fearful looking forward to the embarrassments of the future. It is then that a painful regret is felt that something energetic has not been done to remove this annual cause of deep inquietude.

Some three years since, the topographical department set some of its officers on a hydrographic survey of these straits. A perfect system of surveys and soundings, from lake Erie to lake St. Clair, and of the flats at the head of the latter lake, was completed at the end of the second season. We shall have occasion to allude to these soundings in reference to the mouth of the Detroit river. The flats alluded to stretch, like an outspread fan, from the Canada side of the lake to the Michigan shore. A chart has been made of them, which exhibits all their features, together with the channels that come down to them from the river St. Clair. These channels are three in number; the "north channel," the "middle channel," and the "south channel." The boundary line of the country runs through

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the last channel; and a line drawn through this channel from Detroit to the foot of Lake Huron is but slightly deflected at any one point. The same wind would carry a sail vessel the whole length of it. It is not necessary to be a navigator to see the advantages of such a direct course. The middle channel is of a subordinate character. The north channel is called the ship channel, because all the large vessels and steamboats are obliged to take it. In following this, the route to the waters above forms a very deep curve, almost representing an ox-bow, the south channel uniting the two ends of the curve. While, as we have remarked, the same wind would take a vessel through the south channel from Detroit to Lake Huron, many changes are required to get through the north channel. Before steam came into use, the impediments crowded within the few miles of this deep curve were regarded as more formidable than those of all the residue of the voyage. Vessels, which had overcome them under favoring changes, often performed their voyages, and, on their return, found others, which had been close in their wake at the entrance of this channel, but which had been less favored by the caprices of the winds, still at anchor there. This north channel, besides these embarrassments, has more than twice the length of the south channel.

Such are the relative positions and courses of these channels. The chart which is before us represents, with great accuracy and particularity, the soundings of each, as they were found in the autumn of 1842, when the waters were at their usually high stage. According to this chart, no craft, drawing over three feet, can pass over the flats at the mouth of the middle channel. No craft, drawing over six feet, can pass, in like manner, into the south channel. After the flats are passed, there is ample depth for any craft in both cases. The minimum depth over the flats of the north channel is about nine feet. This makes close rubbing for all the large craft afloat. But there is at present no alternative; though there is not a large steamboat that now goes through this channel which does not leave a muddy wake for several miles behind.

The width of these flats at these three points is the next question, and the most important one in its bearing upon an improvement in the navigation there. This width at the mouth of the north channel is about five miles. Through

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this distance there has been found, during the last ten years, a somewhat devious channel, whose minimum depth is about nine feet, and whose breadth varies from a few yards to a quarter of a mile. To render the traverse of the flats at this point safe and effectual, a commodious channel must be excavated and protected. The excavations would not be required to be continuous; there appear to be many places within the five miles where that labor could be dispensed with; but the protection of the channel, such a protection as would keep it open, would be indispensable the whole distance. No estimate, we believe, has been made of the probable cost of the requisite improvement at this point. It needs, however, little reflection upon the premises to lead one to the conclusion, that it would be comparatively very great. The width of the flats at the mouth of the middle channel is about a mile; that is, from ten feet depth of water below to the same depth above. An excavation of this length would connect waters of sufficient depth for any craft going into the upper lakes. If it were not for a channel still more eligible as to the length of excavation, as well as in all other respects, an improvement here would recommend itself very strongly in comparison with the north channel. It is true, that it joins that channel two or three miles before it enters the straight course of the St. Clair river. This renders it objectionable for sail vessels, though not in the same degree as the north channel.

We now come to the south channel, that channel which we have before described as having unrivalled advantages as to directness of course, in connection with the waters above and below. It was from the first considered by all who had any familiarity with these waters, that *this* channel ought to be that which should be improved, provided the expense were not inordinate in comparison with others. According to the chart which is now before us, the width of the flat at the mouth of this channel is rather more than half a mile; that is, from eleven feet depth of water in lake St. Clair, to the same depth in the channel above. This simple statement is sufficient to determine its superior eligibility. Here, then, should the improvement be made. This chart presents to view the whole of the flats, as well as the channels, and it requires little more than a glance to lead every one to this

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conclusion. The length of the excavation will be the shortest, and the quantity of earth to be removed the least.

The cost of this improvement is supposed, by the words of the appropriation which passed both houses the last session of Congress, to be forty thousand dollars. If it were likely to cost twice or thrice that sum, it ought to be made. But the probability is, that it will not cost even that amount. No plan for the improvement has yet been distinctly proposed. There are but two which will probably be set forth for adoption. One is, to lay down a line of cribs on each side of the channel designed to be excavated, and then to excavate the channel itself. For the sum introduced into the appropriation bill, this, no doubt, was the plan in view. It is a plan that would be effectual, and exclude all doubts as to the fulfilment of the purpose intended. No objections can be urged against it, even on the score of expense. There is, however, another plan that has been suggested by a competent judge ; which is, to omit the cribs altogether, and merely excavate a very broad channel through the distance required. The ground where the digging is to be made consists of sand and clay, which have considerable tenacity. This ground has been proved, as the chart states, to the required depth. It is probable that a channel of liberal width and depth would maintain its dimensions, even without any exterior guards. The only cause that would act against this permanency of character would be the westerly winds, sending back upon the flats the alluvion afloat in lake St. Clair. Even supposing this cause to have some considerable force and activity, we may rely on the increased strength of current, which the excavation would naturally produce, to render it neutral. There is much reason for believing that an improvement of the comparatively simple character here brought forward would be sufficient, and that the cost of it would not much exceed one half of the amount named in the appropriation which has been referred to.

We may have appeared to give undue importance to this improvement. It has been the subject of little discussion ; no importunity has urged it into public notice ; and even those most concerned have hardly introduced the proposition in or out of Congress. While the canal around the rapids of St. Mary called forth much zeal and exertion, a channel through the St. Clair flats has excited little of either. That

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canal is undoubtedly worthy of all the efforts that have been made in its behalf. It will throw down the middle wall which now separates two inland seas, and make them one. It will be undoing, with our most simple implements, the stupendous work of Michabou, who, according to the Indian tradition, when Groscap and Point Iroquois of lake Superior were rent asunder, and he saw his watery dominions about to be drained off, cast, with Titan hands, huge rocks into the straits, and stayed the outpouring of the waste by heaping up the present barrier there. But the immediate necessity for this canal, compared with the channel through the St. Clair flats, is small. The one is to open a new region, whose riches will be all the more speedily developed by such facile means of reaching the mines where they are hid. On the other depends the welfare of an extensive commerce, already full of life and fruitfulness, but liable at any moment, through the influence of causes that have often been in operation, and which may often again be in operation, to be brought to a ruinous stand in the midst of a prosperous career. The apathy that has marked the conduct of those who know the extent of this commerce, and also the dangers which threaten it, is as surprising as unaccountable; or it can be accounted for only by the supposition, that all fear of a revival of those causes has subsided. Such a supposition is without just grounds, and, if it lead to continued neglect of this most necessary improvement of the lake navigation, it may end in a punishment as signal as disastrous.

While on this subject, it is proper to allude to another improvement in those waters, which one of the respectable senators from Michigan, at too late an hour of the session, strove unavailingly to introduce into the appropriation bill. It is well known, that, when the boundary line was run through the Detroit river, its course at the mouth threw the customary channel entirely within the British jurisdiction. This was an unavoidable arrangement. It has since been constantly hoped, that another channel, sufficiently practicable for an emergency, would be discovered within our own jurisdiction. No surveys, however, were made with a view to determine this desirable fact, until within a few years. General Macomb, nearly thirty years ago, had an imperfect examination made, which led to the hope here alluded to. When the surveys of the Detroit river, in 1840, were di-

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rected to be made, all the channels which form the outlet of the river were sounded, and an exact chart was made of the same, showing the width, course, and depth of each. By this chart it appears, that there is a channel, immediately under our own shore, which has sufficient depth ; but it is too narrow and tortuous at one or two points for convenient use. It was urged, that an appropriation should be made to render this channel available for all ordinary purposes. The bare statement, that the other channel passes between two shores which are only a few hundred yards apart, both of which are owned by the British, ought to have been sufficient to demonstrate the necessity of the improvement. While the two nations are at amity, vessels will suit their convenience as to the channels, and pass under the British guns without fear or molestation. But this should not be the only safe course open to them. There should be an alternative. We should have a channel of our own, if it be practicable to obtain one. These soundings show that it *is* practicable ; and we should not wait until the moment of necessity arrives, which might be too late, before we clear it out. Should the British portal at any time be suddenly closed upon our boats and vessels, and they be crowded into the other channel until a new way could be prepared, we should be laughed at for our stupidity and want of forecast. The primary cause of Hull's disaster was the necessity of sending the vessel, which was carrying his baggage, sick, and letters, from the Maumee to Detroit, through this British channel, instead of the one under our own shore. It went into the jaws of the enemy, and, of course, was devoured. A few thousand dollars would effect this improvement, and avert similar disasters. The amount called for appears to make it a small concern, but it is a national concern, and the national character and dignity require that it should not be neglected. Take but the crumbs that fall from the snag appropriation of the Ohio, and the raft appropriation of the Red River, — appropriations so important to the national prosperity, but so unimportant in their immediate influences upon the national honor and national defence, — and this new channel will be laid open. No Elsineur will then, in courteous forbearance, watch over the sound of our inland Baltic, until the horn of provocation or temptation sounds, satisfied with being potentially the master of nearly all our outgoings and incomings there.

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The defence of these upper lakes has, of late, elicited considerable discussion. Canada, by the liberal aid of the parent government, has been greatly facilitating the means of water communication between her several parts. The St. Lawrence, though presenting to the eye on the map a broad stream, and really having a vast volume of water flowing between its banks, was, until within a few years, almost useless for general purposes of navigation. The many rapids and *chutes* which interrupt its course render it difficult and even dangerous to the smallest craft. General Amherst's disaster was upon a large scale only what has happened upon a small one every year, or month, since the wreck of his flotilla. Lake Ontario was little more connected with the navigation below Montreal than it was with lake Erie above the Falls of Niagara. Such was the case in the war of 1812. But Britain profits by experience. The lessons of the past are not thrown away upon her. Soon after that war, she began a system of canalling, stretching from the tide-water to the lakes, which is intended to bring the ocean and those lakes virtually upon a level. This system has now made great progress towards a completion, and the result will be nearly the same as if the ocean were really elevated, or the lakes depressed, so as to effect this accommodation of level. Under this system it is apprehended that Great Britain, in the event of another war, instead of being obliged to construct a fleet upon Lake Ontario, as was the case during the last war, to be left there at its termination to rot in useless idleness, will be able to detach from her great maritime force on the ocean such vessels as may be required, to mount up into that lake, there to do her bidding, and then to descend again to their larger and more appropriate sphere when that bidding shall have been done. Nor is the scope of these facilities to end with that lake. The Welland canal, which now accommodates all ordinary craft, is, it is said, to be fitted for the passage of war-steamers, so that while we, like the eels, which make constant attempts to climb the great wall of the Niagara Falls, find our upward progress constantly arrested by that formidable obstacle, our neighbours will soon easily send their craft, both of war and peace, step by step, up the dividing grounds, and place themselves, in much of their strength, on a level with all the rich ports which extend from Buffalo to Chicago.

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To counteract the effects of these lofty strides over all impediments, apparently reaching our inmost shores with the same facility as our maritime frontier, it has been proposed to make the Illinois canal, which is to connect the Mississippi with the lakes, a national work, and fitted to allow a free passage for such public steamers as may be collected at the Memphis navy-yard. Such a facility, it is urged, would place us, at one end of these interior seas, on the same footing as the British are, or will soon be, at the other. There is much in this proposition that is worthy of attention. Such an improvement would be strictly a national one, though made through the heart of a State. Hurlgate is embraced by New York; and so are many thoroughfares embraced by other States, on which millions of the national money have been expended. It is not because the Ohio and the Mississippi pass *between* States, that they have been considered proper objects of such expenditures. They are the great avenues of the nation, and must be kept open, not to benefit the States lying on their banks, but to benefit all the States. These contiguous States would not, and could not, keep them open. The nation alone can do it. The case of the Illinois canal is not so strong. The State of Illinois will open it herself, as soon as she is able. When that ability will be gained is the question. If it be likely to arrive too late for the national safety, then the general government ought to take the work in hand. This avenue is already, with all its present lets and hindrances, a great national thoroughfare; all those who pass through are not inhabitants of Illinois. They are a multitude of human beings, nearly all parts of the country contributing to swell their number.

Considered in respect to our national defence, this improvement presents itself in a strong light. With an avenue at that end of the chain of waters, which would admit upon the lakes war-steamers from the Mississippi below, no emergency would seem likely to take us unprepared in that quarter. We should appear to be upon an equal footing with the British in respect to facilities of reinforcing the force on the lakes from that on the tide-waters. And that very equality might remove the temptation on the part of the British, in any hostile emergency, to attempt to throw up from the ocean any part of her maritime force. In the war

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of 1812, it was a contest between the ship-carpenters of Sacket's Harbour and of Kingston, and the war of construction was carried on nearly *pari passu*. If the contest hereafter were to be, who should introduce the greatest number of war-steamers upon the lakes, it might end in the same manner, or the race might be to the swift. But, even in that case, if the British have the advantage as to the number of these war-steamers, the United States has thousands of steamboats at hand, which, though now mere Quakers, would come out knight-clad at a moment's warning. We could in that way match them two to one, or ten to one, if it were necessary.

This speculation proceeds upon the supposition that government will deem it expedient to interlock, by a navigable canal, Lake Michigan with the Mississippi. But we do not believe it will do this ; though it might not prove half so expensive a job as the clearing out the Red River raft, which, like a thrifty tree, seems to have grown only the more for the trimming it annually receives. But even if the lakes are left as they are, and the British do all they propose to do, we do not despair. There are now hundreds of steamboats on the upper lakes, as above remarked, which could easily be made to play a formidable part in the work of attack or defence. It has been said that we have no artillery on those waters. This is not true. There is a public arsenal near Detroit, which has its stores of this kind, and each military post has spare ordnance. This, we admit, is not enough ; but we could soon have enough, and to spare. It is not at this time as it was in 1812 and 1813, when every gun that reached the lakes became worth its weight in much more precious metal than that of which it was made. Supplies then almost burrowed their way to the frontiers ; now, they take wings unto themselves, and fly to their destination. We should in these days hardly call upon Aladdin, even if we knew he would come. The horse, which now draws with ease his many tons along the canal, could then scarcely carry his own provender ; and wheels now revolve as great a distance in one hour over iron rails, as they could then in one day over *corduroy* roads, or even over turnpikes. New York was then a broad State ; she is now contracted to a span. Both Watervliet and Pittsburg are now, as it were, in the neighbourhood of Lake Erie. Their munition and their ammunition, if called for to-day, could be there on the

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morrow. In a week's time, they could arm every steamboat on that lake to the teeth.

But, though there may be a doubt whether Congress will open the way for succour from the Mississippi to the lakes, there ought to be none as to its providing proper land defences upon the Detroit, the St. Clair, and the St. Mary's frontier. A fort is at length going up on the first, occupying the most commanding position on the Detroit strait. But Fort Gratiot, at the outlet of Lake Huron, one of the cardinal points of defence on that frontier, is still nothing but a stockade work; such a work as suited well the times when it was erected, when the Indian rifle and tomahawk alone were to be resisted. In these times, it is little better than mere frost-work. A proper fort — such a fort as has been sometime recommended by the engineers — should be commenced there without delay. Another stockade work — now almost in ruins — is on the straits of St. Mary, another cardinal point of defence. Such stockade works are not even scare-crows in these days, and only give an air of ridicule to those parts of our defensive arrangements. We are there like a swordsman on his guard with only a broken foil in his hand.

We should not be misled by the long peace which the civilized world has now enjoyed, and deem even ordinary precautions unnecessary. We are not reposing under our vine and fig-tree, with nobody to hurt or make us afraid. There is much to hurt us, though little, perhaps, to make us afraid. Nations appear to have become impatient of repose. A new generation has arisen, which bears none of the scars of past wounds, and sees in the dragon's teeth which are springing up on every side only a coming harvest of glory. This feeling has more of the Marcellus than the Fabius in it; is better fitted to give spirit to actual war, than to preserve the blessings of peace. But whether we have war or peace, preparation for defence is a bounden duty, as well as a dictate of common prudence. It is true, that reason and justice have great influence over international affairs now-a-days. A nation would blush, at the present enlightened era, to go to war without seeming to have both in favor of its cause; and as long as honorable negotiation can continue, the evil day is put off. Still, if it be inevitable, its coming is hastened or retarded by the condition, whether unpre-

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pared or prepared for defence, in which a nation is found. The chances of success in negotiation are diminished or increased in proportion as that condition sways one way or the other. The best reasons of the lamb had no weight with the wolf. We hope that a nation is trebly armed whose quarrel 's just ; but it would be madness to rely on the armor of justice alone. The king of Israel, who was assured by Heaven that victory would be on his side in the coming battle, still sent forward his picked men to the front of the fight.

ART. III. — *A System of Logic, Ratiocinative and Inductive ; being a connected View of the Principles of Evidence, and the Methods of Scientific Investigation.* By JOHN STUART MILL. London : J. W. Parker. 1843. 2 vols. pp. 1204.

WE quietly take to ourselves some merit for calling attention to these volumes, since we suppose not one in a hundred of our readers has, or can be induced to have, the slightest interest in the subject of which they treat. So much the worse for them, since they are thus led to forego a means of improvement, which, if they knew enough of the subject to be aware of their own ignorance respecting it, they would most earnestly covet. And so much the worse for us is this want of interest in the subject, since it is rather a poor sort of inspiration with which to enter on this self-inflicted duty, to know that it will be equally operose and unavailing. We are well aware that the very term Logic has become a "hissing and a by-word," even among tolerably well informed men ; and if we had nothing more to present on the subject, than a repetition of the skeleton formulæ which have hitherto figured as principles in this science, we too should deem our proposed labor worse than worthless. It would require something more than the miraculous touch of a prophet, to vivify such dry bones as these. But the work before us has nothing in common with these dead and buried things, but the name. And we wish it had not even this, since it may drive away from a valua-

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ble source of self-improvement that not small class of persons, to whom *names* are *things*. Those who choose to grapple with this work will find that it presents a new view of the subject; that it is a sort of *Novum Organum*, adapted to the state of intellectual and physical science at the present day; and that it is treated with a breadth and comprehensiveness of thought, in a style of thorough analysis, and with a surpassingly clear and forcible diction, which entitle it to the faithful study of all who aspire to the merit of philosophical research, or even of general scholarship. But while the labor before us is thus thankless and uninspiring, in regard to the great mass of readers, we still hope to address ourselves intelligibly to an "audience, fit though few," who will understand the deep meaning of Lord Bacon, who denominates Logic the "*ars artium*," the science of science itself, and considered it as an aid to the mind not less important than that which machinery lends to the hand,* — and to all who think it worth while to ascertain the limits of human knowledge, its first principles, and the best methods of employing and enlarging it. For such we write; and such well know, that the field on which we propose to enter is not merely a fitting arena for manly and healthful exercise of the mind, but also one where, notwithstanding its apparent barrenness, rich and nutritive fruits are always to be gathered.

The obscurity, in which it is supposed the subject of Logic is involved, arises, as we think, not from inherent difficulties in the subject itself, but from two extraneous causes. One is the great number, and the irreconcilably conflicting character, of the definitions which have been given of it. Thus, when Logic was first made to assume a distinct form under the auspices of Zeno and his followers, it not only took cognizance of the elementary principles of human knowledge, but professedly included Rhetoric, or a diffusive mode of declamation, and also Dialectics, or the more recondite art of disputation. The Megaric school, under Euclid, carried the folly of the Porch to a still more ridiculous ex-

* "*Instrumentis et auxiliis res perficitur; quibus opus est non minus ad intellectum, quam ad manum.*" — Nov. Org., Aph. III. Again he considers it as the key of the sciences: — "*Rationales scientiæ reliquarum omnino claves sunt.*" — De Aug. Sci., Lib. V., Cap. I.

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treme. Aristotle, though not the first author on the subject, was the first who attempted to give a strictly scientific statement of the essential forms and processes of thought. But this was only a small part of his "Organon," as it has been called. It treated, also, at much length and with great acuteness, if not with remarkable perspicuity, of various methods of investigating truth and communicating it to others, and particularly of the various strategy of disputation. The Logic, so called, of the mediæval period, was nothing more than a grossly amplified and perverted form of the dogmas of the Peripatetic and Stoic schools of antiquity. It was a miserable strife of words about words; and the impatient exclamation of Seneca, himself a Stoic, in reference to the dialectics of his day, "*O pueriles ineptias*," would apply with greater force to the elaborate trifling of this period. It has been a not infrequent mistake of subsequent times, to confound Logic with different branches of the philosophy of the mind. Thus, it has been called the "art or science which treats of the laws of thought, and of those rules which the mind must observe in all consequent thinking." But "consequent thinking," we suppose, is required in poetry, in oratory, in all the arts of imitation and design, nay, in politics, and in the common conduct of affairs. Are these, then, to be included in a treatise on Logic? Even no less a thinker on these subjects than Lord Bacon falls, if we may say so, into the same misjudgment of the true nature and province of Logic. He divides it into four parts, namely, the methods of invention, judging, retaining, and delivery, or making known to others.* The clear mind of Locke was entirely mystified on this subject, as appears from his denouncing it as being useless in the *discovery* of truth. The good Dr. Watts, too, whose Logic, to our utter confusion and dismay, we were required to learn at the University, defines the subject thus: "Logic is the art of using reason well in our own inquiries after truth, and in the *communication of it to others.*" And lest we should be in any doubt in regard to the extent of the subject, he states in a note, "The word *reason*, in this place, is not confined to

* "*Necesse igitur est, ut totidem sunt artes rationales*" (which he comprehends under the term Logic); "*ars inquisitionis seu inventionis; ars examinis seu judicii; ars custodiæ seu memoriæ; et ars elocutionis seu traditionis.*" De Aug. Sci., Lib. V., Cap. I.

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the mere faculty of reasoning or inferring one thing from another, but includes *all the intellectual powers of man.*" Now, if we substitute these italicized words in the place of "reason" in the definition, we shall see that Logic is a very comprehensive art indeed. Cicero, with a sufficient laxness of thought, places among the essential prerequisites of his orator, that he should be a "good" man. It is very certain that the logician, according to the excellent Dr. Watts, should be a very learned and a very *wise* one; indeed, that he should have not a little of what has been ascribed to a noted public man and writer in England, the "foible of omniscience."

It is easy to perceive, that much obscurity must rest upon a subject, of which such various and contrariant definitions have been given, most of which arise from confused and utterly erroneous apprehensions of its true nature. But there is another mistake, scarcely less prevalent, that leads to the same result. We mean the faithlessness of writers to their own erroneous and confused definitions. It is plain enough, if an author professedly addresses himself to one specific train of thought, but in the prosecution of it rambles off into a very different one, — or, if attempting to unfold the principles of one system, he is led, unconsciously to himself, to lay out his strength on another, though it may be some affiliated one, he must become, at best, but an inconsequent teacher. We know of no subject in which this vital mistake has been oftener perpetrated, than in the one before us. It might be invidious to cite examples, but those familiar with such researches will call to mind some striking instances of this *ignoratio elenchi* on a large scale. It is, indeed, one of the easiest and most fertile of the sophisms which writers unconsciously practise on themselves, and by which they confuse and mislead the minds of their readers.

It is not the least of the striking excellencies of the work of Mr. Mill, that both these causes of error are studiously and successfully avoided. In a very lucid introduction, he announces, in the most carefully chosen terms, what he means by the term Logic; and this is the more necessary, since neither this term, nor any other one in the language, gives any intimation of the subject which he is about to treat. As a preliminary step to this definition, he divides all human knowledge into two kinds. The first comprises the facts

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or Beliefs of intuition or consciousness; and the second comprises those which are the result of inference or illation; or, to state the same distinction in different words, those which neither need nor are susceptible of proof; and those which require to be and may be proved. This distinction is of the highest import in inquiries like these. It is not indeed, by any means, peculiar to Mr. Mill; but it is very peculiar to him, among writers on kindred themes, to have kept it constantly in view through his whole work. Of the former kind are all the truths of the higher or Transcendental metaphysics, so called; or those which belong to the mind inherently, without any reference to the senses or to the external world; as, for example, our natural sensations and our mental states. They are what are called "subjective," in opposition to "objective" truths, — the "Noumena," in opposition to the "Phenomena," of the German metaphysics, — and comprise a belief in our existence as sentient beings, as distinct from the body; a confidence in the evidence of the senses in regard to the existence of external things; a conviction of our personal identity; that every event must have a cause; of the uniformity of Nature; — in a word, those first truths which lie at the basis of all knowledge. These are not susceptible of proof. They appear of themselves, if they appear at all. They shine by an unborrowed light. No research can make them clearer; no processes of art can add to their certainty. In a word, they are real to our consciousness, and thereby possess the highest possible proof of their reality. It is obvious, therefore, that these are matters of belief, not of proof; and whatever may be believed or disbelieved respecting them, whether the conclusions of Father Buffier, or Reid, or Kant, or Schelling, is entirely immaterial, so far as Logic, in the system of Mr. Mill, is concerned.

But these inherent and necessary beliefs comprise but a small part of human knowledge. They are implied, indeed, in all our inquiries; but in themselves they constitute but a small part of things known and knowable. Almost all our knowledge consists of inferences, and "to draw inferences is the great business of life." Every one is and must be thus employed, whether he is aware of it or not, under all circumstances, at every conscious moment of his existence. It is the only thing that the mind never ceases to do. Take

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out of any man's mind all the knowledge that is strictly illative, and you leave it as blank as the fair sheet of paper to which, in its natural state, some metaphysicians have, unwisely enough, compared it. Now Logic, according to Mr. Mill, is conversant only with this sphere of thought. It is only with illations, or truths known through their ascertained connection with other known truths, that it is or can be employed. This is its sphere, we say. But we would not be understood to assert, that all who make inferences are therefore logicians, or that their inferences are logical. This brings the proper province of Logic distinctly into view. It is to supply a test for ascertaining, in any given case of inference, whether this inference be correct, and therefore trustworthy. All knowledge consists of *data*, and of inferences from these *data*. One person will make one inference, and another a different one. Which is correct? It is the high and distinctive office of Logic to answer this question. And this it does by pointing out the relations which necessarily exist between "proof and every thing it can legitimately prove," or by analyzing the process of inference. Logic, in short, is the science of proof, or of evidence. We are now prepared for the definition of it as understood by Mr. Mill, and it seems to us equally succinct, comprehensive, and just. "Logic is the science of the operations of the understanding which are subservient to the estimation of evidence; both the process itself of proceeding from known truths to [those] unknown, and all intellectual operations auxiliary to this."

Of these "auxiliary operations," one of the most important is an analysis of language, so far as the processes of reasoning are concerned; since language is both an instrument of thought, and a vehicle of communicating it to other minds. We ordinarily reason by means of words, and in long and complicated cases we must do so. Any error, then, in the use of words must vitiate the whole process. And yet further, language is the treasury of human thought. It contains, as will be more particularly shown hereafter, all the truths that all previous thinkers have ascertained or suppose themselves to have ascertained. And though these results are not to pass unquestioned, they still serve, and ought to serve, as clews to things, unless we mean to reject the collective intelligence of mankind, and, like our earliest

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progenitor, construct a language for ourselves. But there is a reason more cogent than all these, why, at the very outset of the inquiries before us, the theory of language should be the first subject of the study of the logician. Without this, he cannot learn the import of propositions, and propositions are the primordial elements of all subsequent processes of logical inquiry. The object of Logic, as has been said, is to furnish a criterion by which we may distinguish between what is worthy of belief and what is not; in other words, may know what is valid proof. Now nothing, obviously, is susceptible of proof, but what is asserted or denied. Every such assertion is a proposition. Well, therefore, has it been said by Mr. Mill, that "all truth and all error lie in propositions. What, by a convenient misapplication of an abstract term, we call a truth, is simply a true proposition." Now every proposition consists essentially of two names connected by a word (some form of the verb *to be*), denoting that one is affirmed or denied of the other. Hence, in every act of belief there must be two "namable things," and hence the necessity of analyzing, first of all, the true *import* of names; since it is of this import, and not of the mere naked names, that an affirmation or negation is made.

Proceeding on this leading principle, that names are the clews to things, and are therefore to be studied before them, and that propositions are formed of names, Mr. Mill devotes his first book to a most profound and comprehensive analysis of names and propositions. We know of nothing to be compared with it, but that extremely valuable part of Locke's immortal Essay, his third book, "Of Words." Our author wisely avails himself, in this part of his work, of the logical language of the Schoolmen, whose speculations, in other respects sufficiently arid and innutritive, are marked with an unsurpassed, we might almost say, an unapproached, precision and accuracy in the use of general terms. Mr. Mill, for example, has borrowed from them the terms *connotative* and *non-connotative*.* The former denotes a subject, and implies an attribute or attributes. The latter signifies a subject only, or an attribute only. Thus, all concrete general names, such as *brute*, *man*, *angel*, are *connotative*,

* From "*notare*, to mark, and *connotare*, to mark along with a thing, or one in addition to another."

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because they denote not only things or subjects, but those possessed of certain attributes. But the terms *John*, *Thomas*, *Boston*, and almost all proper names, are *non-connotative*, because they signify a subject only. Most abstract terms, such as *whiteness*, *evenness*, *softness*, are *non-connotative*, because they signify an attribute only. But the terms *white*, *even*, *soft*, and all epithets, as denoting the things to which they are applicable, *connote* the corresponding abstract attributes. We refer, for some apparent exceptions to this general statement, to the work of Mr. Mill. It will be at once perceived how deeply this distinction of terms enters into the structure of all language. One of the great sources of the lax, indeterminate, and misty use of it is the employment of words largely connotative, without any recognized or even intelligible connotation; that is, without any precise meaning. Nothing characterizes so perfectly a style of writing quite prevalent and popular with a certain class of minds, especially at the present day, as this. And this, too, serves to solve a problem, which constantly recurs in ordinary life, and which called forth a labored explication from Principal Campbell, — "How it is that a man of sense should sometimes write nonsense and not know it, and that a man of sense should sometimes read nonsense and imagine he understands it." Even Hobbes, one of the most profound and consecutive of thinkers, sought, like the Nominalists generally, the meaning of words in what they *de*note, instead of seeking it in what they *con*note, and thus was led into a definition of propositions, which, though just as far as it goes, Mr. Mill clearly demonstrates is only applicable to that very unimportant class of propositions in which both subject and predicate are proper names, and which, therefore, in strictness, have no *meaning* at all.

Having thus reviewed the various kinds of names as preparatory to a knowledge of things, Mr. Mill proceeds to an enumeration of all the kinds of things which are susceptible of being made predicates, or of having any thing predicated of them. This brings under a searching analysis the famous categories, or predicaments, the *summa genera*, or most general classes into which all things are to be distributed, and which, therefore, are so many highest predicates, and were supposed to include all that could be truly affirmed of every namable thing. These categories, first suggested by

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Archytas, and greatly matured by Aristotle, in connection with the predicables of Porphyry, have been recognized, as is well known, with high deference in all ages, even down to the present time. They have been translated into almost all languages ; they have been explained, commented upon, epitomized, adopted by the Church of Rome, identified with its doctrines, and brought to an authoritative interpretation of the sacred writings. They furnished, especially, never-failing themes for those dialectics of the Schoolmen which Abelard, one of the clearest heads of them all, characterized as disputes "*de lanâ caprinâ*," and which prevailed with little abatement of authority down to the period of Bacon and Descartes. But these imposing and time-honored categories of the Stagyrite and his followers find small reverence at the hands of Mr. Mill. He regards them as being a "mere catalogue of the distinctions rudely marked out by the language of familiar life," an "abortive classification of existences," as being "at the same time defective and redundant," * and in no "case penetrating into the *rationale* of the subject." By a strict analysis of the presumed sources of human knowledge, using for this purpose the most general names that have been employed to designate the most comprehensive classes of things, he reduces the enumeration and classification of all namable things to the following.

1. Feelings or states of consciousness.
2. The minds which experience those feelings.
3. The bodies or external objects which excite certain of those feelings, together with the powers or properties whereby they excite them.
4. The successions and coexistences, the likenesses and unlikenesses, between feelings or states of consciousness.

If this classification of namable things be correct, they must comprise in themselves the signification of all names, and the substance of all facts.

To this masterly examination of the *primordia* of human knowledge succeed philosophical statements of the nature

* Thus they omit the most essential things, as, for example, feelings, or states of consciousness; and repeat others under different heads, as, for example, *ποῦ, ubi*, position in place, and *κεῖσθαι, situs*, the same thing except in terms.

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of propositions, their import, the nature and office of the copula, of classification, and of definition. The import of propositions, lying as it does at the basis of the whole science of Logic, is treated at great length, and with singular acumen and thoroughness. He adverts, in the first place, to an error which is fatal to all clearness of thought on the subject, but into which almost all writers on Logic, including such thinkers as Descartes, Leibnitz, and Locke, to say nothing of others, both in England and on the Continent, of lesser name, down to the present day, have fallen. The error is that of confounding judging with judgment, — the act of the mind with the result of that act, — what the mind does in forming the proposition with the proposition itself. In attempting, therefore, to learn what a proposition *means*, they began by endeavouring to learn how it is *formed*. The thing itself, and not the mere verbal expression of it, is with them the important matter of inquiry. But Logic, in the view of Mr. Mill, has nothing to do with the analysis of the *act* of judging. This is one of the *intellectual* phenomena, and belongs, therefore, to another science, that of Mental Philosophy, or Psychology. Connected with this mistake was another, very widely spread, that of the Conceptualists, as they are commonly called, who maintain that a proposition consists of an affirmation or denial of one *idea* (or *conception*, or whatever other term may be used to express mental representations) of another. Now, while it is true that there must be two ideas or conceptions in the mind in every act of judgment, and it is also true that these ideas or conceptions must be brought together in some way, yet something more than this is necessary, since this can be done without any act of assent or dissent. What this is which takes place in the mind, besides putting two ideas together, is, as Mr. Mill observes, "one of the most difficult of metaphysical problems." But whatever may be the solution, it can have no concern with the import of propositions, since all these (with the exception of those relating to the mind itself) are not assertions concerning ideas, but concerning the things themselves. This *presumed* relation between two ideas, instead of the *real* relation between the *things* themselves, considered as being of essential importance in a logical proposition, seems to Mr. Mill "to be one of the most fatal errors ever introduced into the philosophy

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of Logic ; and the principal cause why the theory of the science has made such inconsiderable progress during the two last centuries."

After disposing of the theory of the Nominalists, of whom Hobbes is the best representative, — namely, that the import of propositions consists in an expression of agreement or disagreement between the meanings of two *names*, which is only so far just as it is confined to proper, or abstract, or, in a word, to *non-connotative*, names, — he applies the same keen examination to a theory essentially the same as that of Hobbes, and which is now almost universally received as the true one. This is, that predication, or assertion, essentially consists in referring something to a class. Here is the basis of the far-famed "*Dictum de omni et nullo.*" But, celebrated and almost universally received as it is, it is wholly repudiated by Mr. Mill. He deals with it, as we think, justly, and, as farther on we shall take some pains to show, as belonging to that class of paralogisms, or vicious Logic, which explains one thing by another which presupposes it, or the cause by the effect, instead of the effect by the cause. It may be asked, If all these prevailing systems of predication, or the import of propositions, be erroneous or false, what is the true theory, or rather the real fact, of their import ? The reply furnished by our author seems to us to be equally just, profound, and comprehensive. It is presented in a beautiful example of the argument which is technically called by the rhetoricians "progressive approach," — a mode of argument, which, if not the most strictly logical in form, is admirably adapted to a discussion like this. We can give no detail, and shall merely present the result in the simplest and fewest words possible, adopting the language of Mr. Mill. In all real propositions, that is, in all assertions about things (in contradistinction to those which are merely verbal), whatever be the form of the proposition, or whatever is nominal subject or predicate, the *real* subject is one or more of the facts or phenomena of consciousness, or some one or more of the hidden causes or powers to which we ascribe those facts ; and what is predicated or asserted, either in the affirmative or negative, of those phenomena or powers is always existence, order in place, order in time, causation, or resemblance.

This, then, is the theory of the import of propositions, re-

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duced to its ultimate elements. But there is another and less abstruse expression for it, which, though it does not reach to the ultimate limits of the inquiry, may be often found useful. It has the advantage, moreover, of recognizing the commonly received distinction between subject and attribute. It is this:—"Every proposition asserts that some given subject does or does not possess some attribute; or that some attribute is or is not (either in all or some portion of the subjects in which it is met with) conjoined with some other attribute."

But we must hasten away from these preliminary matters. We have yet a thousand pages of solid disquisition to go through, and have not thus far even entered on "the system of Logic," as treated in these volumes. We hope that the porch is not too large for the structure we are attempting to build up. At any rate, it is necessary to see our way clearly through it, before we can enter the main building. The nature of proof is the proper subject of Logic, and we have thus far only been considering the nature of assertion. But all who are conversant with the subject are aware, that it is necessary to ascertain the nature and import of propositions, before we can begin the inquiry into the methods by which their truth or falsehood is to be established. Besides this, it is a good reason for dwelling so long on the threshold of this work, that here lie nearly all those principles which are peculiar to our author, and upon which all his subsequent speculations are founded.

The second book is devoted to the proper subject of Logic, and this is the nature of proof or inference. When is a proposition or an assertion proved? When it *follows*, as we say; that is, when we admit the truth of it as a necessary consequence of something previously assented to. Thus, to *infer* what is not known from what is thus admitted to be known is to *reason*, in the widest sense of the term. This process is popularly said to be of two kinds; reasoning from particulars to generals, and reasoning from generals to particulars. The former is called induction, the latter, ratiocination or syllogism.

The nature and functions of ratiocination or syllogism are first examined, and, notwithstanding all that has been written on this vexed subject from Zeno to Whately, we know of nothing so thorough and perspicuous as the analysis now

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before us. As what we believe to be an entire error on this subject is taught (principally on the authority of Whately) in most of the colleges and schools in this country, as well as abroad, and as this error, together with some original and just views of the true nature and value of the syllogism, is here brought into distinct view by Mr. Mill, we propose to offer a very succinct account of his reasonings and results on the whole subject.

He begins by striking at once at the basis of the commonly received doctrine of the syllogism, which is the far-famed axiom already adverted to, termed by logicians the *Dictum de omni et nullo*, — that is, that whatever can be affirmed (or denied) of a class, may be affirmed (or denied) of every thing included in the class. Now, any important meaning this *dictum* ever possessed was derived from a system of metaphysics which was long since nominally repudiated, but which has nevertheless found a place, more or less distinctly recognized, in the Abstract Ideas of Locke, in the Nominalism of Hobbes and Condillac, and in the Ontology of the Kantians. We refer to the doctrine of universals considered as being real entities, and as having an objective existence independently of the separate objects which are classed under them, or as being, in fact, the only permanent things, and therefore the only proper subject of scientific inquiry. If this doctrine were true, then, indeed, the dictum would have some meaning, since it would express an intercommunity of nature and essence between these general substances and the particular substances subordinated to them. But since this theory is professedly abandoned, and it is now all but universally admitted that universals, so called, — that is, species and genera, — have no distinct existence, are not entities *per se*, and are, in fact, nothing but the individual substances placed in a class, and denoted by a common name, which indicates some attributes common to them all, then, certainly, nothing is to be learned from the statement, that whatever may be affirmed of all the individuals of a class, may be affirmed of each of those individuals of which the class is formed. It is merely an identical proposition. It is only saying, that what is true of all is true of each. If all ratiocination, then, were nothing (as it is said to be) but the application of the *dictum par éminence*, the syllogism would be, indeed, the solemn trifle

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it has been called. Those, then, who wish to ascertain the true import and use of the syllogism, so far as it has any, must give up the popular notion, that the import of a proposition consists simply in referring something to, or in excluding something from, a *class*, and adopt that of Mr. Mill, which has been already stated; namely, that it consists of an assertion of a matter of *fact*, which exists independently of all classification whatsoever.

But even with this explanation of the component parts of a syllogism, that is, of its propositions, what is the logical value of the syllogistic process? Is it really any process at all of reasoning or inference; that is, is it a method of proceeding from the known to the unknown? How far does it aid us in attaining a knowledge which we did not possess before? It seems that this question is very easy to be answered; since it is universally admitted, that, if the conclusion contain any thing more than is *assumed* in the premises, it is, *propter hoc et pro tanto*, vicious. What new truth, then, can be *inferred* by means of the syllogism, when all that can be legitimately inferred is taken as known or granted at the outset of the process? Certainly, there can be no *new truth* evolved in the conclusion, and, therefore, no *inference*. The syllogism obviously proceeds upon a *petitio principii*. Take, for example, the simplest form of it: —

All men are mortal;
Socrates is a man;
Therefore, Socrates is mortal.

Is it not plain, when we said *all* men are mortal, that we included Socrates in the number? And if so, then what is declared in the conclusion is no *new* truth, but simply a repetition of what has been already asserted in the major premise. We are not authorized, obviously, to reason from generals to particulars, as such; since these very generals *assume as foreknown* all the particulars which are contained under them. There can be no doubt that this is an inherent defect of the syllogism, which renders it utterly useless as a method of reasoning or inference. Indeed, properly speaking, it is no process of reasoning at all.

We are aware how opposed this conclusion is to that which popularly prevails, and which has recently received the high sanction of Archbishop Whately. He asserts,*

* Elements of Logic, Book I.

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that the syllogistic process, or reasoning from generals to particulars, is not *a* peculiar mode of reasoning, according to the prevailing idea of it, but that it is the philosophical analysis of *the* mode which all men *do* and *must* adopt when they reason at all. Mr. Mill, it seems to us, demonstrates this to be entirely erroneous. Not only *may* we reason from particulars to particulars, without the aid of a general proposition, but we are, in point of fact, *doing so* continually. Children, who have no capacity for abstraction or generalizing, reason habitually without the intervention of general propositions. What has pleased them in a *single* instance they infer will please them again, without stopping to compare this particular instance with some similar ones, reduced to a general proposition, or endeavouring to authenticate the conclusion by a regular syllogism or even an enthymeme. A child who has been once "burnt," and therefore "shuns the fire," reasons, very satisfactorily to himself, that fire will burn again; but it is from *one* experiment alone, and he does not need or use the "general proposition," "fire burns," to help him to the conclusion that this or that, or any particular *form* of fire to which he is exposed, will burn. Brutes, and birds, and reptiles, and insects reason, that is, infer; but we take it, they do not employ "general propositions" for the purpose. In our personal experience, we are continually passing from result to result without so much as thinking of a general proposition. "It is not only the village matron who, when called to a consultation upon the case of a neighbour's child, pronounces on the evil and its remedy simply on the recollection and authority of what she accounts the similar case of her Lucy." In a word, practical skill in common life, in almost all its forms, is nothing but an inference from particulars to particulars, without the slightest reference, conscious or unconscious, to general or universal propositions. We are well enough aware of what is said about suppressed premises, or arguments in the form of enthymemes, as they are technically called. But in a thousand instances of daily occurrence, where inferences are constantly made, and reasoning, in consequence, is employed, we conclude *directly* from fact to fact, from circumstance to circumstance, without the implication of any suppressed premise whatsoever.

We perceive, then, that eminent thinkers have arrived at

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opposite results in their estimation of the syllogistic process; one class regarding it as an elaborate and operose method of begging the question in an argument; the other asserting that it is the form into which all just reasoning is to be resolved, and by which it *must* be prosecuted. It is the high distinction of Mr. Mill to have reconciled, as far as they are reconcilable, these opposing results, and to have shown, in opposition to both, the true nature and use of the syllogism, and in what its cogency lies. We can go into no detail here, but recommend the whole discussion as a just, beautiful, and exhaustive analysis of the subject. In opposition to those who regard the syllogistic theory as frivolous and useless, he considers it valuable, not indeed as a process of inference, which it is not, but as a process of *interpreting the import of general propositions*, where its true office lies. This process is important, and liable to be imperfectly and erroneously performed, and requires to be guided by rules and principles clearly ascertained and accurately observed; and to effect this is the appropriate function of the syllogism. Its peculiar and only proper use is the verification of arguments, and in this point of view it is of indispensable use. It is not, indeed, the type, but it is the test, of reasoning. In opposition to those, on the other hand, who hold that the syllogistic process is *the only* mode of just reasoning, Mr. Mill clearly shows, that, strictly speaking, it is, as has been shown, no mode of reasoning, that is, of inferring what is unknown from what is known. All the reasoning connected with the process consists in the forming of the general proposition or the major premise, which, of course, is *antecedent* to the use of it in the syllogism. Now, this general proposition is entirely an artificial thing; it is the mind's own creation. It is only a convenient sign or mark, like a general name, to aid the mind in verifying the truth of certain positions. And this general proposition, moreover, is not formed by arguing from generals to particulars, which is the syllogistic process, but by arguing from particulars to particulars, which is the inductive process, and is the entire reverse of the former. General propositions are merely convenient registers of the results thus obtained, and short and comprehensive formulæ for obtaining more. These, then, being always the major premises of a syllogism, the conclusion is not an inference drawn *from* the

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formula, but an inference drawn *according to* the formula; the real logical antecedents, or premises, being the *particular facts* from which the general proposition (aptly called by Mr. Mill the "record") was collected by *induction*, and the proper office of the syllogism is to *interpret* the record.

If, in all ratiocinations, the minor premise were obviously true, there would be no necessity for any trains of reasoning, nor for any deductive or ratiocinative sciences. But as this is not the case, except in the simplest instances, this minor premise must itself be proved. And if, in proving this, the minor premise in the second syllogism is not in like manner obvious, it also must be proved, and thus trains of reasoning, or deductive sciences, are formed. A clear illustration of this, together with a profound examination of the characteristic property of demonstrative science, concludes the book.

The third book is devoted to the subject of induction. As all inference, according to Mr. Mill, and therefore all proof, consists of inductions more or less directly employed, together with the interpretation of inductions gathered into general principles, all our knowledge, which is not intuitive, comes from this source. The great object of the science of Logic, then, — that, indeed, which virtually comprehends all others, — should be to ascertain *what induction is, and when and how it is legitimately employed.* A philosophical analysis of this is one of exceeding intricacy. It leads down to the lowest springs of human thought, and comprehends the whole range of human inquiry. Strangely enough, however, logical writers have generally treated this subject in a slight and superficial manner; and the stereotyped results with which, for the most part, they have contented themselves have been altogether too indefinite to be of much practical use. We still need as specific and accurate rules for induction as are already established for the syllogism, which is, as has been said, itself only a mode of interpreting inductions. These rules, indeed, have all been implied in the great advances which have been made in the physical sciences in all ages, and especially in those which strikingly mark the present era; but no attempt, until quite recently, has been made to enucleate them, to make them distinct subjects of consciousness, and to generalize them into defined rules for future use. Attention has been, as indeed was necessary in

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the first place, exclusively given to the establishment of certain *results* of inquiry, to the neglect of the *mode* by which these results have been obtained. A philosophy of this mode — in other words, a philosophy of induction or of inference, in the widest sense of the term — is the thing next to be created in the progress of human thought. This should take up the subject where its great founder left it, and should include those principles of physical science which have been involved, though often unconsciously to the inquirers themselves, in the astonishing physical discoveries made since his time. Here lies the path in which philosophical research should now proceed, and it has of late, with the instinct of true genius, been entered upon by such thinkers as Sir John F. W. Herschel, Mr. Whewell, M. Compte, and Mr. Mill.

We feel here, as everywhere in our self-imposed task, the restrictions of the narrow limits to which we are confined. The subject of induction, as treated by Mr. Mill, occupies the whole of the latter half of his first volume, and a large part of the second, and is spread through no less than twenty-five chapters. It brings into the most careful and profound discussion many of the abstruse and some of the most important questions that can be presented to the human intellect. Of this description is the true theory of induction, as distinguished from certain theories concerning it which are false; the laws of nature; the law of causation, with those eliminating processes which are essential to ascertain what is really causation; the composition of causes; the different provinces and the peculiar advantages of observation and experiment; the various methods of observation, with apt illustrations from Liebig's theory of poisons and Wells's theory of dew; the deductive method of inquiry; of empirical laws; of chance, with a searching *critique* of La Place's doctrine of chances; of analogy; of the evidence of causation; of probable evidence; and of the grounds of disbelief, including a new refutation, conducted according to the peculiar principles of the author, of the "thrice-slain" sophism of Hume respecting the Christian miracles.

It will at once be seen, from this brief summary of the leading topics discussed under the general head of Induction, that we can enter into no detail in regard to them. Each in itself might well furnish a theme for an essay or a volume.

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Some of the leading thoughts and results are these. Induction is the sole process by which all inferences are made, that is, all processes by which the mind proceeds from what is known to what is unknown, from facts intuitive to facts not intuitive. All inference is from one or more particulars to some other particulars. The universal type of the reasoning process is this : "Certain individuals have a given attribute ; an individual or individuals resemble the former in certain other attributes ; therefore they resemble them also in the given attribute." To determine the validity of this inference is the province of Logic. Deduction is essentially inductive ; it differs only in employing general propositions, which themselves are previously obtained by induction, instead of employing the particulars which they represent ; as Mr. Mill expresses it, they are "marks of marks." After showing that several operations of the mind which have been considered inductions are not inductions, he states the principles upon which our belief rests, that what we have seen in one case is also the fact in innumerable other cases. One of these is, that nature is uniform, which Mr. Mill thinks is in itself an induction founded on experience. But why is it, in some cases, that a single observation is sufficient to establish a complete induction, and in others, countless myriads of similar and concurrent observations will not suffice to produce the same result ? "Whoever," says the author, "can answer this question knows more of the philosophy of Logic than the wisest of the ancients, and has solved the great problem of induction." We have no space for his own answer, and can only say, that it goes far more deeply into the subject than that of any ancient or even modern writer with whom we are conversant.

The eliminating processes of induction, or the removing of extraneous circumstances from real sequences, and the laws and modes in which it is to be performed, which constitute the very essence of the inductive process, occupy a large space in this part of the volume, and are treated with singular power and accuracy of thought. The methods of experimental induction are reduced to five canons, which our space does not permit us even to copy, but which seem to exhaust the subject, and are worth being inwrought as *habits* in all experimental inquiry. But as the processes of observation and experiment are inadequate, except in a

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limited number of cases, to the discovery of truth, the deductive method, the only remaining means of inquiry, is treated at length, under the different divisions which it includes, — those of induction, ratiocination, and verification.

This is a very incomplete and sketchy account of inductive philosophy, as taught by Mr. Mill. We take leave of this part of his labors by saying, that it is, in our opinion, altogether the most original, the most comprehensive, and the most methodical account of the great subject, that is extant in any language. We only add, that the scope of induction, as it is presented in the theory before us, is not confined to the abstract inquiries of philosophy. As it consists of generalizations from the individual facts of experience, so its leading principles may be used, and ought always to be used, in the ordinary conduct of affairs. The rules of induction or inference are the same, whether we infer those general propositions which form what we call philosophy, or those less comprehensive conclusions which are necessary for our guidance in ordinary affairs ; and the Logic of the sciences, therefore, is identical with the Logic of every-day life.

Logic, or the mental process of investigating truth by means of evidence, being thus ultimately resolved in all cases, according to the system of Mr. Mill, into a process of induction, and the different rules to which it must be conformed being ascertained, the next book, the fifth, is devoted to those subsidiary operations of the mind which are presupposed in the inductive process. As this process is but the extension to a class of cases of what has been ascertained to be true in the individual instances of the class, the first of these subsidiary processes is observation. By observation is here meant, not the very important art of seeing, or of knowing how and what to see or observe, but those conditions in observation which render it a proper and trustworthy element in evidence. The indispensable rule is, that what is supposed to be observation should be really observation, and not inference, as most of what we call observation really is. This has been illustrated by Reid, Bailey, and others, but nowhere so clearly and thoroughly as here. Thus, to quote an instance, it is shown that in every observation, so called, there is at least one inference, namely, that from the impression on the vis-

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ual organs to that which occasioned this impression, — and that this inference, like all other inferences, is amenable to the rules of Logic. Again, in the simplest description of an observation, there must be more asserted than there was contained in the perception itself, — namely, a resemblance or resemblances. To describe a fact, we must imply more than the fact.

But passing over this topic, and also over an admirable discussion of abstraction, in which he vindicates the common, and, as it seems to us, the obviously true doctrine, that our abstract notions are gathered from concrete objects, and not from any innate conceptions, as held by Mr. Whewell, we come to the very important subject of *naming*, as connected with the induction, which occupies, as of right it ought, nearly the whole book. We must omit all reference to details, and only observe, that, after all the rich contributions to this subject by Locke, Campbell, Stewart, Coleridge, Whewell, and others, the disquisition of our author may well be studied as an important supplement to them all. We must, however, allude briefly to one circumstance stated in full by Mr. Mill, which is of general interest, and is connected with very important results. We refer to the fact, first, we believe, brought distinctly into notice by Mr. Coleridge, that language is to be regarded "as a sacred deposite, the property of all ages, and which no one age has a right to alter"; or, as the same thought is expressed in the chapter before us, language is the "conservator of ancient experience, the keeper-alive of those thoughts and observations of by-gone ages, which may be alien to the tendencies of the passing time." We shall try to make this plain in as few words as possible of our own.

General terms, then, and especially those general terms which are wrought into propositions, comprise, as has just been said, all the thought and knowledge and the peculiar tastes and associations of the age in which they are rife. This is their connotation, as Mr. Mill would say. But even at the period when they are most in use, it is ordinarily but a very small part of the cluster of ideas which they represent, that is present to the mind when they are employed. Indeed, it is very easy and very common to use such terms, and correctly, too, from the mere force of habit, without any distinct idea whatever. It is a vulgar error to suppose, that

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definite, or, in fact, *any* thought, is necessary to the forming of correct sentences. It is possible, and it is not an uncommon thing, for persons to *talk* hour after hour, without *saying* any thing distinctly, and without having any definite ideas of the terms employed. Raymond Lulle (or Lully, Doctor Illuminatus, as he was called) is said to have invented a mill by means of which, certain propositions being put into the hopper, regular syllogisms were ground out by the turning of a crank; and this seems to us not the most difficult of inventions. This vagueness and lameness of meaning in the use of general terms suggests the reason why those even of the richest import, in conversation, in staid and elaborate discourses, and especially in those of a religious nature, habitually fall lifelessly on the ear. They have lost their connotation; they have parted with their meaning; they have become an obscure sign of some obscurer signification; and now suggest no more of thought than the notes of a musical instrument. Any one of the solemn words most frequently heard in our religious services, for example, such as Life, Death, Judgment, Immortality, Retribution, and above all, the name of the Ineffable One, comprises, in its whole signification, thoughts which, if clearly apprehended, would stir the spirit of the hearer to its lowest depths. This, too, suggests one reason why young converts are proverbially zealous. The meaning of the words which are expressive of their peculiar views and opinions has not yet passed, by habit, into abeyance. They yet mean something. So, too, proverbs and apothegms, which are admitted to be the very concentration of wisdom and practical morality, have small influence on the conduct of life, until their meaning has been rendered real to the mind by the home-driven lessons of personal experience.

But further; general terms are not only thus liable to part with a portion of their meaning at all times, as they are commonly used, — but as they really embody the peculiar thoughts and illumination of the passing age, and as these thoughts and this illumination are continually changing, while the same terms are handed down from age to age, the result is, that they will be made to represent new and continually varying ideas. It is as true of the signification of words as of the words themselves, that

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> " Nedum sermonum stet honos, et gratia vivax.
> Multa renascentur, quæ jam cecidêre ; cadentque
> Quæ nunc sunt in honore vocabula, si volet usus " ;

and it is the necessary effect of this constant change in the signification of words, that general terms will not only be deprived of a part of their original meaning, while the residuum of their signification will die out of it, but that new meanings will be supplied in its place. Hence appears one reason why there are few, we may even say there are no, synonymes in language at any given period. Hence, too, it is, that the " dictionary meaning " of a word is nearly no meaning at all. It is the exponent, indeed, of the signification of a term, in a " broad, blunt way," and possibly, too, of some of the more striking transformations through which it has passed ; but obviously can only faintly indicate *the* meaning which the custom of the passing time,

> " Quem penes arbitrium est, et jus, et norma loquendi,"

has established. Hence, above all, appears the sacred character of language as a deposit of human thought. It virtually contains the history of opinions on any given subject ; it reflects the varying culture of the mind from age to age ; and treasures up all that is valuable in the speculations and beliefs of the past. The half-wisdom, then, of those is apparent, who, guided by a fond idea of the importance of what they are pleased to call " clear conceptions," " precise thought," and " definite language," and perceiving in old formulas of truth terms which, to such as they, seem to have no meaning, dismiss the formula altogether, and define the terms to suit their own purpose, without any reference to the treasures of past wisdom, knowledge, and experience, which they really contain. In doing this, they limit the meaning or connotation of the terms to that which prevails in common use at the time when this reasoning, though it may be " clear," " precise," and " definite," is certainly the least significant ; and then use them, uniformly, and consistently enough, in this restricted and narrow sense. Old formulas of wisdom are thus stultified by this capricious and presumptuous alteration of the meaning of words, and are liable, in consequence, to be dismissed as prejudices. But if they were suffered to remain, surrounded with that respect which is due to any propositions that have vitality enough to endure from age to age, they might suggest to sober and enlightened

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thinkers their original meaning, and the subsequent transformations through which it has passed. A distinct meaning of a proposition is doubtless very important; but in rendering it distinct, we are not authorized, except for most imperative and clearly avowed reasons, to discard any of the significance, which, however indistinctly, it carried with it. "The meaning of a term actually in use is not an arbitrary quantity to be *fixed*, but an unknown quantity to be *sought*." A distinct meaning of a term is not nearly so important as its true *historical* meaning. It is this which really points out the knowledge, experience, and associations of all former ages in respect to it. Is it wise to deprive ourselves of this? Have we any right to deprive our posterity of it? And yet we do this by restricting the meaning of terms long in use to some narrow and wholly unauthorized definition of our own imposing. "We continually," says Mr. Mill, "have cause to give up the opinions of our forefathers; but to tamper with their language, even to the extent of a word, is an operation of much greater responsibility, and implies, as an indispensable requisite, an accurate acquaintance with the history of the particular word, and of the opinions, which, in different stages of its progress, it served to express." Those familiar with the writings of Mr. Coleridge and his school need not be reminded of the light they have thrown on the *things* of a former age, by tracing the successive changes which *words*, their representatives, have passed through.

The fifth book is devoted to the subject of fallacies, or, to use the happy expression of Mr. Mill, to the "philosophy of error." The need of this is great, since a complete philosophy of reasoning should include not only what is true, but also what is false, seeming to be true, in inference. The maxim of the Schoolmen, "*Contrariorum eadem est scientia*," shows an unusual insight of theirs into this subject. The view which the author takes of the subject is vastly more comprehensive than is to be found elsewhere. He does not confine himself to mere facts of fallacy, as some close-thinking minds have done, and which was the favorite employment of the Schoolmen and the logomachists of antiquity; nor yet to the fallacies of ratiocination or syllogism merely, as is done by Archbishop Whately, in conformity with his very restricted view of Logic; but he treats of the

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sources of merely apparent though not real evidence generally, and from which unauthorized inference, in the widest acceptation of the term, is liable to be made. After showing that lapses or mistakes, biases and indifference, do not fall within the scope of his plan, as being rather the causes of fallacies than fallacies themselves, which any prescribed rules can reach, he divides all real fallacies into five classes. These are entitled fallacies of simple inspection, or *a priori* fallacies; fallacies of observation; fallacies of generalization; fallacies of ratiocination (which are those that principally occupied the keen but profitless acumen of the dialecticians of the mediæval period, and are, from them, adopted into the common manuals of Logic); and fallacies of confusion. Under the first of these classes, the *a priori* fallacies, he takes cognizance of a "tribe of errors" which have been accepted, not as propositions proved, but as those which need no proof. There must be, of course, such primal or necessary truths, on which to suspend a chain of inference; since, multiply the links of the chain as much as you may, you cannot suspend it upon nothing. You only stand in greater need of something distinct from itself as a means of support. Mr. Mill, as he is not called upon by his plan to decide, so he wisely waives, the vexed questions which have divided the two great schools of Transcendental philosophy on this subject, from the earliest times. We cannot so much as indicate the range of thought he pursues in the details of this part of his general subject. It stretches over the whole field of philosophical inquiry, and the mistakes of such thinkers as Bacon, Leibnitz, Spinoza, Descartes, Coleridge, and Victor Cousin, afford him the illustrations of his system. We can only give, as a specimen of his method of treating the subject, a brief sketch of his account of the first class, or *a priori* fallacies. To this he refers a vast number of prevalent prejudices and consequent errors. One of the principal of these is that of mistaking subjective for objective facts, or, in other words, the laws of the percipient mind for laws of the perceived object; properties of conceptions for properties of the things perceived. He considers a large proportion of error in thinking is to be referred to this source alone. Of this kind is the prejudice, that, "if we think of two things together, they must always exist together"; "whatever can be thought of

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apart exists apart" (which is the source of the personification of abstractions, and of the belief that a name necessarily connotes or implies the existence of a separate entity corresponding with the name); the fallacy of the "sufficient reason"; that "differences in nature correspond to the distinctions in language"; that a "phenomenon cannot have more than one cause" (which, according to Mr. Mill, was the grand mistake of Bacon, and which has rendered his system of inductive Logic comparatively useless); and that ancient, and yet now almost universally prevailing, error, that the "conditions of a phenomenon must resemble the phenomenon itself." All these fallacies, as well as those belonging to the remaining four classes, to which we can only refer, are illustrated with an affluence of learning, a clearness of insight, and a manly and effective power of statement, which, prevailing as they do throughout these volumes, concur to stamp this part of them with high and distinctive value.

The exposition of the principles of Logic, or the theory of proof, properly terminates with the fifth book. The sixth and last is a supplemental one, in which the results which the author supposes himself to have established are brought to bear on the most important of all inquiries, the moral sciences. If "the proper study of mankind is man," considered both as an individual and as a member of society, it is also incomparably the most difficult study in which man can be engaged. It has occupied the attention of the best thinkers in all time, yet remains, beyond question, the most empirical of all subjects of human research. It is the noble aim of Mr. Mill to do something towards removing "this blot from the face of science," by applying, or rather by indicating the true method of applying, those principles of Logic, in his broad use of the term, which it has been his object to ascertain, to this highest and most important of all themes. No person has better claims to be respectfully heard on this subject than our author, since he has for years held a very prominent place among the best thinkers on moral and political science in Europe; and the essay, in itself considered, fully sustains him in this lofty position. We shall present a sketch of it within the briefest possible outline.

Is there, or can there be, a science of human nature, in

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the same sense that there are sciences relating to most of the phenomena of the external world? In other words, is there any such uniformity of sequences in the actions of men as is sufficient to lay the foundation for a science? Mr. Mill, in opposition to the common notions on this subject, and, as we think, with entire correctness, answers this question in the affirmative.

But if so, how can man be a free agent? The dictum of Dr. Johnson, with which he was accustomed to cut short the ever-renewed prosings on this question, which have prevailed, at least, ever since the time of Pelagius, "I *know* I am free, and that 's enough," still remains in full force, and is a sufficient proof of the mere fact of human freedom. There is no getting behind or before, above or beneath, our consciousness in these matters. Mr. Mill attempts to show, and we think successfully, that there is no contrariety between this "free will, and such a constant sequence in human actions as may render them reducible to general laws; in other words, to scientific arrangement." But this, he admits, holds true only to a certain extent.* It only extends to general tendencies and proximate results, and must fall far beneath the exactness of mathematics, or even that of astronomy, the most perfect of the sciences. But it extends far enough for practical purposes. This constant sequence is traceable quite as far in human actions as in many of the less perfect sciences; as, for example, in meteorology, in the theory of the tides (or, as Mr. Whewell calls it, tidology), and, indeed, in most of the practical sciences. Certain leading phenomena in the actions of moral agents obey a constant rule of succession, and are disturbed only by circumstances of a casual (as we in our ignorance are accustomed heathenishly to say), and an unessential and transitory character, which do not interfere at all with the establishment of general practical rules. These anomalies, yet further, vanish more and more, as our inquiries extend from individuals to masses of men. Empirical laws, or those which, though not abstract, universal, or casual, yet hold true in all cases subject to our observation, may be ascertain-

* We cannot think, as has recently been asserted, that "the operations of life and intellect have all the precision of mathematics"; at least, that they have such precision, so far as they are cognizable by human minds, whatever may be the case with higher intelligences.

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ed in regard to the human mind, and in the consequent acts of human agents, as well as in almost all the experimental sciences; from such approximations, in fact, these sciences are formed. These empirical laws constitute the "common wisdom of common life"; they are *leges non scriptæ*, continually recognized and acted upon in the common conduct of affairs. They are the "*axiomata media*" of Lord Bacon, or what Locke calls "intermediate principles"; that is, signs or marks for practical guidance between ultimate facts and individual cases, to which, like the theorems in a mathematical demonstration (which, having been once proved, are henceforth taken for granted), the mind may refer, without going back to the result of the highest generalization.

How, then, are these to be ascertained? As these approximate rules have their ultimate source in the *laws* of the mind, or in psychology considered as distinct from all speculations on the *nature* of the mind, they must be sought there. Accordingly, a full and luminous chapter is devoted to those laws of mind which the author considers established, and for which he is, confessedly, greatly indebted to the previous researches of his father. Then, by a process of deduction, since observation and experiment, the only other methods of inquiry, are out of the question (on account of the intricate nature and numberless and ever-changing character of the phenomena concerned), these proximate rules are formed. These intermediate rules or principles, thus deduced from the most general laws of the mind, taken in connection with as many particular facts as possible, constitute the science of "ethology," or the formation of character.

Again, can there be a social science, or a science of the phenomena of social life? It is obvious, at first view, that, if ethology, in the sense just defined, that is, the science of man regarded as an individual, is difficult to be formed, the science of associated masses of individuals, or "sociology," as Mr. Mill, after M. Compte, chooses to call it, must be much more so; since the phenomena which are to be classed, and referred to ultimate laws or generalizations, are greatly increased and diversified. The very conception of such a science, in the view here taken of it, has only here and there dawned on a few insulated minds, and has nowhere been carried to any definite result. Speculations, indeed, on the general subject are coeval and coextensive

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with the history of recorded thought; but the inquiry has been, not whether social phenomena have any specific bearings and natural tendencies of their own, but whether, on the whole, it were possible or expedient, in any given cases, to adopt such an institution, or such a law, or such a form of government; and not a few have subscribed to the well known jingling nonsense,

> "For forms of government let fools contest;
> Whate'er is best administered is best."

The "practical" men, so called, have been the favorite politicians, and, in perfect keeping with their "practical" character, their experiments have been what Lord Bacon denominates the "*fructifera*," and not the "*lucifera experimenta*." Mr. Mill thinks differently. He considers all social phenomena as being nothing more than the acts of individuals, which receive their particular character from the peculiar environment of circumstances in which masses of human beings are called to act. And if, therefore, he has shown that the acts of individuals are referable to fixed and general laws, the same is true of the acts of individuals in associated masses. The difficulty of prosecuting the latter subject is, doubtless, as has been intimated, greatly increased, but enough of assurance may still be obtained for important "guidance," if not for "prediction."

In proceeding to ascertain the true method of constructing the social science, he begins by repudiating two distinct methods of procedure which have hitherto guided, or seriously influenced, inquirers on this theme in all ages. One he denominates the experimental or chemical method. This proceeds on the vital mistake, that man in social life is something different from man considered as an individual; that, in the mixtures and attritions of society, the individual loses his individuality. Hence, inquirers of this school will tolerate no reference to the general principles of human nature, but demand, in all cases, a "specific experiment." These, too, are the "practical" or "common-sense" men, as they would fain be called, who take it for granted, that human beings, when mixed together, become, like the residuum of certain chemical agents when brought into contact, a certain *tertium quid*, whose properties and agencies, being entirely distinct

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from those of either of the component parts, can be ascertained only by "experiment."

The other method, denominated by Mr. Mill the geometrical or abstract one, is a vastly more respectable mistake than the former, since, in opposition to that, it proceeds upon the obvious fact, that the social phenomena are governed by the laws of the human mind, and that government and public policy should be referred to these laws as their ultimate basis. In a word, the advocates of this system assume that social science must be a deductive science. Their mistake lies in over-simplifying the laws which govern men in associated life. These laws, unlike those of geometry (which is obviously the type of their system), have reference, not to *coexistent* facts, but to those which are *successive*, and are, moreover, as those of geometry are not, exposed to *conflicting forces*, and to those, yet further, which are not, like those of number and quantity, few, simple, and uniform, but on the contrary, are innumerable, infinitely complex, and ever varying. Hence the mistake of this class of thinkers. They would direct the politics and the policy of a people by inflexible maxims, abstract principles, universal prescriptions, and by some single theory or sole rule. Thus, Hobbes held that all government is founded on the emotion of fear, and that the common bond which holds men together in society is a common dread of each other. Bentham and his followers consider that self-interest is the universal principle of union. The difficulty with this class of politicians is, that they have but one idea, while that of the former class is, that they have no determinate idea at all. We do not pause to inquire how many there may be in our national and state legislatures, who are not to be classed under one or the other of these broad categories.

In opposition to both, Mr. Mill considers the social science, or sociology, as being strictly a deductive, or, as he terms it, a "concrete deductive" one. In his own words,— "It infers the laws of each effect from the laws of causation upon which that effect depends; not, however, from the law of merely one cause, as in the geometrical method; but by considering all the causes which conjunctly influence the effect, and compounding their laws with one another." He considers any real difficulty in establishing and applying these principles, to consist in the countless number of the

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data which must be taken into view, and not in the number or complexity of the laws which they involve ; and he holds that any mistakes arising from thus applying the concrete deductive method to sociology may be corrected by the processes of verification (already laid down), as they are in fact corrected in respect to physical inquiries. He remarks, yet further, that certain facts, in the infinite variety which are continually taking place in social life, are connected together by certain tendencies or affiliations, by which they may be reduced to classes, and then studied apart, since the results are the products of a *consensus* of causes, or of laws more or less general. Hence, specific sciences may be carried out of the general body of the social science, — such as political economy, for example, which takes up those phenomena which spring from the desire of wealth ; and such too is political ethology, or the study of those causes which go to form the type of national character in any country or age.

But we can now only allude to these topics thus briefly, and therefore, if for no other reason, imperfectly. We again refer those of our readers who would pursue these inquiries intelligibly and philosophically, to the chapters before us, as containing some of the most suggestive and profound remarks and original views that are extant on these profound and prolific themes, and as embodying incidentally and succinctly many of the most important results which have been obtained in social science, from the times of Aristotle and Plato down to those of Bentham and M. Compte. No people are in greater need of such studies than we are, not only because our institutions are what we choose to make them, and are in a formative or plastic state, but also because, as it seems to us, political knowledge has been in a state of decadency since the era of those giant founders of our political fabric, Hamilton, Madison, Jay, the elder Adams, and Marshall ; while sciolists, and pretenders, and political empirics, of all grades, in high places and low, have alarmingly multiplied, like vermin, in the political darkness which has been gathering around us.

The book is concluded by a chapter on the "Logic of Practice, or Art ; including Morality and Policy." Art is distinguished from science in this : science inquires, art prescribes ; the one explains, the other dictates ; the former asserts, the latter enjoins ; the indicative mood is used by the

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one, the imperative by the other. Art is a practical result of science; it is a principle embodied in an act; it is a theory made vital and carried to a definite result. "The reasons of a maxim of policy, or of any other rule of art, can be no other than the theorems of the corresponding science"; and in conformity with this rule, practical "ethics or morality is properly a portion of the art corresponding to the sciences of human nature and society." What, then, is the Logic of art as distinguished from that of science? The answer is, that the rules of art should be constantly referred to the laws of the science of which it is the practical result, and not to principles, or prescriptions, or usages of its own. The complete art of any matter includes a selection of such a portion from the (corresponding) science as is necessary to show on what conditions the effects, which the art aims at producing, depend. This is a rule of signal significance amidst professional conventionalities, connoisseurship, the cant of criticism, and slavery to merely practical maxims. Hence arises again the necessity of an intermediate set of principles (*axiomata media*, spoken of above), which, being derived from the more general truths of the affiliated science, may serve as the *working formulæ*, so to speak, in the various arts. The art of navigation, in its present state, may well illustrate these views of art.*

In applying this Logic of art to that part of practice which is called morality, it is to be kept in mind that there are two distinct classes of cases to be considered. One is that which includes all those cases in which an implicit obedience to a prescribed rule is an imperative duty; the other is that where we are left to ascertain our duties for ourselves, and on our own responsibility. In regard to the former, the rules should be simple, intelligible, easily called to mind, determinate, and fixed; as, for example, the rule of veracity. In all such instances of practical ethics, the method should be entirely ratiocinative, or a regular process of interpreting the general rule; and this, too, whencesoever it may be derived, whether from a philosophic estimate of tendencies, or from intuition, or from direct revelation.

* The proposed work of M. Compte, referred to by Mr. Mill in a note, "On the General Means which Man possesses of acting upon Nature" (including, of course, the framing of the "intermediate principles" above mentioned), must make an era in the science of art.

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In the only other class of cases remaining, namely, those in which the agent is left at liberty to ascertain for himself what his duty is, the method of ethics is the same as in all other methods of practice. We are to select some general rule, and then deduce from it those minor and specific rules of conduct for ourselves, which the conditions of the question require.

We cannot dismiss this work without adverting to the style in which it is written. This is one of its distinctive and notable excellencies. It is free, simple, exact, manly, idiomatic, and forcible. The author seems, without an effort, to choose the "*ipsissima verba*" to express his meaning; so that he achieves the last grace of mere style, that of presenting his thought not only with crystal clearness, but with an illumination borrowed from the medium through which it is presented, without calling attention, in the slightest degree, to the medium itself. There is no tremulous confusion or darkness thrown upon his meaning from indistinctness of thought, or from the shade or glimmer of inappropriate terms. There is no affectation, no straining after effect, no artistical manufacture of sentences; and while he seems to hold all mere ornament in sovereign disregard, he does not allow a rapt and pleased attention to flag for a moment. His diction is not so bold and literal as that of Locke and Reid; it has none of the labored elegance and classic finish of Dugald Stewart; it possesses not the crisp sententiousness, pointed epithets, and balanced antitheses of Whately; it is as far removed as possible from the exuberant efflorescence of Brown; and yet it is to be preferred before them all, even in point of attractiveness, on account of its fitness, transparency, point, and ever-onward movement of thought. If this high praise is to be at all chastened, it must be for an occasional prolixity, which, however, obviously arises from a desire to be perspicuous above all things.

We have now completed the task first proposed, that of giving such an account as our limits would allow of the work before us. We have thought it due equally to the eminent author, to the intrinsic value of his labors, and to the edification of our readers, to present the results of his inquiries, rather than to offer any speculations of our own. Our estimate of the volumes, if it be thought of any importance, is sufficiently intimated by the running commentary which al-

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most unconsciously has accompanied our analysis. We could not, indeed, even if it were thought worth while, here enter into a careful and minute detail on this subject. There are some important positions which we are not at all prepared to admit; such, for example, as that our idea of the uniformity of nature is an induction from experience, that a body can act where it is not, and others of less importance. But as a whole, we take leave of the work with the confident prediction, that all who are competent to judge of the subject will allow it to be a most original, comprehensive, and thoroughly considered exposition of the subject of which it treats, and one which will bear a favorable comparison with any similar product of the English mind, in any age. None who wish to see a chart of the whole range of human knowledge, with its lines drawn by a skilled and firm hand, and with its depths and shallows accurately defined, together with an accurate determination of the true processes of human thought in the pursuit of truth, can wisely forego the thorough study of these volumes. Possessing such high claims to notice, we have been surprised at the small impression which the work seems to have made abroad. Neither of the leading Quarterly Reviews, we believe, has noticed it; while works on kindred subjects, which are not to be named in connection with it, have received elaborate attention. We sincerely hope that it will meet with a better recognition in our own land. Certain it is, that no people need such solid and profound researches more than we do; since superficialness, in all departments of study, is the crying sin of our country and age. The idolatry of wealth, and the engrossing and often unscrupulous pursuit of it; the importunate calls of active and professional life; the torrents of silliness, under the form of light reading, with which the American mind is deluged; the heat and savagery of the poor and wicked game of politics; the exclusive devotion of self-complacently called "practical" men to "practical" pursuits, so called, — leave little time and less desire for earnest and persevering labor of the mind. We hope there are some signs that better thinkers are arising amongst us. We trust that the ingenuous youth of our country, who are pressing forward to take its destinies in hand, will feel themselves charged with the large and noble mission of extending the range of lettered acquisition, and of promoting better habits

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of research. It is quite time we had outgrown the superficial modes of instruction and attainment, through which, in our national pupilage, we have been passing. It is quite time to "put away," among "childish things," those compends and abridgments, those short cuts and railway passages in the vast domains of literature and science, which are intended to supersede the necessity of mental labor, and to relieve inquirers from the "insupportable fatigue of thought." To all who are sick of such miserable pretences and labor-saving desires we confidently recommend the volumes before us, as a manly and inspiring model of a better intellectual culture, and a signally important means of carrying forward this culture to the best results.

ART. IV. — *Lives of Men of Letters and Science, who flourished in the Time of George the Third.* By HENRY, LORD BROUGHAM. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. 1845. 12mo. pp. 295.

THERE can be no doubt that Lord Brougham, however he may be estimated in future times as a statesman, will figure as one of the most remarkable men of the age in which he lives. He is chiefly distinguished for his restless, impatient, feverish activity of mind, a trait not common among the sons of men, few of whom have any quick spring of action within to drive them to incessant exertion, but generally require external inducements of interest or passion to bring forth all their powers. As an orator, he has appeared preëminent among the great, — exerting a mighty influence in favor of some essential reforms in the government of his country, which, mainly because they were so necessary, were fiercely and bitterly resisted. As a lawyer, he has been popular and successful, though generally allowed to be unsuited to the high judicial station for which he was thought the very man till he had reached it. As a lover of his race, he is ever ready to exert himself in the cause of humanity, and not more savage, perhaps, than is common with the philanthropists of the day. As a man, giving no single impression of his own character, but hurrying on through perpetual changes, where neither

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praise nor censure can steadily follow, he has been a willing slave to impulses of any kind, and particularly sensitive to slights and irritations; jealous of his own standing, and needlessly overbearing in defence of it; so insolent and vindictive in his usual tone, that self seems always to enter into his assertion of the right or condemnation of the wrong. It is only by an average of merits and failings that one can arrive at any consistent and satisfactory idea of this great and active, but not amiable man, who will hereafter be remembered with wonder certainly, but, if his latter days shall be cast in resemblance of the former, never with admiration or love.

It is well that he has thus put ashore from the troubled sea of politics, to walk on the quiet sands, and gather a few pearls from the beach. For it is clear that he does not require the stimulus of external excitement to bring his mental energies into efficient action. By a necessity of his nature, he must work in one way or another; and indolence and stagnation being thus out of the question, he might have done as much for the cause of reform and humanity by passionless literary labors, as by those fierce declamations in parliament in which he seems full as intent on scalping his enemies as on defending the great rights of man. No one has a broader discernment of the merits of moral and intellectual questions; no one is more fearless in battling prejudice or correcting established errors. In these biographical sketches, he states his opinions in a tone more respectful and conciliatory than ever before; and the reader feels, what indeed is everywhere true, that kindness of manner is an essential grace to open the path to conviction. But how far he might be able to lay permanently aside his former tastes and habits of thought and feeling, — how successfully, after riding the whirlwind and being himself the storm, he might subside into the repose of an autumn day, — how the fierce leader of the opposition would reconcile himself to the patient investigation, unexciting interest, and calm expression which beseem the literary life, it is not easy to foretell. Little was indicated by his Lives of Statesmen, which were nothing more than the history of his battles, with reminiscences of his comrades and foes. Neither are the present sketches sufficiently labored and extended to be the test of success. Proceeding from such a hand, they must of course bear marks of great ability; but they do not show that any great expense

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of time or thought has been given to the subject, nor do they enable us to determine what sort of literary man the Chancellor would have made.

One is not a little surprised, on first entering his gallery of portraits, to encounter the sharp and sarcastic visage of Voltaire, with Rousseau at his side. It is not easy to see the association which connects him with George the Third, either in the way of literature or religion, save that the king was the patron of the Quaker gun with which Dr. Beattie cannonaded the skeptics, venerating it as a miraculous piece of ordnance, though it was difficult to discover what execution it had ever done. To say the truth, this collection savors of the taste exhibited in Dryburgh Abbey, where the Earl of Buchan embellished the ruin with busts of Socrates, Sir Isaac Newton, and Paul Jones. At the same time, it is certain that Voltaire did live in the time of George the Third, and, though not among the ornaments of his court or his reign, comes as near as Macedon to Monmouth; and no man can gainsay the right of the noble lord to paint what portraits he pleases. On the whole, it is as well that he did not begin with Johnson, the more natural and prominent figure of the two, and considerably more English than the other; for it is quite clear, from his occasional allusions to the moralist, that he has not that sympathy with "brave old Samuel," which would give him power to understand him. He expresses great contempt for the sage's want of manners; — a deficiency, however, not confined to that diseased and sorrowful man, since, if report speak true, it is not quite supplied in some high places in England even to the present day.

Lord Brougham is above the affectation of paradox in dealing with Voltaire. He does not, according to the taste which so great a genius as Carlyle has the merit of introducing, call upon us to do reverence to him as a Christian, saint, and martyr. But he takes an ingenious view of the subject, contending that whoever does not believe in a God cannot be guilty of blasphemy against him, however he may shock the religious sentiments of men. But Voltaire was no atheist; and in his defence, the Chancellor maintains, that, not believing in the divine mission, perhaps not in the existence, of the Saviour, he cannot be chargeable with impiety on account of his ridicule of Christ and his religion, while, at the same time, he may be guilty of insult and irreverence

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towards men, by his profane abuse of those subjects which they hold most sacred and nearest to their hearts. Perhaps there is some confusion of thought generally prevailing in relation to this matter; but the feeling is sufficiently well defined, and it is in substance this; that, whether a man believes in the Christian religion or not, there are principles and affections which have claim to the deepest respect from every good heart. Of these the Author of Christianity was, as none deny, the best presentment and illustration. Whoever can find it in himself to treat this person with contempt can have no sympathy with these principles and affections; and it is on this account, not because he was not convinced by the arguments in favor of the divine origin of the religion, that Voltaire has been regarded with so much aversion in the Christian world.

At the same time, we must remember the circumstances under which his impressions of Christianity were formed. It was probably identified in his mind with a worldly and licentious priesthood, who, though notorious infidels themselves, were believed to have the power of pardoning the transgressions of others, while their own lives were passed in the lowest depths of sin. Surrounded, as religion was in his view, with doctrines the most offensive to reason, and connected with practices the most revolting, it must have been a clear mind and heart which could look through the thousand folds of corruption that bound it, and discern the basis of substantial truth and excellence which was then, and is now, the foundation of its strength and the hiding-place of its power. Sharp-sighted as Voltaire was, he was not the man, in his calmest estate, to take the broadest and most philosophical view of moral subjects. His eye was more quick to discern faults and vices, than to discover and do justice to merits and virtues; so that, supposing his life had passed in quiet, he would not have been likely to see the form and expression of Christianity through the disguise which it wore. But when we remember that his life, or rather his earlier life, was passed in storm and tempest; that he was painfully sensitive to every thing like insult and irritation; that he had the winning ways which are sure to bring a perfect shower of these blessings on his head; and that, so far from pretending to be insensible, he invited new pelting by making it manifest that every missile told, it is not very sur-

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prising, that he did not distinguish carefully between Christianity and Christians; nor that he should have ascribed to the influence of their religion that venomous spirit of his enemies, who professed to be resenting the wrongs of their faith, while they were in fact avenging their own.

We do not greatly admire the manner which Christians have adopted in their treatment of unbelievers, nor can we wonder that the converts made by it are so few. It very much resembles the tone of the Venerable in Tucker's Vision: — "'I am suspicious that my boy does not fully comprehend you.' 'No?' said he; 'he must be a blockhead, a numbskull, not to say a beetle, a blunderbuss, if he does not.' 'O, yes,' said I, 'the Doctor has made the matter clear as the sun.'" This manner of clearing up difficulties has been the one generally resorted to; but efficient and decided as it seems, it is far more satisfactory to those who employ it than to the sinners whom it is meant to enlighten; and we cannot perceive that the tendency to infidelity is materially diminished, vigorously as it has been applied in the Christian world. Strange though it seem, we may rage and fret against infidels, without giving them any vivid idea of the beauty of holiness; and the more we rate them for their stupid insensibility, the less value do they seem to set on Christian gentleness and love. Moreover, the world has become so accustomed to this manner of dealing with them, that, whenever the Christian advocate opens his lips, they take it for granted that such is his tone. Sympathy, which has thus been sent over to the wrong side, feels for them before they suffer wrong; if the believer simply says that his opinions differ from theirs, it is taken for grievous persecution; so that, perhaps from experience of the uselessness, not to say the injurious effect, of their former course, the defenders of the faith may perhaps at last remember the advice of Gamaliel, to which they have paid every compliment except that of minding it: — "Refrain from these men, and let them alone."

Lord Brougham takes ground upon the subject of punishing blasphemy and infidel assaults upon religion, contending, and he is confirmed by all experience in his position, that all such revenge, for it is little better, always does more harm than good; a fact sufficiently attested by the state of things in his own land, where such writings have been kept in demand by their being thus outlawed; while in this country, where they

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are neglected by the law, they die of themselves with marvellous expedition. Every attempt to sustain religion in the same way on this side the sea has invariably resulted in giving notoriety and a degree of sympathy to those who would have been long enough in obtaining it by any merits of their own. We are here informed, that Wilberforce was opposed to all prosecutions for offences of this kind, rightly judging, that the Rock of Ages could stand of itself, and it was but dishonored when it had the appearance of receiving support from the arm of power. It is rather strange, that, when the best and wisest friends of Christianity have so long been of this opinion, their influence should not have had more effect; for it is not a new impression. Jeremy Taylor says, that force thus applied can only make a hypocrite, and every time this is done, "instead of erecting a trophy to God and true religion, we build a monument to the devil,"—a piece of sepulchral architecture as unnecessary as it is undeserved; since, if it be true that having one's own way is favorable to long life, and these means of sustaining religion are certainly such as that potentate most enjoys, there is no prospect of his requiring these obituary honors for some time yet to come.

But all that can be said of the folly of persecuting those who reject Christianity will not excuse Voltaire. His character is not cleared by pointing out the sins of his opposers; and there is doubtless an impression made and sustained by his life and writings, that, while he had sagacity enough to see what Christianity really was through all the cloud of its corruptions, his heart was not in harmony with its spirit. There was nothing within him which answered to its voice; and it was not so much ignorance of its true character, as a want of sympathy with it, which made him so willing to undermine its foundations in the minds and hearts of men. In the "Pucelle d'Orléans," which is commonly regarded as the most spirited and able of his works, bringing out in full energy those peculiar talents in which no one ever exceeded him, there is a taste for indecency so evidently hearty and inbred, so ostentatiously paraded in every part, with such a perfect indifference to the detestable lessons he was teaching, that all the manly spirit and generous feeling which appeared in other passages of his life seem like irregular and transient impulses, and we are persuaded that

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we have here the true presentment of his soul. And sensual, selfish, and detestable assuredly it is; full of savage sneers at every thing high and holy; revelling with disgusting satisfaction in those subjects on which few can bear to look; and exerting all the might of a powerful but depraved imagination to efface the lines of separation between vice and virtue, glory and shame. It is true, there are other works of his which would give a different impression; but he was several years in writing this, and it is evidently the free and natural outpouring of his heart. Is any injustice done to Byron by looking to Don Juan as a true portrait of the man? Is not Rousseau to be seen in his "Confessions," through the fancy dress which he endeavours to wear? These, like the "Pucelle," were the most hearty efforts of the writers; if they give wrong impressions of the several sources whence they originated, the authors have none but themselves to blame; and surely none would expect a pure religion to find a warm welcome in such spirits as theirs. It is true, there are certain authorities who would persuade us that a delight in filth is a thing of the outside merely, and should be no disparagement to a poet's claim to be accounted great and good. But they only succeed in giving an unsavory impression of themselves; for, luckily, there are such things as common sense and common decency, and while this is the case, the world will never believe them.

It seems ridiculous enough to pretend that Voltaire was a self-forgetful friend of humanity; for, though he made vigorous resistance to oppression, it so happened that all the while he was fighting his own battles, and avenging his own personal wrongs. In his time, the gilt and pasteboard figure-head of royalty was in the front of the vessel of state, and men were under the amazing delusion, that the image directed its motion, and gave it most of its power. Nothing could exceed the subserviency with which intellectual men bowed down before it. A great poet, after the representation of one of his own plays, ventured to ask, as the king was passing, "Is Trajan satisfied?" and when Trajan, whose opinion was worthless, even if he had activity of mind enough to form one, thought proper to hide his stolidity under the form of displeasure, and refused to notice the question, the poet thought it necessary to die of a broken heart.

Voltaire was a man of stronger spirit; and, truly, he had

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enough to provoke a more patient man, in the poor and vexatious injuries which the court was constantly inflicting upon him. After the death of Louis the Fourteenth, he was imprisoned, without trial, for some libel on the memory of that prince, which he was falsely charged with writing. After having been beaten by a poor creature of a courtier, or rather by his servants, Voltaire ventured to send him a challenge; and for this breach of the privilege of men of rank to be base and cowardly, he was obliged to fly to England to escape the Bastile. As to his quarrels with individuals, which were numberless, he could not complain of the hot water in which he lived, since it was he himself who heated it; but in his intercourse with his superiors, as they are so absurdly called, he appears to have thought it a proper concession to their rank, that they should have most of the blame to themselves. This was particularly true in regard to Frederic of Prussia, one of those pests of mankind who are complimented with the name of Great; a man of great talents, certainly, but in private life a mixture of the monkey and savage, and, like one of Fielding's characters, carrying a bit of flint about with him by way of heart. His treatment of the poet was a compound of flattery and jealous dislike; he had sense enough to know Voltaire's immense superiority to himself in all intellectual pretension, and meanness enough to hate him for it. He appeared to think as if, by pulling down Voltaire, he could elevate himself; as if, by causing the hangman to throw the poet's writings into the fire, he could throw some fire into his own.

It is inconceivable, that, with the spirit which Voltaire manifested on other occasions, he could have submitted to all manner of abuse and impertinence from Frederic, as he did, not in silence, but with degrading humility, so long as he was within the reach of the wild beast's claws. On the whole, he received but wretched treatment from those who were above him in the social scale; had he resented it with a thousand times more spirit, he would have been not only forgiven, but worthy of praise. As it was, he did more than any one else, not so much by direct effort as by the brilliancy of his talents, to remove the bar of separation between rank and talent; a triumph of genius, certainly, though it may be doubted whether either party gains much by being brought nearer to the other.

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There were occasions, when Voltaire, forgetting himself, and having no personal interest in the subject, went forward in the cause of justice and humanity with intrepidity and power. The case of Calas is an example, — an old Calvinist, whose son, shortly after becoming a Catholic, committed suicide by hanging himself. A fanatical magistrate threw the whole family into prison, accusing the father, a feeble old man, of the murder of his son, though he had treated with great liberality another son who had become a Catholic, and there was not a shadow of proof to show that he was in any way connected with the deed. The stupid populace took up the prejudice, and raged against the innocent family ; while the court, before which the accused was brought, condemned the old man to be broken alive on the wheel, and the parliament of Toulouse confirmed the proceedings. After this judicial murder, the family applied to Voltaire for aid and protection, which he readily gave them ; and for several years he labored to procure a reversal of the villanous sentence, setting himself against popular prejudice and civil and ecclesiastical power with a courage and ability which gave the Protestants a sense of security which they had not before. He succeeded so far as to save the rest of the family, and to bring them pecuniary compensation for their wrongs. The sentence was reversed, but the parliament unhappily was not forced to acknowledge the justice of the reversal ; whether they had acted like fools or knaves, they were permitted to sustain their reputation, though such deeds could not be repeated.

But we give him all praise for his efforts on this occasion, for it was obviously one in which self was not concerned. The infusion of that element was so overflowing and excessive, that, wherever it came, it seemed to destroy his moral feeling, rendering him incapable of any sustained elevation of character, and showing, that, however sincere his good feeling might be, there was no basis of principle under it, and therefore its duration was not to be trusted. The Abbé des Fontaines had been indebted to him for his escape from a disgraceful charge ; he was a person of scandalous character, and little deserved such friendly interposition. Afterwards, the miserable creature, probably for the sake of gain, wrote a libel on his benefactor, as indeed he did on all who were high enough to be so complimented ; upon which, Vol-

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taire, though he fully believed the man's innocence, like all others who knew any thing about the matter, reproduced the false charge, not only in his letters, but in one of his poems, thus endeavouring to seek revenge by repeating an accusation which he himself had shown to be untrue. As to this virtue of truth, he was in the habit of treating it with very distant respect, and without the least approach to familiarity. When his "Letters on England" brought him into trouble, he publicly denied their authorship, and ascribed them to the Abbé Chaulière, who was no longer living to contradict him. Whenever he brought himself into a scrape by his epigrams and lampoons, he made no scruple of disowning them. Though he could not be blind to the injustice of the partition of Poland, still, in his correspondence with Frederic and Catharine at the time, so far from speaking what he thought, he rather complimented those unscrupulous picaroons. Indeed, he went so far as to call the empress's share in it "noble, useful, and just," terms as nearly as possible the exact reverse of the truth, and which no man with a vestige of a conscience, one would suppose, could ever have thought of employing. With facts like these before us, it must be a very resolute and determined enthusiasm which can admire the character of Voltaire, though no one can deny that his great and various powers have rendered good service, in many respects, to the cause of man.

It appears to us, that Lord Brougham, probably from a sense of the injustice which has been done to Voltaire, and a desire to break through the unpleasant associations which his name so generally awakens, has suffered himself to be carried to excess on the opposite side, when he says that there is no one since Luther to whom the human mind is more indebted for release from the bondage of spiritual power. Voltaire's sarcasm and wit were marvellous; his principles generally invisible to the naked eye; his argument sufficiently sparing. There are no instances given of bold defiance of authority, of dangers braved for the sake of conscience, or of earnest eloquence inspired by the truth alone. It was the unselfish intrepidity of the brave Reformer, his doing and daring for defence of the truth, and his lofty disregard of all personal dangers, which make mankind forget his faults, which were many, and exalt him to a place in history glorious, kingly, and commanding. If any things similar to

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these can be found in Voltaire's career, they have escaped our observation. His talents, to the full extent of his claims, no one wishes to deny; but in the moral elements of greatness he was desperately poor; and his biographer should not suffer himself or others to forget, that character, even with inferior powers, is more likely than the highest ability, without principle, to insure a great and lasting place in the reverence of men.

The next personage drawn by the Chancellor is introduced as a bitter enemy of Voltaire. Among authors, this is a very easy and natural association; for, while the friendships of the irritable race recorded in literary history are few and small, their quarrels, numberless and eternal, are the burden of almost every page. In this conflict between the man of sarcasm and the man of sentiment, the former was most to blame; since Rousseau, who was a score of years younger, felt and expressed, at first, great respect for Voltaire, which the latter, who enjoyed such homage, was not slow in returning. But Rousseau took exception at some of his opinions; and Voltaire, though he declined all argument on the subject, was not pleased to have his judgment called in question, particularly by one who seemed likely to carry a heavier gun in controversy than himself. In sober reasoning neither party excelled; but Rousseau showed that earnestness and seeming conviction, before which wit can maintain only a light skirmish, and is sure to be driven from the ground. Meantime, Rousseau had taken arms against the theatre, and was supposed by Voltaire to have excited the Genevans against him, partly on that account, and also because of his infidelity, though Rousseau could hardly have preached from that text without bruising his own unbelieving head. The amount of the whole was, that they had become jealous of each other; Rousseau was wounded by Voltaire's grotesque saying, that, when he read the eulogies on the savage state, he felt an irresistible desire "to creep on all fours"; and Voltaire felt an apprehension lest the younger pretender might, by dint of earnest eloquence, work his way to a reputation greater than his own. In 1760, Rousseau addressed to him a crazy letter, in which he declared that the Ferney theatricals had made his life a burden to him; and charged to the Ferney influence his own misery, proscription, and banishment from home. Voltaire never

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answered ; the charge betokened too much insanity to admit a reply ; but harmless as the letter was, he resented the want of veneration implied in writing it, and ever after satirized the writer with the greatest bitterness, knowing, without a direct conflict, how to take the deepest revenge.

It is very difficult to form a satisfactory idea of the character of Rousseau ; for though an intense and unmitigated selfishness was the chief element in it, he was at times capable of some display of generosity, where it would sound to his own advantage. For example, he subscribed to the statue of Voltaire, greatly to the discomposure of him to whom the compliment was paid ; and when the old poet, in his last visit to Paris, took with him a tragedy for the stage, which it was anticipated, naturally enough, would prove a failure, Rousseau declared that it would be inhuman and ungrateful in the public not to treat it with respect, whatever its merits might prove to be. The impression given by his life is that he was unsound of mind; and yet the disease was probably nothing more than that voluntary monomania which any one may bring on by making self the chief consideration and moving principle of all his actions, looking at all things only in a selfish light, and suffering his own shadow to darken every thing on which it is cast. Every feeling, however base, was innocent and holy, if *he* thought proper to indulge it ; any action, however guilty it might have been in another, was excusable, and even meritorious, in *him*. That common self-delusion, by which a man regards himself as a peculiar person, out of the pale of the common law of feeling, amounted in him to an absolution more complete than false religion ever gave ; and his conscience, if he ever had one, the only proof of which was his share in our common humanity, was completely overawed by his towering and stupendous self-applause. This, by a not unusual retribution, became the source of his distress ; he was fully persuaded that the world had nothing to think of, and nothing to do, but to look after him and his motions. If there was anywhere a whisper, a smile, an obscure allusion, or a meaning word, he was sure that it was aimed at him. Thus he brooded over acts of kindness, as well as over things indifferent, till they seemed deadly injuries, and called up hatred and revenge. But strange as this disposition may seem, it will not do to call it insanity. Half the world

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have these feelings at times ; they might easily make them permanent by determined indulgence ; and any low-spirited person who abandons his mind to them might become as jealous, as fantastic, as wayward, — in one word, as much of a madman, — as Rousseau.

It is inconceivable how any one can study his works with deep interest after reading his "Confessions," in which, by the way, he resembles certain persons mentioned by Chesterfield, "who, with a modest contrition, confess themselves guilty of most of the cardinal virtues." He says, that in early life he had a habit of lying on all occasions, and his later days, though he asserts the contrary, did not vary altogether in this respect from the former. He makes himself fourteen or fifteen years old when he lived as footman in the service of the Countess de Vercelles, from whom he stole a riband, and, being charged with it, to remove suspicion from himself, accused Marian, a fellow-servant, who had shown much friendship for him, and thus, through his own cowardly selfishness, destroyed the reputation of the poor girl, without the least regard to her tears and appeals to his conscience and manly feeling. He says, that he afterwards felt remorse, when he thought of Marian's ruin and distress ; but that his attachment for her was the cause of it, for he had stolen it to give to her, and this was what made him think of charging her with stealing it to give to him. Lord Brougham shows that he was probably eighteen, certainly not less than seventeen, years of age, when he was guilty of this heartless deed. His character was then formed, if ever ; and we imagine it would be difficult to find in any cabinet of human remains a harder specimen of moral petrifaction. Throughout his "Confessions," he is candid to excess in admitting the sins of other people, and in the same manner endeavours to throw a refined and false coloring over his own. The best friend he ever had was Madame de Warens, a generous, accomplished, and attractive woman, though not one of the vestal virgins, — who was so disinterested and faithful, that her strange philanthropy should never have been exposed by him. She endeavoured to procure him orders in the *Church*, but not succeeding, found him a place with Le Maître, the director of the cathedral music, who treated him for a year with the utmost kindness, till he lost his own office in consequence of some differences with the chapter. Rousseau then accom-

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panied him to Lyons, where he fell down in an epileptic fit one day in the street, and his grateful pupil took the occasion to slip away, feeling no vocation to remain with one who could serve him no longer. Add to this, his sending five of his own children to the foundling hospital, in spite of the tears of their mother, who, though a coarse creature, was not dead to nature, — and we have an exhibition of selfishness as complete, and with as slight a sprinkling of humanity, as can be found or dreamed of among the sons of men.

There is a belief, in those who know but little of his life, that he was capable of generous actions ; it may have been so ; but whatever they were, his own hand, which made the best of every thing, has not found it convenient to record them. Of generous expressions, which cost nothing, he was more liberal, and he was perfectly prodigal of those fine sentiments which have no particular relation to place or person, and have not so much of pledge or promise in them that he who employs them is ever expected to make them good. He must be an eminent saint in the estimation of those moralists who maintain that one's instincts are always to be followed ; for self was his oracle and law, and there is no instance of a departure from that moral standard on any occasion, if we may except his self-denial in not seeing Madame de Warens in her poverty and sorrow. She had always treated him with the most affectionate kindness, supporting him like a mother for many years of his life, and sharing all her resources with him while she had any to bestow ; and when, through her lavish expenditure and imprudence, she was reduced to the extremity of want, he did not, though he was within a day's journey of where she was, either visit her or write to her, — "because," as he says, "he feared to sadden her heart with the story of his disasters." At this, the spirit of the Chancellor, who has maintained unwonted coolness, waxes wrathful within him ; "As if she had not real disasters of her own, — as if the straw on which she was perishing of want offered not wherewithal to touch her more nearly than the tale of his fancied wrongs and trumpery persecutions." Lord Brougham thinks, that, at one time, he was certainly insane ; if so, the madness was of his own making. There is, however, no more evidence of it at one period than another ; and, as we have said, any jealous man, absolving himself, as Rousseau did, from all moral restraint,

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and all concern for the opinion of others, might soon become as wild and extravagant, if not as heartless, as he.

This testimony should be borne whenever his name is mentioned, because, though his "New Heloise," with all its occasional eloquence in the expression of feeling, is too coarse and low to find many who will plead guilty to enjoying it at the present day, the sentimentality which it created and fed still exists, and exerts a fatal influence on many persons, teaching them to take credit for tenderness when their hearts are hard as the nether millstone, and blinding them to the guilt and grossness of every imaginable sin. Many thus parade through life in a fancy dress, thinking themselves the great sublime they draw. They use this sentimentalism like a gauze handkerchief tied over their eyes, which hides from them only what they do not choose to see, and affords an excuse, such as has served Rousseau through two generations, for the unworthy paths in which they go. On the mountain or the deep, they feel a transient emotion of sublimity; and this, without the shadow of sacrifice or self-denial, is their religion; and very exalted do they seem to themselves over those who, with a vulgar sense of duty, labor on in the dusty paths on the plain. In matters of benevolence, they are ready to feel for that elegant and interesting distress, of which real life affords so little, though in works of fiction it so much abounds. Since there is no demand in the market of life for such humanity as theirs, they take it out in feeling, — not discovering the unsoundness of the emotion, because it is never brought to the test. Meantime they go on, flourishing white handkerchiefs and shedding sentimental tears, which, as is fully evident to all but themselves, are no more indications of tenderness, than the drops which at nightfall steal down the sides of the shaded rock.

The influence of Rousseau upon literary taste and tendencies has been exceedingly great. The success with which he passed, coarse and selfish as he was, for a man of deep and tender feeling, appears to have been the signal for a procession of writers to withdraw the public attention from their own transgressions by crying out against the oppression of social laws and lamenting the baseness of mankind. We have received letters from inmates of our penitentiaries, in which, after slightly admitting that they might have been imprudent, they spoke with indignation of the unequal hardship

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of the law and the cold malignity of all other men. There is something in this tone so consoling and even elevating to him who employs it, that we are not to wonder at the taste spreading into literature,—a republic which, like Texas, owes some part of its population to those who have no reason to love the law. Lord Byron carried on this masquerade with distinguished success, sustaining the character of a much injured man so ably as almost to deceive himself, and entirely to bewilder the sentimental portion of the world. Others, far inferior to him, have also enacted the part of a lion of the day by means of this drapery, though the points of the inferior animal appeared conspicuously through. Under convoy of male and female scribblers of novels, we see murderers, thieves, and ladies of light life and conversation present themselves with easy confidence, assuring us that it is not they, but human laws and moral sentiments, which are answerable for the errors of their lives, — if errors they be, — maintaining that their garments are more beautiful for the stains, and looking on the virtuous as vagrant animals do on those in the pound, with pity approaching to disdain. It should be said, however, that Rousseau was a better man than his followers; he never appears to have found himself out; but in them it is evidently matter of shameless calculation to secure gain or notoriety by defying the laws of virtue, and they make this exhibition of themselves with a consciousness of exposure, and without thinking it necessary to put on the least fig-leaf of self-delusion.

It is true, with respect both to Voltaire and Rousseau, that they were dyspeptics, and they may fairly claim all the immunities and exemptions which diseased livers entitle them to demand. But if this plea be generally admitted, like that of insanity in the case of murder, it would be difficult to say who shall be "whipt of justice," or how it would be possible to enforce a sentence of condemnation for any sin. For we apprehend that there are few of our readers who have not said with a sigh, "*O dura messorum ilia!*" or who can think of those birds which digest nails and broken glass with unruffled serenity, without feelings akin to admiration and despair. No doubt, the martyrs of indigestion suffer, and their irritability and vengeance, like charity, begin at home; having their origin there, they go forth to bless mankind. How far it is possible to suppress them, to what extent they are

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excusable, and whether they shall be set down among vices or infirmities, it is not ours to say; but if morality is to resolve itself into a form of medical jurisprudence, and no man can be censured till the doctor has felt his pulse and examined the state of his system, others as well as literary sinners should have the benefit of it, and the same zeal which is now manifested to do away with capital punishment should extend itself to all penalties of every kind and degree.

The next person who appears in the Chancellor's gallery was distinguished, if any thing so common could be regarded as a distinction, by a quarrel with Rousseau. There may be a doubt, however, whether that could be called a quarrel, which was conducted by one party without the least assistance from the other. A quarrel seldom travels far upon one leg; and a feud with one so easy and kind-hearted as Hume must needs have proceeded in that inconvenient method, if it went on at all. How such a quarrel could arise appears from the history of the persecution suffered in Neufchâtel by the "self-torturing sophist," who declared that a quarry of stones was thrown into his house at night, endangering his life and filling his household with alarm; while it was stated by one of his friends, that the instrument of this revenge, found upon the floor the next day, was one solitary flint, and this discovery appears to have been marked by the singular, though not wholly unaccountable, circumstance, that the stone itself was larger than the hole in the glass which it came through. Hume suffered much from his generosity to this "interesting solitary," as he was called by his friends, who seem to have urged the historian to invite him to England, simply in order to keep him out of France. When he arrived, Hume found him a delightful place of retreat, and also procured him a pension. But a letter having been written by that mischief-making animal, Horace Walpole, purporting to be addressed by Frederic to Rousseau, pressing him to come to Berlin, and promising every blessing except those persecutions in which he so much delighted, the sophist, after mature deliberation, thought proper to ascribe this trick to a conspiracy on the part of Hume, and resented it with the utmost fury, even going so far as to throw up his pension, — an act of resignation, however, which he recalled with great expedition.

It is as an unbeliever in the Christian religion that Hume

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is generally remembered by those who hear his name; not only as a skeptic himself, but as the author of those doubts and suggestions, which, reproduced in various forms, still operate to prevent Christianity from finding admission into many minds. But the truth is, that religion, wherever it is found, has generally entered by the avenues of the heart; and a man of easy good-nature, prosperous in his circumstances, exempt from humiliating and sorrowful changes, honored by the great and esteemed by all around him, free from those relations and responsibilities in life from which our greatest distresses as well as blessings come, was not so likely as others, of different constitution and differently situated, to feel those wants of the soul which that religion is intended to supply. Never fiercely assailed by temptations, he was not compelled to resort to it for strength to resist them; having no tendency to passion or revenge, he felt no need of its restraining power; enjoying every moment of the present life as he did, his thoughts were seldom carried forward to another existence; and as men seldom resort to it till they feel their need of its supports and consolations, it is easy to see why it was that the subject was never brought home to his heart.

We can find in his temperament, then, the reason why he was so indifferent to Christianity, and so careless whether he undermined its foundations in men's minds. For he was not a scoffer; though there was an occasional tone of bitterness, he never descended into buffoonery like that of Voltaire; but he evidently did not feel how much men need Christianity, what a blessing it is, and what a disastrous change the loss of its influence would be. He treats it as a subject of metaphysical discussion merely, nor could he understand the mighty argument for its truth which is found in its universal adaptation to the wants and sorrows of mankind. His doctrines are thus carried out as if nothing important was involved, and as if it was simply a gratification of curiosity to see how far they might be made to go. Having shown that miracles are not likely to take place, and that the error or falsehood of witnesses is more common than a departure from the usual order of things, he proceeds to infer that there can be no such thing as a miracle; which amounts to the assertion, that there is no such thing as Divine Providence, that the power which established is not competent to

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alter, and in fact excludes the Deity from all direct concern with the universe which he has made ; — consequences of his argument, which, of themselves, would be enough to show that it could not possibly be true, since they represent the creature as mightier than its creator, and speak of a God whose hands are bound. Lord Brougham remarks, that, had Hume lived to see the late discoveries in fossil osteology, which make it clear that there was at some period an exertion of power to form man and other animals not previously existing, he must either have rejected the science, which would be absurd, or have admitted the interposition of creative power. But this is equally true of the whole universe ; it must either be self-existent, or the time must have been when some power was exerted to bring it into being. Whoever, therefore, is neither atheist nor pantheist, if he admits that the usual order of things has once been suspended, cannot maintain that there is no power to depart from it again.

But without entering into the discussion on the subject of miracles, which has already, at various times and in divers manners, been more than sufficiently extended, considering that the evidence in their favor has convinced clear-headed men without number, while the doubters have been comparatively few, we would simply remark, that most of those who take the skeptical side of this subject, while they think that they get rid of miracles, leave untouched the great miracle of all ; and that is, Christianity itself ; whence did it come ? In tracing the history of other opinions and reforms, we can follow them like rivers to the earthly fountains from which they spring ; we can see the imperfect attempts which went before them, the influences and tendencies which led to them ; their unformed elements may be distinguished long before their living action manifests itself to the world. But here was a religion suddenly breaking out from the midst of darkness, breathing peace in a wild and martial time, teaching the largest charity and freedom from prejudice among a most narrow and bigoted people, resisting the habits of thought and feeling which had always prevailed, and itself giving the first impulse towards that improvement in which it would lead the nations on from glory to glory. It is idle to speak of it as an effort of genius or a happy discovery ; for these are results of efforts and progress previously made,

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and no such elements can be found in the ancient world. Now, as nothing can come of nothing, and to every thing must be assigned a cause adequate to produce it, we do not know where to look for any explanation of the existence of this religion but that which regards it as a direct gift of God. The skeptic, then, if he discredits the miracles, by showing to his own satisfaction that they could never have been wrought, cannot deny that Christianity exists and prevails, and thus leaves himself embarrassed with a difficulty greater than that which he explains away.

The character of Hume has often been impeached in general terms, in consequence of his opinions, — Christians having always taken the liberty, in defending their religion, to break all its laws of love. Archbishop Magee, for example, speaks of his writings as "standing memorials of a heart as wicked and a head as weak as ever pretended to the character of a philosopher and moralist"; a remark, which, lacking the essential grace of truth, is of the number of those which bless him who takes considerably more than him who gives, and which rather enlighten us as to the good sense and manners of him who uses them, than of those to whom they are applied. But Lord Brougham has inserted a letter into the appendix to this Life, which gives a more unpleasant impression of Hume than we have received from any other quarter. It contains the expression of a wish, that some clerical friend should remain in his profession, which he desired to abandon; for, says the author of the "Inquiry concerning the Principles of Morals," —

"It is putting too great respect on the vulgar and on their superstitions to pique one's self on sincerity with regard to them. Did ever one make it a point of honor to speak truth to children or madmen? If the thing were worthy being treated gravely, I should tell him that the Pythian oracle, with the approbation of Xenophon, advised every one to worship the Gods 'according to the law of the city.' I wish it were still in my power to be a hypocrite in this particular; the common duties of society usually require it; and the ecclesiastical profession only adds a little more to an innocent dissimulation, or rather simulation, without which it is impossible to pass through the world."

Such loose talk as this, the recommendation to a friend to be a hypocrite, the wish to be one himself, and the suggestion that duty may sometimes require it, argues an extraordinary

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indifference on these subjects, which are commonly regarded as important, whatever may be men's opinions in other respects. Lord Brougham does great injustice to Paley in connecting his doctrine of expediency with any such application of it as this. It is not easy to conceive of a man of any moral principle speaking in this manner while in possession of his reason ; and it is not doing injustice to one who does, to regard it as a sign of certain deficiencies of moral constitution, which would prevent his mind from apprehending the worth and beauty of Christianity, and, to the same extent, forbid its welcome in the heart.

There is another respect in which the great historian is little beholden to his noble biographer. The impression has been, that Hume wrote with great rapidity ; the harmonious and beautiful order of his narrative, and the free and manly grace of expression, indicate that it came from his pen with a swift and easy flow. This circumstance has been regarded as an explanation of many of his errors ; for, admirable as his work is, and delightful to readers as it will ever be, it is wholly discredited as an authority ; no one places the least reliance upon it ; we resort to it for gratification, while we go to inferior writers to know the truth. But Lord Brougham gives the impression, that the act of composition to Hume was laborious and painful ; his manuscripts still in existence are everywhere scored, interlined, and altered ; indeed, he says himself, that he was slow, and not easily satisfied with what he wrote ; a fact which deprives him of the apology, such as it is, which the extemporaneous manner of writing ascribed to him afforded for many of his errors. The Chancellor also declares, that, on some occasions, he sacrificed truth to effect, introducing striking circumstances without foundation, and altering statements from what he knew to be the correct version ; and though these variations from the truth of history, so far as noticed, are not of any great importance, they are still sufficient to show, that his conscience was not strictly delicate, and that, acco ding to the suggestion made to his clerical friend, he considered readers of history as among those inconsiderable persons to whom the truth needs not be told ; either because ne thought the article too rare and precious to be wasted, or that the invention of historical facts seemed a nobler and more inviting office than simply to record them.

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This distinguished man is generally spoken of as a skeptic; but Lord Brougham shows that his views come as near to atheism as it is possible for a man not of unholy life to go. Hume contends, not that there are doubts on the subject of God's existence and the immortality of the soul, but that we have no evidence of either, and therefore no ground for believing in God and immortality. And thus with respect to miracles; his argument maintains that they cannot be proved; that a divine interposition is a thing impossible; and of this there is a certainty which no amount of testimony can outweigh. It therefore leads, not to doubt, but to a conviction of the falsehood of the religion which professes to come from on high. Perhaps the reason why he has thus been regarded, as one whose mind was balanced between the two opinions, is, that he never, like Voltaire, entered into a blind and furious warfare against Christianity. His reasonings against it are grave and decent, seldom defiled by unworthy language or feeling. So unlike is this to the bearing of most other infidels, that it gives the impression of undecidedness and neutrality; when, perhaps, there never was any one to whom the religion could have been presented with so little hope of success, since his regular life, his steady temper, and prosperous circumstances, had prevented his feeling the need of it as most men do; and when the intellect, which in him was infinitely stronger than the affections, reported against it, no voice in its favor was lifted up by his heart. Even if his views on the subject of our faith had been at first mere speculations, as soon as he published his arguments against it, he came into sympathy with its opposers. Indifference was no longer possible, and it was as an antagonist of Christianity, if not of all religion, that he lived and died.

A statement was thrown out in the "Quarterly Review" many years ago, and we well remember the sensation it created, which represented the papers left by Hume as containing evidence that distinguished ministers of the gospel in Edinburgh were in full sympathy with him, practising on his suggestion with respect to deceiving the public, and having no more real faith than he had in the religion which they professed to preach. This incredible assertion, which doubtless proceeded from some narrow-minded bigot, who regarded false witness against another sect as a virtue, and chari-

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ty as a mortal sin, was not corrected at the time; but Lord Brougham informs us, that he has caused the most exact search to be made, and, finding no confirmation of the story, he gives it an unqualified contradiction.*

One of the clergymen alluded to was Dr. Robertson, who comes next in succession in this biography, and whose life is written with a satisfaction increased, doubtless, by the circumstance that he was connected with the noble lord, whose grandmother was a sister of the historian; not that more than justice is done to his moral character, but his talents and literary standing are rated somewhat too high. Dr. Robertson was a Christian in character, and therefore a gentleman in his manners; he did not think himself bound to treat an unbeliever, who never insulted his faith, as a profane and graceless enemy of man. Though he was firm, or perhaps we should say *because* he was firm, in his own conviction, he could look upon one whose opinions were different without the least feeling of hatred and revenge; in which respect he had the advantage of some over-zealous Christians, both in the peace and happiness of his own temper, and in the influence he exerted to bring unbelieving wanderers home. The calumny here alluded to was doubtless owing to this liberality on his part, misinterpreted by those who consider no one who is not ready to put an infidel to death as entitled to the name of Christian.

Lord Brougham, having a nearer interest in the subject of this biography than in most others, is naturally disposed to

* Nothwithstanding this denial, and in full view of the evidence on which it is made, the charge is repeated in the last number of the "Quarterly Review," apparently by the same writer who first brought it forward. He says, Lord Brougham "produces no evidence except as to the actual contents of the Hume papers. They came but lately into the hands of their present possessors; and we think it might have occurred to Lord Brougham as not altogether impossible (considering the late Mr. Baron Hume's refusal to let any use be made of them during his own lifetime), that the learned judge purified the collection before he bequeathed it to the Royal Society of Edinburgh." The reviewer also cites the passage, which we have already quoted, from Hume's letter to Colonel Edmonstone, advising a clerical friend not to abandon his profession because he had become a skeptic, as affording "an inference in tolerable harmony with the rumor so magisterially dismissed." Our readers will observe, however, that this grave charge, first made upon the authority of mere rumor, is here repeated as a matter of inference only; and though the reviewer, it appears, has "had access to some of Hume's unpublished letters," it does not appear that he found in them any direct evidence of the truth of the accusation.

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give him all his due. There is such an evenness of merit, such a graceful and sustained propriety, and so much freedom from striking faults in Robertson's historical writings, that his works, which travelled up at once to the highest popularity, have ever since kept their place in the general esteem. It is curious to contrast his enthusiastic reception with the cold reception given at first to the great work of Hume. Of the first volume of the "History of England," containing the reigns of James the First, and Charles the First, only five-and-forty copies were sold in London the year after it came from the press, though it treated of a period of history most exciting in its interest, and, the writer's careless inquiry into facts not having then been discovered, was fitted, one would suppose, by its animated grace of manner and living charm of language, to eclipse all other writings of the kind in the public eye. It gives a pleasing impression of Hume's disposition, that, conscious as he must have been of his own superiority, he could bear thus to be cast into the shade. He wrote a letter of humorous reproach to Robertson, complaining, that, when he was sitting in glory at the feet of Smollett (of whose history he had the meanest opinion), the author of the "History of Scotland" should have pressed himself above him and come nearer to their great master than he. But Robertson, if inferior to his friend in sagacity and comprehension, was entitled to success by his laborious accuracy. So far as his means of information went, he was conscientiously faithful; he was employed at least six years in his first work, while Hume despatched his history of the Stuarts in less than three; though the amount of materials to be consulted, the conflict of authorities, and the obstacles in the way of accuracy were, in this latter case, a thousand to one, compared with the other.

While Lord Brougham somewhat overestimates the excellence of Robertson's writings, he is not blind to his defects. It is refreshing to learn that he finds fault with him in one respect, and that is, for the deference which he pays to what the world, much to its own loss and injury, is pleased to call greatness, and the indemnity which he is willing to concede to heroes, tyrants, and similar nuisances of mankind. Historians appear, by common consent, to have taken might for right; and courage, frankness, wisdom, or decision of

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character, has been sufficient, at their tribunal, to save the offender from the condemnation of every sin. It is disgusting in the extreme to hear the butcher of his wives, the most brutal of sovereigns, treated with hearty and sympathizing regard, as jolly old King Harry; and when the Chancellor comes on Robertson and Hume with his long and sweeping scourge for their courtier-like homage to the memory of Elizabeth, we feel that the infliction is richly deserved. Not that we consider him particularly discriminating on these occasions. He seems to take it for granted with respect to Mary Stuart, that her marriage with Bothwell was sufficient proof of all that was alleged against her; when those who examine the subject will see, as we have set forth in a former number,* that she could not possibly have been accessory to the murder of her husband; in a word, that she was never stained with blood, whatever her subsequent weakness may have been. Not so with Elizabeth; it is beyond question, that, thinking the slow poison of imprisonment was not enough, she attempted to prevail on Drury and Paulet to murder the unhappy queen; and not succeeding in this, she resorted to the meanest falsehood and imposture to accomplish that infernal deed. Well says the Chancellor: "History, fertile in royal crimes, offers to our execration few such characters as this great, successful, and popular princess. An assassin in her heart, — nay, in her counsels and orders; an oppressor of the most unrelenting cruelty in her whole conduct; a hypocritical dissembler, to whom falsehood was habitual, honest frankness strange; — such is the light in which she ought ever to be held up, as long as truth and humanity shall bear any value in the eyes of men." If there were any substance to the fiction, that the Chancellor has the conscience of the sovereign in his keeping, and if a human being *in* office could feel as he does when *out* of it, we could wish that his Lordship was still presiding in the Court of Chancery, not of England only, but of the literary world.

In speaking of the "History of America," which followed that of Scotland, Lord Brougham sails away in a flight of enthusiasm which was hardly to be expected from such a veteran; not that he prefers it as a whole to the

* *N. A. Review*, Vol. XXXIV., p. 144.

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other histories; but he thinks that there are passages and descriptions in it which neither its author nor any other historian ever exceeded; and he evidently has no kind feeling towards Irving for attempting the portrait of Columbus, which Robertson had drawn before him. The Chancellor makes a contrast between the passages in which the two writers describe the first discovery of land by the great navigator, greatly to the disparagement of the American, whose account he considers ambitious and straining after effect, and therefore far less impressive than the noble simplicity of the other. Robertson's description of that memorable scene is certainly good; better even than Southey's slight attempt in "Madoc" to bring before the reader that moment which opened a new history to the world. But Lord Brougham, whose temperament does not always incline to laudation, has gone somewhat beyond himself in this eulogy, treating the absence of faults as a striking beauty, and imagining graces more than are really there. He says that he once called the attention of Lord Wellesley to this passage; and that nobleman afterwards assured him that he shed tears while he read it, and it had broken his rest at night. Perhaps it may be the hardness brought over our hearts by the constant practice of reviewing, but we must plead guilty to reading it with dry eyes; nor are we often moved to tears by simple and judicious writing; while, on the contrary, we almost weep aloud over the vicious affectation and vulgar elegance which Bulwer and his company have imposed upon the world as refined and intellectual writing. We enjoy a compensation for this obtuseness, however, in the fact, that we are not kept awake by the better parts of the books which our public capacity requires us to read; and when we sit down to the greater proportion of them, particularly the popular novels of the day, it brings over us a spirit of repose, a dreamless and heavy slumber, in which we forget the toil and warfare of our vocation, and subside into peace and charity with all mankind.

While we are not much inclined to disagree with Lord Brougham in his critical decisions, we greatly honor the spirit in which he speaks of the manner in which all history has been written. Historians who know better, and who ought to guide the moral sentiments of their readers, have fallen into the common train of feeling, regarding all peaceful

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scenes and virtues with comparative indifference, and exalting ability and guilt into most unmerited glory. He sharply censures, too, as well he may, the irregular and inconsistent manner in which they dispense their condemnation and applause; exalting to the skies the bloody ambition of the Plantagenets and the crooked policy of the Tudors, while Richard the Third, a man of greater courage and capacity, and about as amiable, is the target for every broadside of indignation, which, for the sake of appearances, they think it necessary sometimes to throw in. There is, however, one objection to severe moral judgment, which did not occur to the Chancellor's legal mind. When an English admiral once remonstrated with the Dey of Algiers respecting the lawless conduct of his soldiers, that sovereign admitted that the complaint was well founded, and said that he had earnestly endeavoured to make a reform, having, with that view, hanged as many as fifty in a day; but he had found, though he evidently saw no other objection to the process, that he could not very well spare the men. Similar considerations may have induced historians to be merciful to the wholesale robbers and murderers of the human race; for so general has been the tendency to such practices, and so few are there among those distinguished in history who have not something of the kind to answer for, that strictness to mark and censure such iniquity would turn history into a sort of Old Bailey chronicle; writers, who now exult in their pride of place, would become literary hangmen under the moral law; and the men usually most admired and honored in the annals of their country must necessarily be their victims. He says, that he himself once undertook the reigns of Alfred, Henry the Fifth, and Elizabeth, with a view to the right application of moral principles to history, and was prevented from completing the task only by his growing public and professional labors. We regret that he did not persevere; in his hands, Alfred would have been duly honored for his intellectual energy and civil wisdom; France would have found a late atonement for her wrongs in the chastisement inflicted on the martial shade of Henry; while dire and unchivalrous would have been his lashes on the shoulders of Queen Bess, "a model of falsehood in all its more hateful and despicable forms, who had all the guilt of murder on her head, and was only saved from its actual perpetration

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by having a Paulet for her agent instead of a Tyrrel." It is much to be desired, that some arm of power would bring about this revolution, vast and sweeping though it would be, dashing down the statues which now sit on thrones in human estimation and public annals, and calling from weakness into power, and from dishonor into glory, many who, in their own and succeeding times, have seldom been honored with the applause which they well deserve.

Dr. Robertson's life was marked in every part by a dignified moderation, which does not give a very animated interest to his biography, but implies more character, and requires more energy to sustain, than is generally supposed. It is easy to give way to feeling, to let the passions loose, and to throw one's self headlong into the rushing tide of party. And this is what passes for force of character with mankind, who are apt to mistake the noise and smoke of the engines for the great moving power. But while sudden effects and transient impressions are produced by men of impulse, who spend their strength in irregular and violent exertions, the best services in the cause of humanity, and by far the most enduring results, may be traced in the world's history to men of moderation, of whom Washington was an example. They are not rightly estimated by those about them, and succeeding times are slow to acknowledge them as great. Flaring candles on the earth outshine the brightest stars in heaven for a season ; but the former are soon burnt out, while the planets are shining on for ever. We should not assign Dr. Robertson a place among the highest of this class, by any means ; but he, like the rest, has been underestimated by those who confound moderation with mediocrity, — who believe, that, in the warfare of life, all depends, not on strength, but shouting, — and expect to overthrow the strongholds of vice and oppression like Jericho, not by siege and battery, but by sounding their ram's horns under the walls.

The next portrait in the Chancellor's gallery brings us out of the region of historians into that of philosophers. The first presented is Black, the great chemical discoverer, whose name has been surrounded with a sort of obscurity much in contrast with his distinguished claims, and rather strange, considering how deeply science is indebted to him for some of its greatest advances. It is explained

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by the fact, that he was modest and unpretending, content to be great, and not solicitous that men should acknowledge his worth; manifesting thereby that confidence which is so much more common in scientific than in literary men, that the world would do him justice at last, however his merits might for a time be misunderstood. When he was young, he printed a Latin thesis, containing the intimation of some of his discoveries. One of the copies was presented by his father, then in Bordeaux, to Montesquieu, who said to him, "I rejoice with you, my good friend; your son will be the honor of your name and family"; a prediction, which, whether inspired by French politeness or a true discernment, was afterwards well fulfilled. There is something very interesting in Lord Brougham's description of the man, of his graceful manner in lecturing, the easy confidence with which he made his experiments, the unlabored elegance of his extemporaneous speaking, and the philosophical views and suggestions with which he chained the attention of his hearers. His Lordship says, that "the commanding periods of Pitt's majestic oratory," "the vehemence of Fox's burning declamation," "the close compacted chain of Grant's pure reasoning," "the mingled fancy, epigram, and argumentation of Plunket," have given him less delight than he felt in attending those lectures, when "the first philosopher of the age" was giving forth his own discoveries, recounting the successive steps by which he had reached them, and pointing out the difficulties triumphantly overcome.

There are generally many who are walking together in the paths of science, nearly abreast of each other; and as they have each mastered the successive steps which lead up to a great discovery, it is not easy always to say to whom the honor of making it rightfully belongs. There are also individuals who are fully capable of estimating what others have done, and not too scrupulously self-denying to appropriate to themselves a share of it. Nations, too, appear to consider claims of this kind to be maintained like points of public honor, with as little regard as may be to honesty and truth. Lord Brougham belabors the memory of Lavoisier, as one of those kind-hearted people, who, when he found that the parent of a discovery seemed to care but little for his offspring, had too tender a heart to see it wander as an orphan, and, as a duty of humanity, adopted it as his own.

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Happily, Dr. Black was not defrauded in this way as much as many others have been; the great French chemist being a schoolboy when he made his discovery of fixed air, to which the science owes its great subsequent progress. He was not sensitive on the subject of fame. He found his enjoyment in the literary society of Edinburgh, which was then of a high order; and though his readiness to communicate his speculations to others, and his indifference to his own renown, exposed him to this kind of plunder, the traits of character which such conduct implies belong to those virtues which bring with them a satisfaction that more than compensates any loss or sacrifice which they require.

To Dr. Black chemistry is indebted for the discovery, that the air which forms the atmosphere is not the only permanently elastic body, but that others exist, which are capable of union with solids or fluids, from which they can be separated and restored to their former state. This led him to the knowledge of fixed air, which others had observed in effervescence and fermentation, but supposed it to be nothing more than common air, in some impure combinations. "Once the truth was made known, that there are other gases in nature, only careful observation was necessary to find them out." So it pleases his Lordship to express himself, with a brave independence of the common law of the English tongue. He says, that Dr. Black was well acquainted with the nature of hydrogen gas, and that, as early as 1766, he invented an air-balloon, and exhibited to his friends the ascent of a bladder filled with inflammable air. In 1763, he observed the fact, that, in the melting of ice, more heat seems to disappear than is indicated by the thermometer, and that, when steam is condensed, there is an unexpected proportion of heat. By investigating the reasons of these appearances, he was conducted to his second great discovery, of "latent heat." His third discovery was that of the capacity of bodies for heat, — "specific heat" as it has since been called. He thus gave an impulse to chemistry, exalting it to the dignity of a science, which it had never held before; and the fame of his success encouraged others to choose it as a field, which might be explored with honor to themselves and benefit to the world.

There is a great deal of interest in little circumstances connected with the appearance and personal habits of such a

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man. His features were singularly intelligent and graceful, his high forehead and temples covered with snowy hair, his expression calm, as suited his manner and speech, but, at the same time, kind and interesting. His eye was so correct, and his hand so steady, that in the most delicate experiments there was never any failure of success; and, what is uncommon on such occasions, the table at the close of his lecture was as neat as when he began. The same quiet calmness went with him to the close of life. Having neither wife nor family, he dreaded the prospect of illness and its accompaniments more than the last hour itself. These he was entirely spared. His strength gradually declined, without apparent sickness or pain; and he passed from life so quietly, at last, as not to spill a cup of milk and water, his customary dinner, which he was holding in his hand at the moment, and which rested undisturbed on his knee. His attendants left him in this posture, and it was not till they returned, and found him sitting exactly as before, that they became aware that he was dead.

Another great name in this department of science is that of Cavendish, who, though connected with the Duke of Devonshire, and enjoying a splendid estate, had an intellectual taste and energy which carried him above the temptations incident to birth and fortune, into that high sphere where only the truly noble are found. Perfectly indifferent to luxuries and common gratifications, and living in the society of his books and philosophical apparatus, he appeared, like Black, so much more desirous to be than to seem a benefactor to science, that he cared but little for his discoveries when they were once made, and had no ambition to publish his triumphs to the world. He was obliged to make even greater efforts to keep himself in private life, than others to push themselves before the public eye. His family, aware of his talents, were anxious that, as the grandson of a duke, he should make himself distinguished in public affairs. Their displeasure had no effect to change his purpose; and an uncle, disapproving the course which they pursued towards him, and respecting his moral steadiness, left him heir to his own property, amounting to a million and a half sterling. Very few are the heads which would not have been turned by such a windfall; he was, like Æsop's traveller, tried by the storm and sunshine, save that the sunbeams of pros-

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perity could not induce him to throw off the garment which the tempest of persecution had shown itself unable to tear away. This clear discernment of his own gifts and powers, this determination to follow out his vocation, and this superiority to common enjoyments and honors, would be enough to stamp him with the seal of eminence, even if he had never succeeded in unfolding some of the deep mysteries of nature, and thus in commanding the respect and gratitude of men.

The great discovery of Cavendish was that of the composition of water, for which Lavoisier was inclined to take to himself the larger share of credit; but which, according to Lord Brougham, had been previously made by Watt, the celebrated improver of the steam-engine, a man of great philosophical genius, and active and efficient in many departments of science besides his own. We have here a life of Watt, also, written with an intimate knowledge of the nature and value of the improvements to which he owed his fame, and also with an interest in the subject inspired by an acquaintance with the man. He was originally connected with the University of Glasgow, as a maker of mathematical instruments, in which task he showed powers far above the sphere of mechanical employment, though in this also he excelled. There chanced to be, among the apparatus of the University, a steam-engine of old fashion, which never could be made to work well; and, being employed to find a remedy for its disorders, he was led to reflect upon its construction, and the manner in which it could be made efficient and turned to account, beyond what it ever had been, in the operations of industry and the general service of mankind.

Lord Brougham despatches in a summary manner the history of this great invention. The first step was that of Solomon de Caus, in 1615, who found means to raise water by converting part of it into steam, and using the expansive force to act upon the rest of the water. But his contrivance, however ingenious, did not approach much nearer than the tea-kettle, which was still more ancient, to the steam-engine of the present day. Another step was made by the Marquis of Worcester, and recorded in his "Century of the Names and Scantlings of Inventions," a work described by Hume — who, like some of our brethren, found it easier occasionally to review books than to read them — as a

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"compound of lies," probably because the Marquis was a public character, and the political atmosphere is apt to be composed in great part of the element described in that short and unceremonious name. But while his political inventions as Earl of Glamorgan, whatever they may have been, perished with the using, like others of the kind, his scientific suggestions are likely, like the wings of the inventor in Rasselas, to keep him floating above the tide of time, under which so many statesmen of his day have gone down. The Marquis, and Caus before him, applied the steam directly to the water, or whatever else it might be, which it was intended to raise. It was Papin, so well known by his digester, who, in 1690, suggested the application of the steam to a piston, and the use of atmospheric pressure; and this conception, though he does not seem to have reduced it to practice, and has not been exalted as one of the chief originators of this great instrument, seems to us to be the point where the history of the steam-engine began. He also suggested the safety-valve, which Desaguliers afterwards constructed. It was Newcomen, an iron-master of Dartmouth, who, in 1711, first constructed an engine with a piston and a condensing process, though he depended on atmospheric pressure, and not on the force of steam, for his power. This was the engine which Watt was employed to examine at the University; and such as it was, with some small improvements, it had remained stationary for fifty years, sometimes employed to raise water from mines, but giving no intimation of the distinguished part which it was afterwards to play in the works and ways of men.

The first great invention of Watt was one which saved three fourths of the fuel which had been used. The injection of cold water in the process of condensing also cooled the cylinder so much as to require a great expense of heat to restore and maintain its temperature. Watt employed a separate vessel for condensing, by which means the cylinder was kept hot, while the condenser only was cooled; and thus he saved three fourths of the fuel, and increased the power one fourth, making every pound of coal do five times as much service as before. In attempting to remove the air which lessened the heat, he was led to introduce the steam from the boiler into the upper part of the cylinder, thus not only making the upper cavity air-tight, but also aiding the

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descent of the piston, which formerly descended by the pressure of the air alone. This was the second improvement; the third consisted in dispensing with the counterpoise at the pump-rod, and admitting steam into the cylinder to force the piston upwards; thus making it, for the first time, a steam-engine in reality, by resorting to steam alone for the action and efficiency of every part.

But this is no place for going through with the history of his improvements; it is enough to say, that he made the engine in substance what it is now. It is grievous to think that his experience was the same with that of most other great inventors; *sic vos non vobis;* some knavish plunderers always stand ready to appropriate to themselves the benefit of other men's genius and skill. It is melancholy to see the want, not merely of generosity, but of common honesty, in relation to this subject. The conscience keeps time with the law, and if any means can be found for evading the provisions of the law, any false keys to open its doors, there is nothing to prevent the worthless pirate from fleecing his upright and honored victim. Dr. Forsyth, the inventor of the percussion lock, passed the fourteen years of his patent right in courts of justice, prevailing in every suit. But nothing could be exacted from the base invaders of his right, who were as poor in substance as ragged in honor, and he never gained one shilling by an invention which is now universally used. Lord Brougham says, that, if Watt had taken out no patent, and trusted only to the preference which would have been given him, he would have secured far more profit, and have saved years of dreary and hopeless litigation, from which he was not freed by a decision of the court till long after all his interest in the patent had expired by the lapse of time. We often hear of the uncertainty of the law; but the complaint does not apply to cases of this kind; in which there is more than sufficient certainty of losing comfort, patience, and temper, not to speak of the rewards of labor and skill, and of gaining a verdict when it can do little more than a gravestone to help the repose of the dead.

As we have said, this eminent man had directed his attention to chemical experiments, and, as early as 1782, had discovered the composition of water. Cavendish, without the least knowledge of Watt's experiments, made the same discovery in 1784, but had not then, as Lord Brougham de-

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clares, after a full examination, so clear a comprehension of the true doctrine as Watt had expressed before him. Cavendish was not likely to learn any thing which was not before the public on a printed page. In all his habits, he was painfully shy and reserved, hating to be spoken to, and, when he was directly addressed, often leaving the place with a sort of discordant cry, not particularly creditable to his good manners, though it simply indicated the owl's embarrassment when exposed to the light of day. He received no one at his house, and had so little communication by speech with his domestics, that he ordered his dinner by a note left on the hall table. He even contrived to die without the trouble of attendants about him. Finding his strength failing, he desired to be left alone. His servant, returning after a time, was again reminded that his room was more welcome than his company; and before another intrusion troubled him, he was gone from the lonely world. With this unsocial existence the life of Watt was strongly contrasted. Exemplary and affectionate in the domestic and social relations, animated and powerful in conversation, with an easy playful humor, he was welcomed into the first circles of Edinburgh by such men as Horner, Playfair, and Scott; and it was remarked of him by Lord Jeffrey, that in no other person could there be found so "fine an expression of reposing strength and uninterrupted self-possession as marked his whole manner." To the last, he retained his energy of mind and his interest in all about him, and died in his eighty-fourth year, full of gratitude to Heaven for the measure of blessings which he had been permitted to enjoy.

The name of Priestley, which follows, is great in the annals of science, but is better known to the world by his theological opinions; and, though unblessed by many, and defended by comparatively few, it has fought its way to the universal acknowledgment, that he was a man of blameless life, of generous affections, and that, whatever may have been his success in finding the truth, he at least pursued it in singleness of heart. He was detested as a politician by the conservatives of his day, who saw in the French Revolution, which gave him so much joy, nothing but a curse to the world. He was suspected and feared by theologians, as one who was desirous to ruin the souls of others, having already done that service for his own; and the utmost reach of their

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charity could extend only to the wish, that he would confine himself to his laboratory instead of turning the world upside down by his speculations. They could not see, what is now so clear, that "we have no right to doubt his conscientious motives, the more especially as his heterodox dogmas, always manfully avowed, never brought him any thing but vexation and injury in his temporal concerns." But the general feeling is now softened throughout the Christian world. It may be doubted whether Priestley would at this day be rejected by any church, and thrown into deep distress, as he was in his youth, by reason of his inability to feel contrition for Adam's sin. All now required would be penitence for his personal offences, leaving Adam, like other people, to answer for his own.

There never was a man of disposition more cheerful, social, and undaunted; and endless as his controversies were, having, like other controversies, very little of the beauty of holiness about them, he might congratulate himself, like Hume, that "he had no enemy, except perhaps the Whigs, and the Tories, and all the Christian world." His amiable manners disarmed the hostility of all who came near him; and when he was fiercely contesting the eternity of future torments, his adversaries almost wished, for his sake, that the doctrine might not be true. Of his publications, which amounted to one hundred and forty-one in number, only seventeen are on scientific matters. Many relate to general subjects; for such was his activity of mind, that he took a quick and deep interest in every thing which came before him. By far the greater part are theological, which accounts, as Lord Brougham says, for his now having few readers; not many holding all his peculiar tenets, while, as to some doctrines, he himself composed the whole rank and file of his party.

It does not appear what directed his mind to the subject of chemistry; but he made it his study, and endeavoured early in life to obtain a professorship of it; for which situation, he says, he was then poorly fitted. But surely he could have qualified himself, as well as Watson did, after he had assumed the trust. When Priestley resided at Leeds, the building next his house was a brewery, which led him to make observations on "fixed air." In the course of these experiments, he became acquainted with nitrogen gas, or, as he calls it,

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"phlogistic air," which was discovered by him and Dr. Rutherford at the same time, without communication with each other. But on the 1st of August, 1774, he made the discovery of "oxygen," which, beyond all contest or contradiction, was entirely his own. Lavoisier claimed it, as having occurred to himself and Priestley at the same time; but Lord Brougham despatches the claim in a few words; "he never discovered it till Priestley discovered it to him." Besides these, he discovered the gases of muriatic, sulphuric, and fluoric acids, ammoniacal gas, and nitrous oxide gas. He was obliged to construct his own instruments, often with his own hands, which he did with great skill. His peculiar character was shown by the manner in which he held to the doctrine of phlogiston, after the rest of the world had rejected it; and "that his belief was perfectly disinterested, no man can doubt; the discoverer of oxygen and of the true cause of respiration had, of all men, the strongest interest in assenting to a theory which was wholly founded on his own discovery, and which made him the immediate, as Black was the more remote, author of modern chemical science." But, whatever the temptation, he maintained the old doctrine bravely to the last.

The most brilliant and familiar name in the history of chemistry is that of Sir Humphrey Davy, whose life was as prosperous as that of Priestley was troubled, though it may be doubted whether the circumstances of wealth, quiet, and popular admiration, which he enjoyed, were really beneficial either to his happiness or his fame. Lord Brougham, though rather reserved in drawing his private character, intimates that he was not pleased to be reminded of the obscurity from which he sprang. A vain-glorious boast of one's self-elevation is offensive; but if a great man is really ashamed of his humble beginnings, the feeling must arise from a peculiar kind of vanity, implying something unsound in his heart. When he first came to London, he was uncouth and ungraceful in his bearing; but he soon acquired sufficient courtly self-possession to command the applause of his audiences. For a time, he seemed intoxicated with this success, as it was unfitly called; but it is not the breath of ladies' fans, that can fill one's sails for immortality; and though Davy afterwards lived much in society, he devoted himself to that earnest pursuit of science, which alone could

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sustain his reputation, and which led to those discoveries that are now the glory of his name. It is on these discoveries alone that Davy's great reputation must ultimately depend; for his published works on scientific subjects, though, proceeding from such a source, they could not be without value, are not by any means equal to his fame. His later writings, "Salmonia" and "The Last Days of a Philosopher," came from his pen after he had suffered from an apoplectic seizure, which, however slight, is generally felt as the touch of death. He submitted to great labor, not to speak of serious dangers, in making his experiments; but the labor of writing is of a different kind, much less exciting, and requiring, not impulse, but still and patient determination, as we, in our critical capacity, have sufficient reason to know. He was fond of society, though English in his manners; that is, shy and reserved, covering with a somewhat supercilious bearing the conscious want of self-possession. But he was also fond to enthusiasm of natural scenery, a taste which implies a certain degree of refinement; though Lord Brougham represents him as indifferent as the Chancellor himself is to the fine arts, and willing to confess that deficiency which others so ambitiously conceal.

Much has recently been said of the failure of his "safety lamp," which, when first invented, was so warmly hailed as a perfect security against those terrible firedamp explosions in mines, by which so many lives were destroyed. The free use of this lamp he generously gave to the public, without securing to himself any benefit from the invention. It seems very strange, that, after thirty years' experience of its value, without any suspicion arising that the safeguard was not complete, it should all at once be found useless. One cannot help thinking, that the fault is less in the lamp itself than in the carelessness of those who use it, men, for the most part, very indifferent to dangers and precautions. But we are told, that the lamp, which in a still atmosphere affords a perfect security, does not prevent a current of air from passing through the meshes of the wire to the flame, and so causing an explosion. Had the inventor lived, he would doubtless have found means to obviate this objection, which is serious, because, in mining, currents of air often come without any possible warning. But such failures cannot be common; for Lord Brougham says that a great engineer

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bore testimony before a parliamentary committee, that he had seen a thousand, and sometimes fifteen hundred, safety lamps in daily use, and in every possible variety of explosive mixtures, and never had known a solitary instance of an explosion. So, then, the value of the invention is undeniable, and the amount of security which it affords is beyond all price, even if there are circumstances in which it is not complete.

Without saying any thing of the life of Simson, the mathematician, which closes this first volume, we shall only express our satisfaction at seeing these portraits executed by so eminent a hand. Even if they had no other value, they would make us acquainted with the opinions of the writer, who is as much a subject of interest as any individual whose lineaments he has drawn. He shows a familiarity with the details of science, of the mathematics particularly, which could hardly be expected after the busy and tumultuous life which he has led. This cannot be a mere remnant of early education; he must have given to these pursuits the same sort of attention which English statesmen generally devote to classical studies and recollections. And the effect is seen in his oratory, as reported, where strength and energy abound, while grace and elegance are wanting. His style is bold and manly, though sometimes strangely careless and lounging; but it is always expressive of his mind and heart, and through the most labyrinthian sentence it is always easy to follow the sentiments and reasoning of the writer. These are strong in favor of liberality, truth, and freedom; too strong to be relished always by the blind adorers of the past. It is not to be denied, that there is here and there some slight want of Christian meekness; but his buffets are generally bestowed on those who deserve them. He abounds in *unfriends*, as the Scotch call them, having carried on for years a large and successful manufacture of that article, which few desire to possess. But on the whole, we say, *Serus in cœlum redeat*; — if that be his destination, which the persons last mentioned will be inclined to question; — and whenever he departs, let it be remembered, that he lifted his heavy war-club on the side of liberty and toleration, and struck many a crushing blow at the enemies of truth and virtue, while soundly belaboring his own.

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ART. V. — 1. *Letters of Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford, to Sir Horace Mann, his Britannic Majesty's Resident at the Court of Florence, from* 1760 *to* 1785. Now first published from the original MSS. Concluding Series. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 1844. 2 vols. 8vo.

2. *Memoirs of the Reign of King George the Third.* By HORACE WALPOLE, EARL OF ORFORD, youngest Son of Sir Robert Walpole. Now first published from the original MSS. Edited, with Notes, by SIR DENIS LE MARCHANT. London: Bentley. 1844. 2 vols. 8vo.

IT is not long since the collected correspondence of Horace Walpole was made the subject of an article in this Journal. We certainly did not at that time expect another large addition to be so soon made to it. We had scarcely reflected enough upon those curious provisions of his last will, by which he seems to have studied to fix the attention of posterity for an indefinite period upon himself. It is true, that the ostensible cause of the sealing up of the contents of the blue chests marked A and B for many years after his death was, that "the wit of the dead should be reserved until it could appear without pain to the living." We are therefore to infer from the present publication that those, being, as the preface tells us, "the immediate descendants of the subjects of some of Walpole's *racy anecdotes*, who might have been pained by their early publication," are now all dead. "The Earl of Euston, surviving executor of the late Earl of Waldegrave, has placed the whole of Walpole's unpublished manuscripts, including his letters, memoirs, private journals, &c., in the hands of Mr. Bentley"; and the works now before us are the first results of this step. How much more is to come it is impossible to conjecture. But we may, perhaps, be allowed to express some doubt of the genuineness of the charity which confines its regard to the feelings of one generation only. Horace Walpole might have remembered, that the immediate descendants of the subjects of his racy anecdotes would probably leave an increasing circle of posterity, and that the revival of long-forgotten stories would be more likely to give pain to them than the scandal itself probably did to their parents in a generation to which it had ceased to be any novelty. In England, where the pride

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of descent is peculiarly strong, we should be inclined to consider this mode of proceeding rather as refining upon cruelty, than to give the author of it much credit for his generosity. In this view, Walpole appears in little better light than the fox in the fable. He well knew his own unfortunate family history ; and probably supposing that it could not escape the investigation which his own writings would be likely to invite, he became the less inclined to spare his wit for the sake of saving his neighbours. The directions of his will seem to us, therefore, to have had a very different intent from the one assigned. They bear the mark of the author's original mind. A more ingenious mode of endeavouring to keep the public curiosity continually awake to his productions for a long period after his death was never contrived. If it proved successful, he might well afford to appear to save the feelings of one generation in the pursuit of his object, particularly as he left no one behind him liable to suffer much by any attempt at retaliation.

But whatever may be our judgment of the motives of the author, the world has most to do with his works. If Walpole has succeeded in showing off to the greatest possible effect the panorama of high life in England during half a century, with all its spots, whether of darkness or brightness, posterity will thank him and take little account of the family feelings he may have lacerated in the process. That he has done this, few who read his works will be inclined to deny. His letters are the history of his generation put into a most readable shape ; not always exactly correct, may be, but hitting the truth in the long run more accurately than any formal and elaborate narrative written by some one a century or two afterwards in the seclusion of his closet. The only thing we fear for them is that the collection is becoming too voluminous. The twenty or thirty volumes of Voltaire's correspondence have already furnished a signal example how much a distinguished man will sometimes repeat himself. Yet, as compared with Walpole, he appears to write rather from impulse than meditation, and with the characteristic vivacity of his country. His repeating seems, therefore, to be natural, and like that of a man in conversation upon the same general topics with a succession of individuals. It is not so with Walpole. His phrases are too nicely picked ; his anecdotes too carefully told. When they are read the first time, they earn

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for him the credit of ready wit. But when seen to be transferred from place to place with no essential change, they smack something too much of study. Neither do we detect this solely in his letters. He often produces in his "Memoirs" the counterpart of what he writes to Lord Hertford, or Mann, or Montague. We find the same stories in even the same words. We must, then, already begin to deny him the greatest merit of epistolary composition, its natural and spontaneous flow. But besides this, the repetition of the same thing, however well told, when it is not connected with important events, soon becomes fatiguing. We are not sure that the publication of a great many letters, even though they may in themselves be excellent, is not dangerous to a writer. Even a spirited conversation may be kept up until listening becomes a labor. Madame de Sévigné is scarcely read so much now as when her collection was embraced in small compass. And so it will be with Walpole. The last volume of these letters to Sir Horace Mann will oftener be shut up than read through. Satiety, always to be apprehended in literature, is peculiarly likely to happen in epistolary composition, even though the author be the best in that department to be found in the language.

After all, the chief value of Walpole's letters does not depend upon the epigrammatic form of his style. It is to be found in the contribution they make to the knowledge of his times. They describe not merely great events, but men and manners, in so vivid a manner as to make his voluntary addition of a formal narrative a work of supererogation. With the exception of a sketch or two of striking scenes in parliament, we remember little of the "Memoirs of George the Second," formerly published under the eye of Lord Holland, worth preserving. And, if we are to judge of the continuation into the succeeding reign, now edited by Sir Denis Le Marchant, from the half of it which has appeared and is before us, our verdict would not be very much more friendly. The mere change of form, which gives to the same array of facts and impressions the appearance of history instead of conversation, does not give us a whit more of confidence in their accuracy. The author himself guards his readers against misconception on this score. He does not claim to write a narrative like a cool and impartial judge of probabilities. He gives *his view* of events and

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their causes, drawn from his personal observation of men and things; and this is just what we get from his letters. The Memoirs are as redolent of his passions as the correspondence. In this particular, there can be no difference made between the two.

In Lord Holland's preface to the "Memoires of George the Second," he stated, that "they treat of a part of the British annals most imperfectly known"; and his remark was true; but we do not perceive the propriety of the application of it by the present editor to the time embraced in the work before us. We can scarcely think of any part of the British annals, of which more may be, and, we believe, is known, than the early part of the reign of George the Third. None is more interesting. None has been more carefully and elaborately illustrated by the efforts of contemporaries. We have of the principal actors of that time, what can hardly be found elsewhere, characters carefully drawn by several individuals, themselves in the very first rank,—by Burke, Lord Chesterfield, Lord Waldegrave, and Walpole. How much notoriety the Letters of Junius, with all the mystery attached to their authorship, have given to the period it is needless to point out! Then there is John Wilkes and his "North Briton," and Charles Churchill, and Parson Horne, each of them a study. We have also Leonidas Glover, the merchant politician, and Bubb Dodington, the political merchant, the latter alone presenting a type of his age. In addition to all these earlier materials, the publications of Mr. Coxe, of Mr. John Wright in the appendix to the work of Sir Henry Cavendish, of the heirs of Lord Chatham, as well as those of the Duke of Bedford, and the last collected letters of Mr. Burke, not to speak of several lucid and elaborate papers which have appeared from time to time in the leading British reviews, have of late years shed a flood of light on this epoch. So that, if, after the accumulation of these materials, aided and illustrated by the heretofore published letters of Walpole, we are to concede that they have not sufficed to make this early part of a most important reign well known to a generation only twice removed, we may as well despair of retaining any history whatever.

The moment of the accession of the third George makes a turning point in British history, because with it the passions

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of men gave to the policy of the country a new direction. The reigns of the first and second of the name had been consumed in the endeavour to maintain the family upon the throne. It had been called to England by the Whig aristocracy, representing the principles of freedom in the British constitution, and the best portion of the people. But the support of the dynasty against a numerous, extended, and powerful, though ill-organized, combination at home, aided by the intrigues of the strongest and nearest government of the continent, and striving to effect the restoration of the native family, expelled in the person of James the Second, constituted the object of all the political struggles of the time. The slow, but steady, sapping system of Sir Robert Walpole did for it what perhaps a bolder and a nobler policy would have failed in. It broke the opposition to the sovereign in proportion as it concentrated its force against the minister. As Bolingbroke truly observes, in one of his political essays, they lost sight of the main object in the fury of pursuing one of its incidents; so that, when the moment of victory seemed to approach, the end to be gained by it had vanished from the view. The overthrow of Walpole only proved the fulness of the success of his system. He had sown broadcast among his opponents the seeds of mutual distrust and division, and the plant which grew therefrom proved perennial in its character. The last desperate effort of the Jacobites to restore the Pretender, in 1745, failed more by reason of the timidity of professing friends, than of any energy manifested by the government to suppress it. And the failure supplied those to whose fault it might be laid with a new and strong motive to abide by the established order of things. Thus it happened, that the Brunswick family became most fully fixed in the sovereignty even at the time when the reins of government had fallen into the weakest hands. The Pelhams continued without a struggle the policy which it had cost Walpole the labor of a life, and ultimately his place, to establish.

Yet, down to the end of the reign of George the Second, the Tories continued to hold themselves aloof from much direct participation in the government. Although completely broken as a party, and no longer formidable enough to be studiously excluded from power, they still saw in the persons of the monarchs of the Brunswick line enough to cherish the

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hope, that a popular reaction might yet take place. They felt that there was nothing to take the hearts of the British people in the character of the two Germans who had successively ascended the throne, and that there was much to inspire disgust in the foreign policy which they had insisted upon forcing on them, by which the interests of England appeared to be made subordinate to those of Hanover. They therefore continued to cling to the hope that some unexpected event might revive the dormant affection for the exiled family, and, without the cost or hazard of a struggle, ultimately bring in Charles Edward, as his great uncle, Charles the Second, had been brought in. It was not until the very last years of George the Second, that this final hope was completely crushed by the triumphant conduct of the war with France under the guidance of the elder Pitt. The successes of the British arms all over the globe reflected a glory upon the sovereign under whose rule they had been gained, which supplied the only element that had been wanting to the full security of his throne. The contest which had been steadily waged during nearly half a century was now decided beyond the possibility of a doubt. Even the government of France, which had done every thing to keep it up, arrived reluctantly at the conviction, that the time had come when the Stuart cause was to be abandoned.

It was at this moment that the young heir, himself just of age, was called to take the place of his grandfather. Against him there were no prejudices to conquer. He was a native sovereign, the first whom England had known for a long while. He was a youth, with all of the promise which most excites the sympathy of mankind. The nation, exulting in the splendid acquisitions of its arms, and delighted with the administration of government by its favorite, was prepared to hail the new king, George the Third, with unwonted and enthusiastic unanimity. The Whig aristocracy, still in power by virtue of the principles which had now, however, almost lost their distinctive character, relied for support upon his gratitude for past services rendered to his family. The Tories, tired with a fruitless opposition, looked to him with hope of a more generous and less exclusive policy than had before prevailed, which might bring them all within the pale of competition for future honors. Thus it happened, that, in the congratulations for the present, and in hopes of what

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was to come, all parties joined in spreading oblivion over the past. There had not been more than one similar moment in British history. It was the era of good feelings, — the epoch when human passions, having exhausted themselves in following one direction, relax their force awhile, before they make for themselves a new vent, and rush with their ordinary velocity into another channel.

But the reign of George the Third did not make good the fair promise of its outset. It very soon became turbulent, and continued so with little cessation to its end. A large part of it was spent in exhausting wars, foreign and domestic. The king himself was dead in mind for half the time, and the country suffered a disruption of its dominions, the effects of which upon itself, upon the continent of America, and upon the world at large, have as yet been developed in but a small degree. Such is the summary of the reign. Our task in the present article must be, to see how much or how little of these events depended upon the course of action pursued at its beginning. And here we shall find the assistance of our author — who confines himself in the Memoirs before us to the history of the first twelve years — very useful.

All accounts agree in this, that, when George succeeded his grandfather, he was not simply wanting in experience, as might naturally be supposed of a youth of twenty-two, but was also uncommonly ignorant. His early life had been spent in seclusion, among instructers whom he did not like and who neglected him. His principal guides had been his foreign mother, and his as well as her friend, an obscure Scotch peer, Lord Bute. It was probably in the seclusion of Leicester House, which, during the reign of George the Second, bore the appearance rather of an enemy's head-quarters than of the house of the heir apparent, that he had learned to lament the overwhelming influence of the great Whig families, and to cherish notions more akin to the theory of an arbitrary prince. Even then the idea was either formed or inculcated, that, when he should reach the throne, he ought to take the authority into his own hands in fact as well as in name, for the purpose of curbing an overgrown aristocracy. But what might seem plain and easy enough, whilst the youth had nothing to do but dream away his time, called for the exercise of consummate ability to execute without a convulsion, when he should become king; — and, unfortunately for him, he had

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not this to rely upon, when the necessity for it became apparent. No sooner was George proclaimed the sovereign, than he trusted the accomplishment of his scheme into the hands of Lord Bute. The consequence was a storm that lasted through more than half the reign.

Of Bute the representations made by his contemporaries are so various, and the estimates of the extent of his influence are so different, that it is difficult to arrive at an idea of his true character. On the one side, he is shown as a pompous and empty personage, fit only to be a minister at some petty German court where there was nothing to do; on the other, the exercise of a degree of power over the policy of the country is ascribed to him which argues the possession of abilities of no mean order. The truth probably lies somewhere between these two extremes. There can be little doubt, that the selection of him to execute so difficult a task as the remodelling of the government was unfortunate. In the first place, he was liable to be made obnoxious to the popular prejudices, as a Scotchman not without Tory predilections. In the next, he was suspected, whether justly or not is not yet determined, of drawing his influence from an undue intimacy with the king's mother. Thirdly, his manners were cold, haughty, and unconciliating. Last of all, he stood in a degree apart from all the leading political connections in England, and therefore unable to depend upon certain support in any quarter against the weight of opposition which his system must inevitably draw upon himself. The result was, that, although he had sufficient capacity to devise a bold, and, it must be allowed, a judicious plan of action, he yet failed in those qualities of energy and daring without which it could not be successfully executed. Erring at the very first step by precipitation, he at once plunged the king and himself into difficulties against which he was not at all provided; and then, as if frightened at the prospect of what he had himself done, he deserted his post, leaving his master, the mark for all the shafts intended for himself, to reconcile matters as he best might with the various powerful interests whom he had offended.

Moreover, the time selected for hurrying this experiment was by no means favorable to its success. The country was in the midst of a triumphant war, carried on by a ministry composed of the strongest materials. A combination had taken place between the old aristocratic Whigs, represented by

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the Duke of Newcastle, and the popular party, headed by the elder Pitt, which had united the stability of the one with the energy of the other. Opposition in and out of parliament was dead. Success had perfected the ascendency of the Great Commoner over the people's affections, which his eloquence originated. It might seem, then, as if the part of prudence would have been, if any change in the established course of things were desired, not to attempt it by any sudden shock, but rather to await opportunities to introduce it, which circumstances could scarcely fail of themselves soon to present. The union of parties in the cabinet was known to be far from cordial. Time alone was wanting to develope the seeds of dissension already existing in it. Instead of giving them natural time, the process of germination was forced. Not a moment was lost in signifying to the ministry that a new element was already at work in the government. The mode in which this was done is thus described by our author.

"In his first council the king named his brother, the Duke of York, and Lord Bute of the cabinet. As no notice was taken of Lord Huntingdon, it indicated an uncertainty whether he, who had been Master of the Horse to the king when prince, or Lord Gower, who had held that office under the late king, should fill the post. To the Speaker of the House of Commons the king said, it should not be his fault if that assembly did not go upon business earlier in the day than they had done of late: a flattering speech to an old man attached to old forms.

"The king's speech to his council afforded matter of remark, and gave early specimen of who was to be the confidential minister, and what measures were to be pursued; for it was drawn by Lord Bute, and communicated to none of the king's servants. It talked *of a bloody and expensive war, and of obtaining an honorable and lasting peace.* Thus was it delivered; but Mr. Pitt went to Lord Bute that evening, and after an altercation of three hours, prevailed that in the printed copy the words should be changed to *an expensive but just and necessary war*, and that after the words "honorable peace" should be inserted *in concert with our allies.* Lord Mansfield and others counselled these palliatives too; but it was two o'clock of the following afternoon before the king would yield to the alteration. Whether that the private junto could not digest the correction, or whether to give an idea of his Majesty's firmness, I know not: but great pains were taken to imprint an idea of the latter, as characteris-

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tic of the new reign; and it was sedulously whispered by the creatures of the favorite and the mother, that it was the plan to retain all the late king's ministers, but that his Majesty would not be governed by them as his grandfather had been. In confirmation of this advertisement, the king told the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Pitt, that he knew their attachment to the crown, and should expect their's and the assistance of all honest men." — *Memoirs*, Vol. I.

Here is the germ of the new system. The introduction of Bute into the cabinet, without any post in the government, was a rod over the heads of the ministers, whilst the profession of reliance on the aid of *all* honest men betrayed the direction of the king's mind towards the Tories. There could be little doubt of what was soon to follow. The king's speech struck the note of peace; the policy of Pitt had been war. The old ministry was to remain only on a condition with which it was probably foreseen that it neither could nor would comply. And the old preponderance of the Whig connection, to which the Brunswick race owed the crown, was forthwith to yield to the increasing weight of those who had done every thing to keep it out. If old party lines were extinguished, it was only for the purpose of attempting a new organization of a most extraordinary and novel character, — a party for the king, and the king only. Of this party, it was hoped, that the old Tories would form the staple, reinforced by the recruits which could be gained from every side by holding forth the possession of place and power as the reward for deserting ancient political connections. They were to be the king's friends, but not the friends of his constitutional advisers, unless he wished that these should be supported. They were to make a new wheel within a wheel, by which the monarch's freedom from aristocratic dictation was to be more fully secured. With this basis for action in parliament was to be connected the declaration of a new policy well adapted to take the popular ear. First of all, there was to be peace and an end of all entangling alliances; then came into play for the thousandth time the magic words, reform and economy; and lastly was proclaimed a sovereign appealing from the sway of faction to the attachment of all his people. Such was the conception of the new minister, and it was not a bad one; but it required the hand of a master to carry it into execution, and such was not that of the Earl of Bute.

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The first and greatest miscalculation was upon the course of public opinion. It had been believed, that a war carried on with little regard to expense, and exhausting to the resources of the country by the extent to which it was waged at the same time over opposite points of the globe, could not continue to be agreeable to the people of Great Britain. Yet, so long as it was carried on successfully and against the natural enemy on the other side of the channel, however men might murmur in private, it was not supposed that they would hazard opposition to the popular enthusiasm created in its favor by a long course of victory. Very suddenly, the affairs of Europe took a new turn, in which not simply an adherence to but an extension of the war policy was involved. And this furnished Bute with the opportunity which he wanted. France, though beaten everywhere in the field, yet, encouraged by the decease of the old sovereign and fully apprized of the movements in the cabinet of the new one, was no longer inclined to negotiate with sincerity; the less so, as she nourished a hope, by the promised coöperation of Spain under a new and secret treaty, of recovering her losses in the war, and thus regaining a position in which she might negotiate upon terms of equality. Suspecting the existence of this alliance, Mr. Pitt, with the boldness characteristic of his system, advised to cut the matter short, and anticipate its publication by a rupture also with Spain. There can now be little doubt that he was right, and that the display of unwonted energy at this crisis by the ministry of Great Britain, with the cordial support of the throne, would have made that country the arbitress of Europe. But the measure was known to be unpalatable to the sovereign and his real advisers, and it certainly was attended with some risk. The Whig ministers hesitated. They were not prepared to sustain the advice, and were willing to get rid of the adviser. A cabinet council followed, in which Pitt and Lord Temple found themselves alone in opinion. They therefore immediately resigned. The Whigs bent to the supremacy of the power behind the throne and sacrificed their popular ally. The result proved their short-sighted views both for the country and for themselves. The necessity of breaking with Spain soon became so evident, that a declaration of war established the superior sagacity of the retiring minister, whilst their cowardly desertion of him only the better paved the way to their own fall. If Lord Bute in

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his policy calculated upon popular support, events did not ultimately verify his expectations. Writers hired by him to denounce Pitt must have sadly misunderstood human nature, if they imagined an impression could be made on the nation by objecting to his successes. They charged him with "madly ruining the kingdom with conquests." A more effective string to touch would have been defeats and reverses; but these fortune was not so kind as to supply. It almost seemed as if the good genius of Pitt was leading the British arms from one success to another, even after his retirement, with the intent to set at naught the devices of his enemies. Under such circumstances, ordinary rules of action could not hold good. Under such circumstances, he could not become the popular minister, who, in the mid career of victory, should interpose the cry of peace.

The great point, however, was attained when Pitt resigned. The old cabinet was broken up, and that in a manner most favorable to the purposes of the new minister. The members of it had parted in anger, Pitt justly complaining of treachery, the Whigs of arrogance and haughty bearing. In this division, there can be no question that both parties were almost equally in fault. Pitt doubtless had read in the first act of the reign the decree of his own dismissal; but the consciousness of it should have made it the more his duty to guard against giving unnecessary advantages against himself. Less of that impetuosity, which we took occasion formerly to point out as his defect as a statesman, would have enabled him to draw the full advantage of his political sagacity, without alienating colleagues whose aid was essential to his support. The Whig aristocracy, on the other hand, were too eager to get free from the grasp of a great man, whose abilities and success excited their envy, whilst his uncompromising manners irritated and mortified their pride. Our author says, that of all of them Lord Talbot alone seemed to foresee the consequence of the breach. He advised the exulting old Duke of Newcastle "not to die for joy on the Monday, nor for fear on the Tuesday." But the Duke had already lost whatever political skill he ever possessed, and now only held on to place with the tenacity incident to habits of long possession. He could not comprehend, that those who had had courage enough to affront Pitt would make little account of all the opposition he might rally

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against them. He did not see, that he had laid one step for Lord Bute over his colleague, in order that the next might easily go over himself. Much less did he understand, that, by his conduct, he closed up all the avenues to future confidence between the parties who now separated. This effect became visible in the attempts made some time afterwards, and without success, to reunite them in administration. And thus it happened here, as it has not unfrequently happened at other times, that over-greediness to retain office proved the most solid obstacle to its ultimate recovery.

But although the plan of Lord Bute had failed to make Pitt's system unpopular, it was not so unsuccessful as respected the man. He loaded the popular idol with a pension, and took care to sound very loud in the public presses his acceptance of the favors of the crown. Furthermore, in conjunction with Dodington, and others of his mercenary stamp, he was not slow to instigate those attacks upon a fallen minister which can always be obtained from unscrupulous writers, ever ready to pay their court to the living by kicking at the dead lion. For a moment, an impression was actually made. Even the city of London wavered in its attachment to the Great Commoner. But it was only for a moment. The people soon comprehended the distinction between a reward for past and a purchase of future services, and restored their favorite to their esteem. When the king went to dine in the city with the lord mayor, it was made tolerably evident that he was only playing second in the pageant to Mr. Pitt.

Yet, in spite of these unfavorable symptoms, the policy of Bute was steadily and rapidly carried on. In the cabinet, the absolute necessity of peace was more and more insisted on. In parliament, attacks were encouraged upon the connection with Prussia and the German war. Here the aid of the Duke of Bedford and of his connection, anxious to open the way to power, proved of essential service in furthering his schemes. There was little danger of any combination among the Whigs which would prove formidable to the premier. The time had then arrived to expel the nominal chief and to take his place. After a brief and fruitless remonstrance made by Lord Mansfield in behalf, and probably at the instance, of the Duke of Newcastle, that nobleman saw and reluctantly submitted to his fate; and then the Earl of

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Bute came forward publicly to assume that direction of affairs, which every body well knew he had for some time equally held in private and in a less conspicuous post.

Thus far the current had been onward, with little visible check. Mr. Pitt, the most formidable obstacle, had almost removed himself. The Whig combination was completely broken up. One of its oldest chiefs had been removed from office without risking a struggle; another, the Duke of Bedford, had made himself the willing instrument to effect the abandonment of the foreign policy; and the Tories had been introduced into power as a permanent support against the fluctuations of contending factions. The revolution was complete, and Lord Bute had done it all in the short period of eighteen months. Upon a review of the events, it must be admitted that the plan of the new chief had been thus far well conceived and vigorously executed. But it needed one thing more to make it perfect. It demanded capacity, courage, and perseverance in carrying it out against opposition. Failing in these, it soon fell into confusion.

The first symptom of a storm came from the newspaper press. We know not that we can do better in describing it than to borrow the words of our author.

"Scarce was the Earl of Bute seated but one step below the throne, when a most virulent weekly paper appeared, called the *North Briton.* Unawed by the prosecution of the Monitor (another opponent periodic satire, the author of which had been taken up for abusing favorites), and though combated by two court papers called the Briton and the Auditor (the former written by Smollett and the latter by Murphy, and both which the new champion fairly silenced in a few weeks), the North Briton proceeded with an acrimony, a spirit, and a licentiousness unheard of before even in this country. The highest names, whether of statesmen or magistrates, were printed at length, and the insinuations went still higher. In general, favoritism was the topic, and the partiality of the court to the Scots. Every obsolete anecdote, every illiberal invective, was raked up and set forth in strong and witty colors against Scotland. One of the first numbers was the most outrageous, the theme taken from the loves of Queen Isabella and Mortimer. No doubt but it lay open enough to prosecution, and the intention was to seize the author. But on reflection it was not thought advisable to enter on the discussion of such a subject in Westminster Hall; and as the daring audaciousness of the writer promised little decorum,

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it was held prudent to wait till he should furnish a less delicate handle to vengeance: a circumspection that deceived and fell heavy on the author, who, being advised to more caution in his compositions, replied, he had tried the temper of the court by the paper on Mortimer, and found they did not dare to touch him.

"This author, who must be so often mentioned in the following pages, was John Wilkes, member of parliament for Ailesbury. He was of a plebeian family, but inherited a tolerable fortune in Buckinghamshire, and had been bred at Oxford, where he distinguished himself by humorous attacks on whatever was esteemed most holy and respectable. Unrestrained either in his conduct or conversation, he was allowed more wit than in truth he possessed; and, living with rakes and second-rate authors, he had acquired fame, such as it was, in the middling sphere of life, before his name was so much as known to the public. His appearance as an orator had by no means conspired to make him more noticed. He spoke coldly and insipidly, though with impertinence; his manner was poor and his countenance horrid. When his pen, which possessed an easy, impudent style, had drawn the attention of mankind towards him, and it was asked who this saucy writer was, Fame, that had adopted him, could furnish but scurvy anecdotes of his private life. He had married a woman of fortune, used her ill, and at last cruelly, to extort from her the provision he had made for her separate maintenance; he had debauched a maiden of family by an informal promise of marriage, and had been guilty of other frauds and breaches of trust. Yet the man, bitter as he was in his political writings, was commonly not ill-natured or acrimonious. Wantonness, rather than ambition or vengeance, guided his hand; and, though he became the martyr of the best cause, there was nothing in his principles or morals that led him to care under what government he lived. To laugh and riot, and scatter firebrands, with him was liberty. Despotism will for ever reproach Freedom with the profligacy of such a saint.

"Associated with Wilkes in pleasure and in the composition of the North Briton was a clergyman named Churchill, who stepped out of obscurity about the same period, and was as open a contemner of decency as Wilkes himself, but far his superior in the endowments of his mind. Adapted to the bear-garden by his athletic mould, Churchill had frequented no school so much as the theatres. He had existed by the lowest drudgery of his function, while poetry amused what leisure he could spare, or rather what leisure he *would* enjoy; for his muse and his mistress and his bottle were so essential to his existence, that they engrossed all

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but the refuse of his time. Yet for some years his poetry had proved as indifferent as his sermons, till a cruel and ill-natured satire on the actors had, in the first year of this reign, handed him up to public regard. Having caught the taste of the town, he proceeded rapidly, and in a few more publications started forth a giant in numbers, approaching as nearly as possible to his model, Dryden, and flinging again on the wild neck of Pegasus the reins which Pope had held with so tight and cautious a hand. Imagination, harmony, wit, satire, strength, fire, and sense crowded on his compositions; and they were welcome for him, — he neither sought nor invited their company. Careless of matter and manner, he added grace to sense, or beauty to nonsense, just as they came in his way; and he could not help being sonorous even when he was unintelligible. He advertised the titles of his poems, but neither planned nor began them till his booksellers, or his own want of money, forced him to thrust out the crude but glorious sallies of his uncorrected fancy. This bacchanalian priest, now mouthing patriotism, and now venting libertinism, the scourge of bad men, and scarce better than the worst, debauching wives, and protecting his gown by the weight of his fist, engaged with Wilkes in his war on the Scots; and sometimes learning, and as often not knowing, the characters he attacked, set himself up as the Hercules that was to cleanse the state and punish its oppressors; and true it is, the storm that saved us was raised in taverns and night-cellars; so much more effectual were the orgies of Churchill and Wilkes than the daggers of Cato and Brutus. The two former saved their country, while Catiline could not ruin his, — a work to which such worthies seemed much better adapted." — *Memoirs*, Vol. I.

It will be perceived, that in the foregoing sketch, as usual with our author, something of exactness is sacrificed to antithesis and point. Yet the characters here given, though perhaps too unfavorable, are in the main strikingly true. The influence which these two men exerted over public opinion in England is one among the wonders of this curious period. They are of that class of authors who write for time, and not for eternity. But in striking out a broad and deep channel for the passions of a people, they identify their names with the history of their day long after their works cease to be remembered. Who is there who now reads with any interest the famous No. 45 of the "North Briton"? Even the masculine vigor of Churchill's satire cannot wholly redeem it in our eyes from the gross defects of carelessness, of

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unworthy passion, and of devotion to incidents merely temporary. Yet it is difficult at this day properly to estimate the extent of the power which these men exerted over the course of events by reviving national prejudices deeply fixed in the English mind, and concentrating them against the person of the first minister.

In the mean time, the leading measure upon which Bute had determined to stake his political fortunes was pushed without intermission. Although the course of the war continued favorable to England, and might have enabled her to expect from her exhausted opponents the humblest solicitations for peace, the conduct of the minister seemed almost as if he deprecated the conquests he was making, and as if he was a suitor for mercy rather than entitled to dictate its terms. Under these circumstances, a treaty could not fail soon to be the result. Again did Great Britain lose, by a change of ministry at a critical moment, as she had done in Queen Anne's time, the full benefit of her splendid victories. The treaty could scarcely fail to be an advantageous one, but the great mass of the people at once saw and felt that it was not such a one as they might have had, or such as Pitt, had he remained in power, would have made for them. Deep murmurs of bribery used by the French crown to obtain it were circulated far and wide. Instead of any success in conciliating the people by his measure, the return of the Duke of Bedford, the negotiator, from Paris, was the signal for the public manifestation of their discontent. It was plain that the ministry of Lord Bute was about to pass a fiery ordeal through a wavering parliament.

In the midst of all this, one change in the constitution of England makes itself decidedly perceptible, a change which was much developed by the rise of the elder Pitt. We allude to the power of the people, which rose as that of the old aristocracy began to decline. To that Pitt owed all his position; without it, his wings were shorn in a parliament in which the aristocracy still exercised unbounded sway. When that body assembled, the success of the minister was more than doubtful. Much depended upon the course of Mr. Pitt, much upon the temper of the Whig connection. Bute succeeded in disarming the first by casting over him the network of the pension he had injudiciously consented to accept; the latter he left to the management of the ablest and

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most daring of Pitt's ancient rivals, the unscrupulous Henry Fox. Thus was a victory gained, but it was one which could not be repeated. *How* dearly that was obtained, it is worth while to go to Walpole to understand.

"Had the peace been instantaneously proposed to the House of Commons, there is no question but it would have been rejected; so strong a disgust was taken at the union of Bute and Fox, and so numerous were their several personal enemies. Yet in one respect Bute had chosen judiciously; Fox was not to be daunted, but set himself to work at the root. He even made applications to Newcastle; but the Duke of Cumberland had inspired even Newcastle and Devonshire with resolution! This, however, was the last miscarriage of moment that Fox experienced. Leaving the grandees to their ill-humor, he directly attacked the separate members of the House of Commons; and with so little decorum on the part of either buyer or seller, that a shop was publicly opened at the Pay-Office, whither the members flocked, and received the wages of their venality in bank bills, even to so low a sum as two hundred pounds, for their votes on the treaty. Twenty-five thousand pounds, as Martin, Secretary of the Treasury, afterwards owned, were issued in one morning; and in a single fortnight a vast majority was purchased to approve the peace!" — *Memoirs*, Vol. I.

It may be observed, in this connection, that the charge made for secret service money, during the brief ministry of Lord Bute, exceeded the sum of eight hundred thousand dollars. We recommend this view of the British constitution to those among us, who, under a strong sense of the evils which afflict our own republic, are too apt to overlook the greater ones equally perceptible in other forms of government.

But let this be as it may, the preliminaries of peace were approved by a vote of three hundred and nineteen to only sixty-five. Mr. Pitt, after an elaborate but not a violent speech of three hours and a half, which he was allowed, on account of his health, to make sitting, retired from the House amidst the huzzas of the multitude, *before the division*, and the Duke of Newcastle sent to his friends not to divide; on which they retired also. The victory was in appearance complete. Walpole adds: —

"Nothing can paint the importance of this victory to the court so strongly as what the Princess of Wales said, on the news of the preliminaries being carried: — 'Now,' said she,

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'my son *is* king of England.' The ministers ordered that the numbers on the question should be printed, — had they printed the names, too, the world would have known the names of the sixty-five that were *not* bribed." — *Memoirs*, Vol. 1.

Neither was it on bribery alone that the ministry was contented to rely for its strength. A general order for the dismissal from office of all opponents to the treaty was executed with as little regard to private interests as is customary with us in the United States. The popular voice seemed for the moment as absolutely crushed as it ever had been in the haughtiest days of the Tudors; and yet, strange to say, in five months from the day of this victory, to the amazement of all parties, the individual who had appeared in every respect to triumph over opposition, frightened at the demonstrations of popular feeling, preferred to resign his post and go into retirement, rather than to hazard a perseverance in the contest.

But though the Earl of Bute, terrified by the fury of the storm he had raised, could shelter himself from it by this voluntary retirement, and lay the blame of it to the treachery of others, he could not equally restore his master to the position he had occupied at the beginning of his reign. The popular indignation had already spread from the minister to the crown, and the various powerful connections, which might ordinarily be counted upon to sustain the latter on an emergency, had been so far alienated that they stood aloof, distrustful of each other and afraid of the king. Bute had succeeded in breaking up those combinations which had dictated to George the Second, without attaining the end of making his successor really independent of the fragments. The consequence was, that George the Third was tossed about from faction to faction exactly as the majority of parliament chanced to dictate, until a comparatively late period, when his own policy happened to strike in with the popular feeling, and in some measure to restore him a basis to stand upon. There was still another result of the brief administration of Bute, of the most important character. He had infused into the government a considerable portion of the old Tory party, and although political distinctions had been gradually worn away until there was no public manifestation of difference of opinion upon general principles, a tendency to more arbitrary notions was the visible effect of

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their return to the favor of the court. These notions were unquestionably not disagreeable to the king himself, and they will be found to have pervaded the policy of every ministry which he ever cordially supported. The prevalence of them in that administration which immediately followed the retirement of Bute must furnish the clew to most of the troubles of the reign.

The name of George Grenville has, unfortunately for him, become associated with the disastrous policy of this time. His character has been drawn by many hands, but by few more harshly than by our author. He says: —

"Mr. Grenville had hitherto been known but as a fatiguing orator and indefatigable drudge, more likely to disgust than to offend. Beneath this useful, unpromising outside lay lurking great abilities; courage so confounded with obstinacy, that there was no drawing the line betwixt them; good intentions to the public, without one great view; much economy for that public, which in truth was the whole amount of his good intentions; excessive rapaciousness and parsimony in himself; infinite self-conceit, which produced impossibility of instructing, convincing, or setting him right; implacability in his temper; and a total want of principles in his political conduct; for, having long professed himself uncommonly bigoted to the doctrines of liberty, he became the stanchest champion of unwarrantable power. As all his passions were expressed by one livid smile, he never blushed at the variations in his behaviour. His ingratitude to his benefactor, Lord Bute, and his reproaching Mr. Pitt with the profusion of a war which he had sometimes actively supported, and always tacitly approved, while holding a beneficial place, were but too often paralleled by the crimes of other men; but scarce any man ever wore in his face such outward and visible marks of the hollow, cruel, and rotten heart within. — *Memoirs*, Vol. I.

The bitterness with which this sketch is written at once deprives it of all authority. We prefer to consider Grenville as neither so great nor so bad as Walpole would make him. Excellent in a subordinate post, he was unlucky in being pushed into the lead at a moment requiring abilities and judgment of the very first class; and these he did not possess. The successor of Bute was bound to do his best to heal the breaches made by his predecessor, — to conciliate on all sides, — softening the obstinacy of the king, restoring

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the various branches of the aristocracy to good-humor, and, most of all, changing by every practicable measure the course of the popular current. A more unsuitable person for every part of this duty could scarcely have been found than George Grenville. With every disposition to court the king, he was perpetually exhausting his patience and fretting his temper ; and with the most lively conviction of the truth of popular principles, no man carried more rigid and uncompromisingly arbitrary notions into his conduct. Indefatigable in the performance of the routine of his duties, and accurate in details, he seems to have been utterly wanting in those broad general views, by which the effect of measures can be weighed before it comes to be felt. Instead, therefore, of bringing the body politic into a more healthy and calm state, the two years of his administration served only to inflame every bad symptom. His first blunder was in immediately exalting John Wilkes into a martyr for liberty. His second and greatest was the degrading the continent of America to the level of his exchequer. But bitterly as the country suffered for the consequences of these errors, they were not the ones for which he was ultimately compelled to lose his position. Neither monarch nor parliament found fault with the persecution of Wilkes, or the taxation of the colonies. But an insult to the princess dowager, and jealousy of Lord Bute too openly expressed, drove the reluctant king to seek refuge even under the revived popularity of Pitt.

But it was too late. Pitt was in no mind to sew together this coat of shreds and patches, and he saw clearly enough, that upon no other terms could he be minister. There are persons even now who regret, that, when the opportunity was offered to him to reconstruct a Whig administration, he refused to avail himself of it. By the lately published letters of Burke, it would appear that *he* never forgave him for it. But it is plain from his own letters to the Duke of Grafton, that he had the conduct of the Duke of Newcastle and his connection at the time of his former resignation too distinctly in his recollection to be willing to trust himself entirely in their hands. Lord Temple, too, the only person in that cabinet who had adhered to him, was now, for some reasons which have not yet been distinctly explained, unwilling to second the negotiation. The work of Bute in destroying all mu-

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tual confidence had been too thoroughly done to make any cordial combination possible. And even could it have been made, the time had gone by when it could have been of service to the country. Fire had already been set to the train, and a conflagration was inevitable. So far, then, from joining in the condemnation of Pitt at this time, we should incline to applaud his discretion, and only to regret for his sake that he did not, by adhering to his decision to the end, save himself from the mortification which attended the failure of his subsequent administration.

For it ought to be recollected, that, before this negotiation took place, the forty-fifth number of the "North Briton" had already brought upon its author the penalty of imprisonment in the Tower, by virtue of a general warrant to search papers and seize persons, issued from the office of the secretary of state; and the fatal resolution, asserting the right to charge certain stamp duties in the colonies, had passed in parliament and was known in America. Mr. Wilkes, although in no respect deserving of personal sympathy, was yet a member of parliament, and as such had every reason to rely for support, if not upon a constitutional objection, at least upon the *esprit du corps* which pervades all such bodies of men. As if this were not resource enough for a demagogue, the ministers went on, apparently determined, by combining every species of persecution, personal or political, at once upon his head, to coerce the people into the worship of him as a martyr of liberty. Not content with immuring him in the Tower on account of his libel, from which only the accident of Chief-Justice Pratt's being on the bench of the Common Pleas released him, they surreptitiously procured, and pompously exposed, an obscene composition of his which they had done more wisely quietly to have destroyed. And last of all, individuals connected with the government were not unwilling to pursue the matter still further, and to heap personal quarrels upon a man already apparently sinking under the weight of arbitrary power.

The motives of this course were too palpable not to defeat the end hoped to be gained by it. John Wilkes liked nothing better than this being made a hero. At political intriguing he was more than a match for his opponents; and he had no superfluous scruples in the way of his taking advantage of all their blunders. The consequence was, that a

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very bad man made himself the type of the purest public principles; and such had been the perverse magic of Grenville, that the cry of "Wilkes and Liberty" resounded over both continents, against their will, from the lips of the most honest and patriotic spirits of the world.

As we have thus far made our extracts from only one of the works before us, we cannot, perhaps, do better, in giving a specimen of the other, than to select the whimsical letter to Sir Horace Mann, describing all these movements against Wilkes: —

"Arlington Street, Nov. 17, 1763.

"The campaign is opened, hostilities begun, and blood shed. Now you think, my dear Sir, that all this is metaphor, and mere eloquence. You are mistaken; our diets, like that approaching in Poland, use other weapons than the tongue; ay, in good truth, and they who use their tongue too, and who, perhaps, you are under the common error of thinking would not fight, have signalized their prowess. But stay, I will tell you my story more methodically; perhaps you shall not know for these two pages what member of the British senate, of that august divan whose wisdom influences the councils of all Europe, as its incorrupt virtue recalls to mind the purest ages of Rome, was shot in a duel yesterday in Hyde Park. The parliament met on Tuesday. We — for you know I have the honor of being a senator, sat till two in the morning; and had it not been that there is always more oratory, more good sense, more knowledge, and more sound reasoning in the House of Commons than in the rest of the universe put together, the House of Lords only excepted, I should have thought it as tedious, dull, and unentertaining a debate as ever I heard in my days. The business was a complaint made by one King George of a certain paper called the North Briton, No. 45, which the said king asserted was written by a much more famous man, called Mr. Wilkes. — Well! and so you imagine that Mr. Wilkes and King George went from the House of Commons and fought out their quarrel in Hyde Park? And which do you guess was killed? Again you are mistaken. Mr. Wilkes, with all the impartiality in the world, and with the phlegm of an Areopagite, sat and heard the whole matter discussed, and now and then put in a word, as if the affair did not concern him. The House of Commons, who would be wisdom itself, if they could but all agree on which side of a question wisdom lies, and who are sometimes forced to divide in order to find this out, did divide twice on this affair. The first time, one hundred and eleven, of which I had the misfortune to be one, had more

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curiosity to hear Mr. Wilkes's story than King George's; but three hundred being of the contrary opinion, it was plain they were in the right, especially as they had no *private* motives to guide them. Again, the individual one hundred and eleven could not see that the North Briton tended to ferment treasonable insurrections, though we had it argumentatively demonstrated to us for seven hours together; but the moment we heard two hundred and seventy-five gentlemen counted, it grew as plain to us as a pike-staff; for a syllogism carries less conviction than a superior number, though that number does not use the least force upon earth, but only walk peaceably out of the house and into it again. The next day we were to be in the same *numerical* way convinced that we ought to be but one hundred and ten, for that we ought to expel Mr. Wilkes out of the house; and the majority were to prove to us (for we are slow of comprehension, and imbibe instruction very deliberately), that, in order to have all London acquainted with the person and features of Mr. Wilkes, it would be necessary to set him on a high place called the pillory, where every body might see him at leisure. Some were even ready to think, that, being a very ugly man, he would look better without his ears; and poor Sir William Stanhope, who endeavoured all day by the help of a trumpet to listen to these wise debates and found it to no purpose, said, 'If they want a pair of ears, they may take mine, for I am sure they are of no use to me.' The regularity, however, of these systematic proceedings has been a little interrupted. One Mr. Martin, who has much the same quarrel with Mr. Wilkes as King George, and who chose to suspend his resentment, like his Majesty, till with proper dignity he could notify his wrath to parliament, did express his indignation with rather less temper than the king had done, calling Mr. Wilkes to his face *cowardly scoundrel*, which you, who represent monarchs, know is not royal language. Mr. Wilkes, who, it seems, whatever may have been thought, had rather die compendiously than piecemeal, inquired of Mr. Martin by letter, next morning, if he, Mr. Wilkes, was meant by him, Mr. Martin, under the periphrasis *cowardly scoundrel*. Mr. Martin replied in the affirmative, and accompanied his answer with a challenge. They immediately went into Hyde Park; and at the second fire Mr. Wilkes received a bullet in his body. Don't be frightened, the wound was not mortal, — at least it was not yesterday. Being corporally delirious to-day, as he has been mentally some time, I cannot tell what to say to it. However, the breed will not be lost if he should die. You have still countrymen enough left; we need not despair of amusement.

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"Now, would you not think that this man had made noise enough, and that he had no occasion to burn a temple to perpetuate his name? Alas, alas! there is nothing like having two strings to one's bow. The very day in which the scene I have mentioned passed in the House of Commons, Lord Sandwich produced to the Lords a poem, called an *Essay on Woman*, written by the same Mr. Wilkes, though others say, only enlarged by him from a sketch drawn by a late son of a late archbishop. It is a parody on Pope's Essay on Man; and, like that, pretending to notes by Dr. Warburton, the present holy and orthodox Bishop of Gloucester. The piece, indeed, was only printed, and only fourteen copies, but never published. Mr. Wilkes complains that he never read it but to two persons, who both approved it highly, Lord Sandwich and Lord Despencer. The style, to be sure, is at least not unlike that of the last. The wicked even affirm, that very lately, at a club with Mr. Wilkes, held at the top of the play-house in Drury Lane, Lord Sandwich talked so profanely that he drove two harlequins out of company. You will allow, however, that the production of this poem so critically was masterly; the secret, too, was well kept; nor, till a vote was passed against it, did even Lord Temple suspect who was the author. If Mr. Martin has not killed him, nor should we, you see here are faggots enough in store for him still. The Bishop of Gloucester, who shudders at abuse and infidelity, has been measuring out ground in Smithfield for his execution; and in his speech begged the devil's pardon for comparing him to Wilkes." — *Letters to Mann*, Vol. I., pp. 95 – 97.

The effect of this extraordinary attempt to destroy Wilkes was a deep and universal agitation of the popular mind. Churchill came forward in defence of his friend with a satire upon Lord Sandwich, which for vigor and ferocity exceeds any thing of the kind in the English language; and the result of all was, that the mob took the side of the weaker party with enthusiasm. At the theatre, upon the performance of "The Beggar's Opera," when the robber Macheath came to the sentence of his part, "That Jemmy Twitcher should peach me, I own surprises me," the whole audience manifested, by their applause of application, a singularly nice sense of the exact relation which the parties bore to each other in the controversy. Lord Sandwich became known as Jemmy Twitcher everywhere; and such had been the want of discretion of the government, that the vices of the political Macheath were soon forgotten in the indignation excited at

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the manner in which he had been attacked. After the duel with Martin had taken place, Churchill launched forth another of his satires, well calculated to keep the thermometer at boiling point. Parliament had solemnly voted the "North Briton" to be burned by the common hangman. The attempt to execute the order was followed by a riot, the sheriffs and constables were beaten off the ground, and, instead of the obnoxious paper, a jackboot and a petticoat, the emblems of the power supposed to stand behind the throne, — the Scotch earl and the princess mother, — were formally and triumphantly committed to the flames.

The arbitrary proceedings against Wilkes led to earnest and violent discussions in parliament, in which the opposition completely triumphed in the argument, and swelled almost to a majority in numbers. But the words which fell from the leading men had their effect far beyond the circle for which they were intended. They sunk deep in the minds of the people in the Colonies at the very moment when the government was preparing to make an assault upon their rights. The cry of "Wilkes and Liberty" had been familiarly heard in the streets of Boston, before the louder one arose of resistance to stamps. And the mob of that place was not slow to follow the example of the metropolitan city in hanging from the branches of its liberty tree the boot, the odious type of backstairs influence, together with the effigy of the first officer of stamps. The body politic on both continents was now trembling in every muscle, and sinew, and fibre, — a condition portending some violent revolution; and all from what a cause! Four years before, George the Third had been proclaimed sovereign of what was then the most quiet and contented people in the world. The ocean, which at that time bore the aspect of a vast mirror reflecting a sky without a cloud, was now foaming and fretting, with billows mountain-high, under the fitful blasts of the hurricane that had burst upon it. Let those to whom the management of public affairs is intrusted, all over the world, study well the important lesson supplied by the history of these events. Let them practise caution in the adoption, and prudence in the execution, of new experiments, which, whilst they save their names from deep disgrace with posterity, answer the more important and valuable end of keeping an uncounted multitude industrious and happy.

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But our limits warn us of the impossibility of dwelling long even upon the most interesting scenes. The bark of George Grenville, which had escaped the dangers of general warrants and stamp duties, and the dismission of general officers, was suddenly wrecked upon a regency bill; and the king, having tried every other resource in vain, was at last driven to send for the Marquis of Rockingham, now the acknowledged head of the old Whig connection. Thus commenced the fourth ministry in less than five years of the reign, — a ministry somewhat different from its predecessors, as it came in avowedly for the purpose of curing evils inflicted by them, but which were already beyond remedy. Hopeless as was the task, it was undertaken by men to whom the execution of a much lighter one would have been impossible. They had little beyond great fortunes and a very good will to sustain them; but they set about their system with not the less cheerfulness for that. Their first measure was the repeal of the Stamp Act, which, however, they had not the courage to pass without tacking to it a series of resolutions declaratory of the supreme authority of parliament, which robbed it of half its value and effect. They fixed the seal of reprobation upon general warrants, and passed other acts of a popular character. But instead of infusing a drop more of vitality, this policy rapidly brought the government to the verge of dissolution. The king was not cordial, for he never, at any time of his life, loved the old Whig party, and, whenever it was forced upon him, never rested until he got rid of it again. Pitt, whose voice had once more become law over the nation, still remembering their conduct to him two years before, though his sentiments coincided most nearly with this out of all the parties, and though courted almost with servility by them, would neither join them himself, nor tie himself to any line of conduct whatsoever; and the ejected faction, headed by Grenville and the Duke of Bedford, was stirring heaven and earth for materials with which to force itself back into power. There was no way to keep it out but to go again to Pitt. The king had not forgotten the regency bill; so he readily decided for this branch of the alternative. The Lord Chancellor Northington interposed to set the trap for him, Pitt fell into it, and the fifth administration of the reign began under a name now for the first time appearing as that of the Earl of Chatham.

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It would be presumptuous in us to attempt a sketch of an administration which has been immortalized by the pen of Edmund Burke. The great event of the Rockingham administration had been the appearance of this new and bright star in parliament; and such is its importance, that we must stop for a moment in order to present the sketch given upon the occasion by Walpole.

"There appeared in this debate a new speaker, whose fame for eloquence soon rose high above the ordinary pitch. His name was Edmund Burke, an Irishman, of a Roman Catholic family, and actually married to one of that persuasion.* He had been known to the public for a few years by his 'Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful,' and other ingenious works; but the narrowness of his fortune had kept him down, and his best revenue had arisen from writing for booksellers. Lord Rockingham, on being raised to the head of the Treasury, had taken Burke for his private secretary, as Mr. Conway had his cousin William. Edmund immediately proved a bitter scourge to George Grenville, whose tedious harangues he ridiculed with infinite wit, and answered with equal argument. Grenville himself was not more copious; but, with unexhausted fertility, Burke had an imagination that poured out new ideas, metaphors, and allusions, which came forth ready dressed in the most ornamental and yet the most correct language. In truth, he was so fond of flowers, that he snatched them, if they presented themselves, even from Ovid's Metamorphoses. His wit, though prepared, seldom failed him; his judgment often. Aiming always at the brilliant, and rarely concise, it appeared that he felt nothing really but the lust of applause. His knowledge was infinite, but vanity had the only key to it; and though no doubt he aspired highly, he seemed content when he had satisfied the glory of the day, whatever proved the event of the debate. This kind of eloquence contented himself, and often his party; but the house grew weary at length of so many essays. Having come too late into public life, and being too conceited to study men whom he thought his inferiors in ability, he proved a very indifferent politician, — the case of many men I have known, who have dealt too much in books or a profession; they apply their knowledge to objects to which it does not belong, and think it as easy to govern men, when they rise above them, as they found [it?] when themselves were lower and led their superiors

* "Mrs. Burke was a Presbyterian; the belief, however, of her being a Papist was very general. — *Note by the Editor.*"

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by flattery. It is perhaps more expedient for a man of mean birth to be humble after his exaltation than before. Insolence is more easily tolerated in an inferior, than in an inferior mounted above his superiors." — *Memoirs,* Vol. II., pp. 273, 274.

Such is the criticism of a shrewd contemporary; the substance of it all is compressed by Goldsmith into small compass. Yet this indifferent politician will probably have credit with posterity for sustaining on his Atlantean shoulders the whole of the aristocracy, which looked down upon him while he was living, through one of the most fiery struggles known in history. It is almost comical to think, at this time, when the relative position of the parties is so completely altered, of our author's censure of Burke for refusing to continue humble to the last before men, his inferiors, who began life with every advantage over him. That Burke, like almost all the men of mean birth but of great literary and political eminence in Great Britain, should have preferred the maintenance of institutions which pressed hardly upon him to playing the part of a brilliant demagogue for his own benefit, as has been too often done in other countries, ancient and modern, European and American, is, we think, greatly to the credit of his principles. And it is a poor return of gratitude to his services, both for what he did, and for what, when he had the power in his hands, he did not do, to find fault with a consciousness of his own superiority to others, which he could not have the hypocrisy to conceal. Posterity, which loses in the distance the perception of small defects, will probably pronounce Burke, in an age of able men, the great man. In the long columns of the parliamentary reports, where every thing else has become tedious, his speeches contrast like letters of silver against the dark and leaden types which surround them; and his mind shines forth before us as the mind of a philosopher, as well as a statesman, whilst those of the brightest of his day, including Charles Townshend, and Fox, and Pitt, and we may even add Lord Chatham, sink in the comparison into those of the merest politicians.

Of Lord Chatham we have formerly given our estimate so very much at length, that we have little now to add. An explanation of his conduct during his second administration, however, has been made in the present work, which merits

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some notice here. It is more than insinuated, that his anxiety, caused by a breach with his only friend, Lord Temple, at the moment of his assuming the responsibility of office, working upon a frame deeply diseased, produced a state of temporary insanity. It may be that there is some portion of truth in this conjecture, which certainly receives countenance from the careful manner in which he was secluded from all communication with the world during a part of the time. Yet, on the other hand, there are occasional evidences furnished of intelligence by no means consistent with this hypothesis ; and his subsequent career contradicts it altogether. There were many of his day, and Walpole is himself of the number, who imputed to him the habit of feigning illness whenever it did not please him to appear in public. We always allow much to the sarcastic turn of our author's mind, and prefer, in cases of this kind, to take what seems to us the most natural and easy explanation. We cannot believe Pitt to have been constantly guilty of the simulation with which he is charged, and still less can we credit his supposed insanity. We do conceive that he was ill, very ill, with a disorder which pressed him the more severely as his mental anxiety on account of his difficult position became greater. He now felt in its full force the disadvantage of having trod his solitary path aloof from every political connection. He had alienated the Rockingham party, had not conciliated the Bedfords, and, in the just determination to make no terms with George Grenville, he had irritated Lord Temple, who left him with the memorable and prophetic words ringing in his ears, that "He would not go in like a child to come out like a fool." Last of all, he had been tempted by the bawble of a peerage to leave the scene of his supremacy, to surrender the secret of his power. Scarcely could his ministry have been formed, before he must have begun to feel every disadvantage under which he had placed himself. With a master not noted for sincerity, an unstable leader in the House of Commons, — Charles Townshend, — and associates wavering or positively unfriendly, he found, moreover, that he was no longer "*the* Great Commoner" in the eyes of his only real supporters, the body of the English people. His magic wand was broken at the very moment when it was most necessary for him to wield it with effect. The early consciousness of this appears to

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have paralyzed his faculty of exertion. Instead of doing as he did in his former ministry, spreading his energy over the other departments of the government as well as his own, he now left each to get on as it might by its own unassisted resources. He contented himself with devising a system, and left the rest to chance. It can scarcely be surprising, then, that the difficulties of his position, increasing every hour, should have aggravated the evil symptoms in a shattered frame, and laid him upon a bed of suffering incapable of any valuable effort. The wonder is, how his administration got along so well as it did for a time, and that in the face of one of the most memorable defeats in the House of Commons which a ministry ever had, — a vote on the land tax. The truth is, that the whole public was manifesting a signal instance of deference to great abilities. It was waiting for Chatham to get well. But as he did not get well, they learned to do without him, and he was forgotten. Accommodating themselves to the state of things, the ministry let in the Bedfords, and another administration, new-modelled under the auspices of the Duke of Grafton, but subsequently identified with the name of Lord North, began, — the sixth, be it observed, which had passed in quick succession since the commencement of the reign.

Whether, in all these rapid changes on the political chessboard, the hand of the Scotch favorite behind the throne was or was not active, is a question which has not even yet been absolutely determined. That all the leading actors of the time fully believed that it was, and that to this unseen interference was to be charged most of the apparent duplicity of the king's course, is unquestionable. On the other hand, it is equally certain, that Bute considered himself so far from exercising undue influence, as having rather been slighted, and was disposed to insinuate a want of gratitude for his services to the crown. Of the power of Bute during the first six years of the reign, nevertheless, we have no manner of doubt. But that it was as omnipotent as his opponents asserted, or as he would have preferred to have had it, cannot be credited. It is enough for the purposes of history to know, that he gave to the government of the country its unfortunate direction during this reign. From him may be traced the arbitrary doctrines and the tortuous policy which will make the era of George the Third remembered as one

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long and violent contention, — the transition state of the British constitution.

Here we must reluctantly break off. The published portion of the Memoirs before us does not come down quite to the close of Lord Chatham's administration. We propose to reserve the consideration of the next six years until the appearance of the remaining volumes promised by the editor, — a period, it may be remarked, rendered deeply interesting by the publications of Junius, the parliamentary contest between Luttrell and Wilkes, and the commencement of the American troubles. Walpole's estimate of Lord Chatham will close this article. We regard it as on the whole more impartial than most of his characters, and marked by less of his acrimony in fault-finding. At the same time, it should be noticed how little he dwells upon the most marked characteristic of that statesman, his moral excellence in the midst of putrefying corruption. That William Pitt, with all the necessities of which Walpole speaks, should have beaten out his own path to the first position in England, relying entirely upon his own qualities and his own exertions, and that no greater charge should be brought against him during his career, than his accepting legitimate rewards from the crown for inestimable services rendered, makes him the phenomenon of the eighteenth century. We know of no one of his generation whose private letters correspond so entirely to his public professions, or in whom there is visible so little of that pestilent casuistry which infects the very vitals of the general run of political men. That Walpole, although generally a more discriminating judge than we could expect, when we consider his education, was not free from this infection, it is scarcely necessary for us to add. He makes the estimate of a contemporary, and not of a moralist, or a historian; as such, however, it is interesting, if not altogether happy.

"In all Lord Chatham's actions was discernible an imitation of his model, Ximenes; a model ill-suited to a free government, and worse to a man whose situation and necessities were totally different. Was the poor monk thwarted or disgraced, the asylum of his convent was open; and a cardinal, who was clothed in a hair-cloth at court, missed no fine linen, no luxury, in his cloister. Lord Chatham was as abstemious in his diet; but mixed Persian grandeur with herbs and roots. His equipages

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and train were too expensive for his highest zenith of wealth, and he maintained them * when out of place and overwhelmed with debts ;— a wife and children were strange impediments to a Ximenes. Grandeur, show, and a pension could not wrestle with an opulent and independent nobility, nor could he buy them, though he had sold himself. His services to his country were far above those of Ximenes, who trampled on Castilian pride but to sacrifice it to the monarch of Castile. Lord Chatham had recalled the spirit of a brave nation, had given it victory and glory, and victory secured its liberty. As Ximenes had no such objects, the inflexibility of Ximenes was below the imitation of Camillus. It was mean ambition to stoop, from humbling the crowned heads of France and Spain, to contend with proud individuals and the arrogance of factions. At least, would a real great man have doted on a coronet, who prided himself in lowering the peerage? Lord Chatham had been the arbiter of Europe; he affected to be the master of the English nobility; he failed, and remained with a train of domestics whom he could not pay. More like Nicholas Rienzi than Ximenes, the lord of Rome became ridiculous by aping the tawdry pageant of a triumph. Yet, as what is here said is the voice of truth, not the hiss of satire, British posterity will ever remember, that, as Lord Chatham's first administration obtained and secured the most real and substantial benefits to his country, the puerilities of his second could not efface their lustre. The man was lessened, not his merits. Even the shameful peace of Paris, concluded in defiance of him, could not rob the nation of all he had acquired; nor could George the Third resign so much as Pitt had gained for George the Second. Half the empire of Indostan, conquered under his administration by the spirit he had infused, still pours its treasures into the Thames. Canada was subdued by his councils, and Spain and France — that yet dread his name — attest the reality of his services. The memory of his eloquence, which effected all these wonders, will remain, when the neglect of his contemporaries, and my criticisms, will be forgotten. Yet it was the duty of an annalist, and of a painter of nature, to exhibit the varying features of his portrait. The lights and shades of a great character are a moral lesson. Philosophy loves to study the man more than the hero or the statesman; and whether his qualities were real or fictitious, his actions were so illus-

* Yet, so capricious is censure of public men, that even Lord Mahon has revived an old charge against Chatham, for making a public sale of his seven coach-horses, when he went out of office in 1761. Walpole himself notices the fact, with a commentary the direct opposite of this, in his letter to General Conway, dated October 12th of that year.

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trious, that few names in the registers of Time will excite more curiosity than that of William Pitt." — *Memoirs*, Vol. II., pp. 385 – 388.

ART. VI. — 1. *An Account of the Trigonometrical Survey of Massachusetts.* By SIMEON BORDEN, Esq. Published in the Transactions of the American Philosophical Society of Philadelphia. Vol. IX. Part I. 4to.

2. *A Topographical Map of Massachusetts, founded on Trigonometrical, Astronomical, and Local Surveys, made by Order of the Legislature.* SIMEON BORDEN, Superintendent. Published by the State. Boston. 1844.

THE triangulation and survey of Massachusetts for the purpose of constructing a map of the State, and the publication of the map itself, are matters, which, for various reasons, are worthy of some consideration in our pages. The excellent example which has thus been set, we hope, will soon be followed by some of the sister States, and the experience gained in executing this survey, the first of the kind on a large scale which has been made in this country, may be of use in directing their operations. Mr. Borden's modest account of his highly meritorious labors, and of the many ingenious methods which he contrived in order to insure accuracy in his work, is interesting throughout ; but we shall confine our notice chiefly to his details of the history of the survey, and to some of the methods used and the results obtained. The character of the map, and some facts connected with it and its publication, will also be noticed.

The history of the survey, Mr. Borden states, commenced in March, 1830, when the legislature of Massachusetts passed resolves requiring the city of Boston and the several towns in the Commonwealth to make an accurate map, each of its own territory, upon a scale of one hundred rods to an inch, and to deposit the same in the office of the Secretary of State. These resolves gave directions in detail respecting the subject. During the same month, a resolve was passed, authorizing the governor to appoint skilful survey-

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ors to make a survey of the State upon trigonometrical principles, combining astronomical observations with their work. Some time in the following summer, the governor appointed an astronomical and a topographical surveyor. During the season, most of the instruments were procured, and Mr. Borden was called upon to make an apparatus for measuring the base line. In the autumn, a location for the base line was selected, and the line was partially traced. This was all that was done in 1830. In the course of the ensuing winter, Mr. Borden made the measuring apparatus, and repaired the instruments. The apparatus being ready early in the spring of 1831, astronomical and chronometrical observations were commenced by the astronomical, and the surveys and triangulations by the topographical, surveyor. Mr. Borden was at this time assistant to the latter, and continued to be so for three years ; at the termination of that period, the topographical surveyor resigned, and the governor placed the survey under the charge of Mr. Borden.

In 1838, the astronomical surveyor made his final report, and the responsibility of completing the work devolved on Mr. Borden. At this time, the field work was supposed to be completed, and the necessary trigonometrical computations for compiling the map were commenced, when a difficulty was discovered, that might have been expected, considering the great number of individuals who had been employed on the various surveys. This difficulty was caused by the action of the legislature, who wished to save political reputation by saving the funds of the State treasury at the expense of the town treasuries, the expenditures from which would not be so publicly noted. The account before us thus describes the evil.

" After I had completed the field work, and had calculated a sufficient number of the main triangles to cover a section of fifty miles square of the western portion of the State, I commenced the work of compiling the map, when I found that the town maps had been returned to the Secretary so incorrectly drawn as to render it impossible in their actual state to make a satisfactory map from them. I was then obliged to go into the field again, with four or five assistants, to make corrections ; and this operation has been one of continual perplexity, and has cost the State, in my department alone, at the least estimation, ten thousand dollars more than it would have done had the towns

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executed their portion of the work in good faith. It is my opinion, that, had the work been performed from beginning to end under the direction of a faithful and competent engineer, it might have been executed, at the rate of compensation which has been paid, for many thousand dollars less than it has now cost.

"Still, the survey of the State of Massachusetts, including eight thousand two hundred and thirty square miles of territory, and having an indented sea-coast of about three hundred miles, has been completed in a little more than ten years, at an expense of only sixty-one thousand three hundred and twenty-two dollars." — p. 34.

To this expenditure must be added about nine thousand five hundred dollars, paid chiefly for engraving and printing about eight hundred copies of the map for distribution among the several towns of the Commonwealth, the members of the legislature of 1844, the State's members of Congress, the president and vice-president, and the several departments at Washington. The whole cost to the State was nearly seventy-one thousand dollars. The act for the publication of the map provided, that the publisher, in return for the sum received by him from the State, and for the copyright of the work, should be obliged, for the term of three years, to furnish copies of the map to any applicant at the price of five dollars each, or about one half the amount for which any private individual could afford to get up such a work.

After the history of the survey, Mr. Borden enters into some details respecting the instruments and methods used, and then describes very fully the results obtained from his arduous and skilful labors with them. The first work was measuring the base line for the system of triangulation throughout the State, — a work entitling him to the greatest credit. The apparatus by which the base line was measured was of his own invention and construction, and so accurate did it prove, that two separate and independent measurements of a line over seven miles in length differed only 0.237 of an inch, a result showing a degree of perfection in the instruments and their use which we think has never been surpassed. A correct base line is so important an element of a trigonometrical survey, that we deem it of sufficient interest to transcribe from Mr. Borden's second

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paper as perfect a description of the instruments used as can be made intelligible without reference to his diagrams; and we give the account more in detail, because it has not yet been published.

The standard of length first selected was a scale two feet in length, constructed upon compensation principles, and of course unsuitable for division. When afterwards compared at Washington, by Mr. Hassler, of the United States coast survey, with his eighty-two-inch scale of Troughton's construction, which is an exact copy from the well known Troughton scale of Sir George Shuckburg, it was found, at the temperature 57° Fahrenheit, to be 0.0018 inches too short. The Massachusetts scale was used to complete the calculations with, and the corrections were made after a proper standard was fixed upon, which was Hassler's eighty-two-inch Troughton, at 62° Fahrenheit.

The apparatus with which the line was measured is fifty feet in length, and is contained within a strong and firmly soldered tin tube, eight and one-fourth inches in diameter, by which it is supported. It consists of two rods, three eighths of an inch in diameter, one of steel, the other of brass. These rods project six inches at both ends of the tube. They are each in four pieces, of nearly equal lengths, and are united, as it were, into two continuous rods, by what machinists call coupling-boxes. These are cylindrical in shape, about three inches long, and seven-eighths of an inch in diameter, with a hole passing through their centres longitudinally, of the size of the rods. A hole also passes transversely through the middle of the coupling cylinder, through which the observer may see that the ends of the rods are free from dirt or extraneous matter. The end of one of the rods having been inserted into the coupling-box until it makes its appearance in the centre of the transverse orifice, a hole of proper size is drilled through the box and the centre of the rod, in which a pin is inserted, and its ends riveted, so as firmly to bind the rod and coupling-box together. The end of the next rod is provided with a thin mortise, of a size proper to receive a suitable key; the coupling-box, also, has a mortise to correspond to that in the rod. The mortised end of this rod is then inserted into the box, until it comes in contact with the end of the rod to which the coupling-box has already been secured. Then,

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by examining the ends as seen in the transverse orifice, they may be made to meet each other properly. The key is then driven into the mortise, and keeps the ends of the rods firmly in contact with each other. The couplings belonging to the steel rods, as well as the pins and keys, are made of steel; those belonging to the brass rod are made of brass. These rods are supported within the tube by nineteen supports of cast-iron, each held in its place by five screws, to keep them in a single plane, and the rods straight when in their place.

Near the centre of each sheet of tin of which the tube is composed is soldered a ring or flange of tin, one inch deep, which serves to stiffen the tube and prevent it from collapsing while in use; the nineteen supports are placed near these flanges. The tube is about forty-nine feet long, made in four pieces of nearly equal length; they are attached to each other by small screw bolts passing through strong brass flanges, which are soldered into the ends of the several parts. These flanges are cast of sufficient length and strength to serve as bearings, to rest in the Y's of the trestles and support the tube. Each end of the tube, considering all the pieces as one, is tapered to about the size of the inside of the flanges placed within it, and has a cast-iron end fitted to it. Through these iron terminations the brass and steel rods project, and are attached to couplings similar in construction and principle to those which have been described. These couplings are fastened by movable joints to arms or indices; and at one end of the measure the index is made to stand at a constant angle with the axis of the tube by a stirrup-like apparatus screwed to this index and the iron end of the tube.

The arrangements at the other end are quite different, though the projection of the rods beyond the tube and their attachment by coupling-boxes to the index are the same. Within the end of the tube is placed a stiff spiral spring, capable of exerting an expansive force equal to several hundred pounds. There are two circular pieces of cast-iron, with flanges projecting in such a manner as to retain the spiral spring between them; and another piece of circular iron closes the end of the tube. The inner plate of iron is held in its position by two screws, which pass through the iron end of the tube, through a loop or projection of the centre plate, and through this inner plate, and is secured by screws

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and nuts. An iron rod of three fourths of an inch in diameter passes through the centre of the plates and spring to the arm or index. The two screws which hold the inner plate force the spiral spring against the centre plate, which centre plate comes in contact with a nut that is screwed upon the centre rod, and forces the end of it with all the power of the spring against a steel knife-edge fixed to the arm or index, to which the brass and steel rods are attached at equal distances from it, and thus operates to keep them extended or straightened. An iron frame is arranged outside of the end plate, to protect the portions of the rods which project beyond the tube, and to keep the index steady, or always in the same position with regard to the rest of the apparatus.

Near the end of each arm or index is attached a circular piece of silver, crossed at the centre by two fine lines, at right angles with each other, the intersection of which marks the terminus of the measure. One of these pieces is soldered to the arm, the other is soldered upon the head of a screw bolt or clamp, that it may be adjusted so as to make the measuring apparatus of the desired length. The proportions are so regulated, that the distances on the indices from the termini to the rivets which secure the steel rod are to the expansion or contraction of steel, as the distances from the termini to the rivets which secure the brass rod are to the expansion or contraction of brass. If these proportions have been accurately determined, and the terminus marked upon one arm be attached to some stationary object, and a microscope placed securely over the other terminus, it will be evident, from a careful consideration of the arrangement of the apparatus, that the brass and steel rods may expand and contract to the full amount that the differences of temperature require, without changing the position of the terminus under the microscope.

The tube or measure is supported upon two tripods or trestles, very carefully and substantially made, the legs being in two parts, and provided with screws and bolts to lengthen or shorten them as required, and to tighten the joints in case of their shrinking or becoming loose from wear. The Y upon which the tube rests is fixed on a sliding frame levelled with the ordinary levelling-screws, and moved and screwed horizontally with thumb-screws. The microscopes for each end of the measure are compound ones, consisting of a sin-

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gle object lens, and a compound eye-piece of two lenses, with cross hairs at the common focus. The focal distance is about one and five eighths of an inch. They are placed upon trestles, in principle and construction similar to those for the tube, the dimensions being something less. To the sliding frame of the microscope-stand are attached columns to support the microscope, instead of the Y upon which the tube rests.

After describing the instruments employed in measuring his base line, Mr. Borden enters fully into the manner of using them. The base line chosen was on the Connecticut river, above Northampton, and was found to be 39,009.73 feet, or 7.3882 miles, long. Each terminus of the line was marked by a cross on the end of a copper bolt fixed in a large stone firmly bedded in the earth, and extending about eighteen inches beneath the surface. Before measuring the line, it was very accurately run and marked with a theodolite, and afterwards a theodolite was used for each placing of the measure. Eight men were employed in measuring the line, and the manifold operations, performed with great care in the measurement, are very minutely described, and seem well calculated to insure very favorable results.

Mr. Borden next enters into some particulars respecting the operations connected with the triangulation. A twelve-inch repeating theodolite, made by Troughton, with a vertical circle attached, was used to measure the vertical angles, and a telescope forty-six inches in focal length, made by Mr. Borden, to measure the azimuth angles. The various signal-staffs and stations are fully described, and good judgment appears to have been shown in making and using them. The superintendent mentions several atmospheric phenomena, which came under his observation in the course of the survey, some of which he explains in a very satisfactory manner. We quote one passage respecting the transparency of the atmosphere.

"As respects the transparency of the atmosphere, I have made many observations with the view of ascertaining the reasons why distant objects cannot be distinctly seen on certain days when the atmosphere appears to be uncommonly transparent.

"At the latter end of November, 1835, I was at the station in Fairhaven. Soon after our arrival, we had a fall of several

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inches of snow; severe cold weather succeeded it; and, although the atmosphere appeared uncommonly transparent to the unassisted eye, still we were unable to see our distant signals. In a few days after the snow had fallen, the weather became warmer, and a rain ensued which took off nearly all the snow; on the morning following the rain, the 5th of December, we went early to the station, and discovered that all of our signals could be seen with tolerable distinctness, although the atmosphere was apparently not near so transparent as it had been at several of our previous visits to the station. The heavens were densely clouded. I think the sun did not appear at all, or if seen, it must have been so very dimly as not to have perceptible influence on the atmosphere. The day, of course, was, comparatively speaking, a dark one. We commenced our operations of measuring angles as rapidly as we could; but we had not been long engaged in our work before the atmosphere began to present a very curdled appearance, and our signals to appear dim; in a short time they appeared plainer again, and then again more dim; the appearances thus alternating. Having a thermometer, I directed one of my assistants to see if any changes took place in it corresponding with the changes in the appearance of the signals; and we soon ascertained that these changes always occurred together. A slight change of the instrument could be easily detected from the appearance of the signals, particularly when looking across water. I think the change of appearance was not so strikingly apparent across land." — pp. 40, 41.

After making these observations, Mr. Borden gives his estimates of the temperature of the surface of the land and water across which the observations were made. He then says: —

"I came, therefore, to the conclusion, that the nearer the atmosphere and the surface of the earth or water across which the line of sight lies are to the same temperature, the more distinctly can distant objects be seen in an atmosphere of equal transparency." — p. 42.

And further to elucidate the subject, he describes the different appearances of distant objects.

"I would premise, that the atmosphere is supposed to be transparent, that is, free from fogs, smoke, dust, or other heterogeneous matter. We commence in the morning. Our reason will teach us, that the surface of the earth and the atmosphere are oftener at the same temperature at this time. Objects in the morning appear perfectly still, and present a well-defined

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outline. As the sun rises, the surface of the earth absorbs warmth more readily than the air, and, of course, the stratum of air which lies in immediate contact with the earth becomes rarefied and rises, forming ascending currents, while the vacuum is supplied by descending currents. In consequence of this condition of the atmosphere, distant objects present a waving appearance; the light reflected from them appears to be sluggishly refracted from right to left, and from left to right, — the image of the objects appearing of about the same dimensions as when first observed, and with still a distinct outline. The sun continues to rise; the heat increases, and with it ascending and descending currents in the atmosphere; the images of the objects lose their wavy appearance, and appear larger and fainter; the refractions from right to left and from left to right succeed each other with such rapidity that all further appearance of distinct outline disappears, and, in proportion as their apparent size increases, their distinctness diminishes, until, if the objects be small and far off, no traces of them can be seen.

"If we suppose a diminution of heat, from the temperature of distinct sight, in the same ratio that we have been supposing an increase (which frequently takes place in the afternoon of a cold day), objects will present similar appearances, and vanish in the same manner." — pp. 42, 43.

Mr. Borden explains minutely his process of determining the azimuths of the stations, and the system adopted of preparing them for the map. In the account of the vertical triangles and levelling of the primitive stations of the survey, the level above mean tide of many of the most prominent stations throughout the State are put down. We give the level of a few of the stations.

"Cupola of State House, Boston,		248.84 feet.
Nahant,		89.90 "
Blue Hill,	Milton,	635.05 "
Prospect Hill,	Waltham,	482.27 "
Manomet Hill,	Plymouth,	394.25 "
Cassicut Hill,	Fall River,	355.00 "
Holt's Hill,	Andover,	422.95 "
Wachusett Mountain,	Princeton,	2022.02 "
Mount Tom,	Northampton,	1213.63 "
Watatic Mount,	Ashburnham,	1847.35 "
Bald Peak,	Mount Washington,	2623.65 "
Saddle Mountain,	Adams,	3505.50 "

"The mean refractions were found to vary from one tenth to one twentieth of the arc upon the earth's surface contained be-

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tween two stations. In the western portion of the State, the refractions appeared to be much more regular than they were in the eastern, rarely exceeding one twelfth, or falling short of one sixteenth, of the contained arc. This phenomena is probably owing to the trigonometrical stations being much more elevated above the country which surrounds them in the western portion of the State than in the eastern." — pp. 46 – 48.

The latitude and longitude of many places throughout the State were obtained. The remainder of the account, which is the larger portion of it, is occupied with the astronomical and the topographical surveyors' statements of their labors connected with the survey, and a comparison of the results of Mr. Borden's triangulation with those obtained from the astronomical observations. These comparisons afford additional proof of the correctness of the results obtained. We may say here, that several of the trignometrical lines have been verified by the United States coast survey. The line between Pocasset Hill, Tiverton, and Quaker Hill, Portsmouth, R. I., from six to seven miles in length, as determined by the two independent surveys, differed but $\frac{22}{100}$ths of a foot. There is attached to the account an engraved plan of the principal triangles in the survey.

The whole map, as published, is seven feet in length, by four and a half feet in breadth, and is beautifully executed. It contains, first, a map of the State on a scale of two and one half miles to the inch, showing the town boundaries, roads, rivers, mountains, and the topography of the country generally, and the elevation of the different stations of the triangulation; secondly, a geological map or plan, taken from Professor Hitchcock's geological survey, on a scale of five miles to the inch; thirdly, a table of the latitude and longitude of all the light-houses, and a number of other important points in the State; and fourthly, a table giving the year of incorporation of the different counties, towns, and districts, and the population by each census taken by the United States.

It is to be regretted, that, instead of this last table, the contents of which are to be found so readily elsewhere, the space it occupies was not filled with the plan and some of the details of the principal triangles of the survey, on a scale of ten miles to the inch. This would have added much to the scientific character and usefulness of the map,

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and rendered it more worthy of circulation abroad as well as at home. It is a work highly honorable to the State, and should be circulated not only for the information which it will convey, but as an example for the sister States of the Union to follow.

We hope there will be liberality enough in the next legislature to publish a new edition of the map, with the alteration suggested, and to order its distribution to the different colleges and literary institutions of the country; and especially, for the honor of the State, that a number of copies may be presented to Mr. Borden, not by way of remuneration, but as testimonials of respect, and of satisfaction with the manner in which he has discharged his duty. Thus far, he has received only the single copy to which he was entitled as a member of the legislature. Professor Hitchcock received twenty copies of his report, and other persons have been thus remembered in the distribution of the State reports. Why this exception with regard to Mr. Borden? We think it is because the members of the legislature were not aware how much the Commonwealth is indebted to him for the beautiful specimen of art of which they see only the result; the means by which that result was obtained they do not see or know. If they will examine the heterogeneous mass of materials from which the map is compiled, if they will look over that pile of most remarkable documents in the Secretary of State's office, called the "town plans," they will be in some degree enlightened as to the quantity of labor and skill which Mr. Borden has brought to bear upon the work. Each of these plans contained more or less of error; he had to bring them together in such a manner, that the sum of the errors should be a minimum.

This object was attained by a new and most ingenious application of the instrument known in optics as the *Camera Lucida* to the purposes of topographical drawing, by which single invention Mr. Borden not only eliminated the greatest possible amount of error, but also made a great saving in time. This instrument, made in Boston on Mr. Borden's plan, has been introduced into the office of the United States coast survey, and into the bureau of the topographical engineers; and we learn that an experienced draughtsman, who has examined it, has stated that five thousand dollars *per*

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annum would be saved in time in these offices by its use. This is but one of the many ingenious methods contrived by Mr. Borden for insuring accuracy and saving expense; the whole history of the survey of Massachusetts is full of them. We learn, too, that the base-line apparatus invented and made by him is to be introduced in the coast survey, as well as his signal-staffs; and that the instruments made by him for use both in the field and the office are all much superior in character to those found elsewhere. In fact, to whatever department of trigonometrical surveying Mr. Borden turned his attention, he always made improvements upon old methods; and whatever rank the survey of Massachusetts, considered as a scientific work, now holds, or is destined to hold, and whatever accuracy or beauty of execution belongs to the map, the credit of it is justly due to him. It should also be known, that the last appropriation for compiling the map was made on condition that it should suffice for completing the work, —in fact, that it should be the last,— some impatience having arisen from circumstances and delays over which he had no control and for which he was in no way liable. With a due feeling of pride in the proper completion of the map, Mr. Borden continued his labors some six months beyond the time when he could be really held to perform them. We have been somewhat particular in the enumeration of his services, from the fullest conviction that they merit the gratitude of his employers and the respect of the scientific world.

The errors committed by the State consisted, first, in ordering the town plans to be made before the trigonometrical survey was begun, thus losing a correcting influence which would have contributed much to their accuracy; and, secondly, in ordering these plans to be made by the towns, thus requiring the employment of surveyors of all descriptions, faithful and unfaithful, and in many cases unacquainted with sketching and topography. All responsibility as to correctness was thus left with the officers of these towns, some of whom gave this excuse among others for an incorrect plan, that they presumed the plans of many other towns would be equally incorrect. Another error was committed in not permitting the map to be finished with the topography of the hills, valleys, woodlands, villages, &c., fully represented upon it, at an additional expense of only three or four thousand dol-

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lars ; the addition would have made the map of great value to the county commissioners, and saved to each of the western counties a sum much larger than the extra expense. A fourth mistake consisted in not appointing, at the commencement of the work, a competent person, willing to execute it faithfully, and possessing so much of the confidence of the executive and the legislature as to have had the whole work placed under his superintendence, with an assurance that it was to be completed in a manner creditable not only to the State, but to the age. By such an arrangement, the expenses would hardly have been at all increased. These errors, as we believe, are mainly to be attributed to a blind contest for political power, which prevented a liberal and certain appropriation of funds being made for the work, not only at its commencement, but during its execution. Indeed, on two or three occasions, the legislature gave strong indications of a determination to withhold any farther appropriation, and thus to put a stop to the work altogether. On one of these occasions, when consulted by the executive as to the manner in which the survey had been carried on, the writer of these remarks had great satisfaction in being able to say, that he believed it was proceeding in a manner highly honorable to the State. At other times, it was necessary for the governor and other gentlemen interested in the work to exercise all their influence in order to prevent the credit of the State being injured by the abandonment of the survey when already half completed.

With all the troubles and difficulties which had to be encountered in the prosecution of the work, and although a faultless map has not been produced, in consequence of the errors of the town plans, yet, as every part of Mr. Borden's work has been thoroughly and accurately executed, we think it may be pronounced far superior to any map of a considerable portion of territory ever made in North America ; and, notwithstanding many unfavorable circumstances which tended to swell the expense, we believe that no survey of the like extent has ever been made for so small a sum.

We are pleased to see, that the legislature has ordered to be printed and distributed to the different towns and clerks of courts the positions and details of the stations throughout the State, as determined by the trigonometrical survey, accompanied by such other matter obtained in exe-

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cuting the work as may be useful in laying out roads, and in the measurement of towns. The preparation of this work, requiring considerable labor and judgment, devolves upon Dr. Palfrey, the Secretary of State.

ART. VII. — 1. *Contributions to the Edinburgh Review.* By FRANCIS JEFFREY, now one of the Judges of the Court of Sessions in Scotland. London: Longman & Co. 4 vols. 8vo.

2. Wiley & Putnam's *Library of Choice Reading: Characters of Shakspeare.* By WILLIAM HAZLITT. New York. 16mo.

3. *Imagination and Fancy.* By LEIGH HUNT. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 16mo.

THE British Reviews and reviewers of the early part of the present century are closely connected with the history of English literature, not only on account of the influence they exerted on public opinion, but for the valuable contributions which a few of them made to literature itself. Some of the most masterly disquisitions in the whole range of English letters have appeared in the three leading periodicals of the time, — the "Edinburgh Review," the "Quarterly Review," and "Blackwood's Magazine." Almost all systems of philosophy, theology, politics, and criticism have been vehemently discussed in their pages. They have been the organs through which many of the subtlest and strongest intellects have communicated with their age. In generalization, in classifying historical events under ideas and principles, in tracing out the laws which give pertinence to seemingly confused facts, in presenting intellectual and historical epochs in condensed pictures, they have been especially successful. But although containing papers of the greatest merit, their general tone has been too much that of the partisan. Being political as well as literary journals, their judgments of authors have often been determined by considerations independent of literary merit. In criticism, they have repeatedly violated the plainest principles of taste,

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morality, and benevolence. Their dictatorial "we" has been assumed by some of the most unprincipled hacks that ever lifted their hoofs against genius and virtue. Though they did good in assisting to purge literature of much mediocrity and stupidity, it is questionable whether their criticism on contemporaries was not, on the whole, productive of evil. The rage for strong writing, which the success of their example brought into fashion, at one time threatened to destroy all discriminating criticism. An article was more effective by being spiced with sarcasm and personalities, and the supply was equal to the demand. The greatest poets of the day found themselves at the mercy of anonymous writers, whose arrogance was generally equalled only by their malice or ignorance, and by whom a brilliant libel was considered superior to the fairest *critique*.

It is impossible to look over the current criticism of that day, and observe the meanness and injustice which so often characterize it, without a movement of indignation. This is mingled with surprise, when we discover in it traces of the hand of some distinguished man of talent, who has lent himself to do the dirty work of faction or prejudice. The great poets of the period were compelled to suffer, not merely from attacks on their writings, but from all that malice could bring against their personal character, and all that party hostility could bring against their notions of government. It was unfortunate, that the same century in which an important revolution occurred in the spirit and character of poetry was likewise that in which political rancor raged and foamed almost to madness. The exasperated passions growing out of the political dissensions of the time, which continually brought opposite opinions in a rude shock against each other, and turned almost every impressible spirit into a heated partisan, gave a peculiar character of vindictiveness to literary judgments. The critics, being politicians, were prone to decide upon the excellence of a poet's images, or a rhetorician's style, by the opinion he entertained of Mr. Pitt and the French Revolution. The same journal, which could see nothing but blasphemy and licentiousness in the poetry of Shelley, could find matter for inexpressible delight in the poetry of John Wilson Croker. Criticism, in many instances, was the mere vehicle of malignity and impudence. Whigs libelled Tory writers, Tories anathematized Whigs.

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Eminence in letters was to be obtained only by men gifted with strong powers of endurance or resistance. The moment a person became prominent in the public eye, he was considered a proper object of public contempt or derision. As soon as his head appeared above the mass, he was certain that some journal would deem him worthy of being made the butt of merciless satire or scandalous personalities. Every party and *clique* had its organ of "public" opinion; and, in disseminating its peculiar prejudices or notions, exhibited a plentiful lack of justice and decorum. The coarseness and brutality which party spirit thus engendered brought down the moral qualifications of the critic to a low standard. Every literary bully, who was expert in the trade of intellectual assassination, could easily find employment both for his cowardice and his cruelty. The public looked admiringly on, month after month, as these redoubtable torturers in the Inquisition of letters stretched some bard on the rack, and insulted his agonies with their impish glee. If the author denied, in meek or indignant tones, the justice of the punishment, the reply which they sometimes condescended to make was in the spirit of the taunt with which the judges in "The Cenci," mocked the faltering falsehoods of their tortured victim:—

> "Dare you, with lips yet white from the rack's kiss,
> Speak false? Is it so soft a questioner,
> That you can bandy lover's talk with it,
> Till it wind out your life and soul?"

From this insolence and vindictiveness few British periodicals have been free, though there are wide differences in the ability and learning of the contributors, and in the artistical form which their bad qualities have taken. No eminent man, of any party, has escaped criticism of the kind we have noticed,—criticism having its origin in the desire to pamper a depraved taste, in envy, and hatred, and political bigotry,—a criticism which considered the publication of a book merely as an occasion to slander its author. Insignificance was the only shield from defamation.

But perhaps the authors of the time suffered less vexation from those critical strictures directly traceable to malevolence and political fanaticism, than from those which were dictated under a lack of sympathy with the spirit of their works. There can hardly be a more exquisite torture de-

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vised for a sensitive man of genius, than to have the merit of his compositions tested by canons of taste which he expressly repudiates, or dogmatically judged by one who cannot comprehend the qualities which constitute their originality and peculiar excellence. If the critic has the larger audience of the two, and his decisions are echoed as oracular by the mob of readers, the thing becomes doubly provoking. The personal feelings of the poet are outraged, and his writings are, for the time, prevented from exerting that influence which legitimately belongs to them. As an earnest man, conceiving that he has a message of some import to deliver to the world, he must consider his critic as doing injury to society, as well as to himself. This impression is apt to engender a morbid egotism, which makes him impatient even of just censure, and to render the gulf between him and the public wider and more impassable. Much of the narrowness and captiousness, which we observe in ludicrous connection with some of the noblest thoughts and most exalted imaginations of the poets of the present century, had their source in the stings which vindictive or flippant reviewers had planted in their minds. Thus unjust or ignorant criticism subverts the purpose it proposes to accomplish, and makes the author suspicious of its capacity to detect faults, where it is so plainly incompetent to apprehend beauties. Besides, though it seems to annihilate its object, its effect is but transitory. That silent gathering of thought and sentiment in the minds of large bodies of people, which, when it has assumed distinct shape, we call public opinion, reverses the dicta of self-constituted literary tribunals; indeed, it changes the tone of the tribunals themselves. In 1816, the "Edinburgh Review" assumes an attitude of petulant dictatorship to Wordsworth, and begins a *critique* on "The Excursion" with, "This will never do"; in 1831, it prefaces an objection to one characteristic trait of his descriptions of nature with the words, "In spite of the reverence we feel for the genius of Mr. Wordsworth"!

Among the essayists and reviewers of the time, Francis Jeffrey occupies a prominent position. He was one of the projectors of the "Edinburgh Review," — the earliest, ablest, and most influential of the periodicals of the nineteenth century, — and from 1803 to 1829 its editor. A selection from his contributions, occupying four octavo

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volumes, has been lately published under his own superintendence. These evince a mind of versatile talents and acquirements, confident in its own capacity, and delivering unhesitating judgments on all matters relating to politics, literature, and life, without the slightest self-distrust. It would be useless to deny, that many of the opinions in these volumes are unsound and presumptuous, that they are far in the rear of the critical judgments of the present day, and that some of their most dogmatic decisions have been reversed in the journal where they originally appeared, — some by himself, but more by Macaulay, Carlyle, Hazlitt, and others. The influence of very few of his articles has been permanent. Written for the most part to serve a transitory purpose, and deficient in fixed and central principles, their influence has ceased with the controversies they excited. With a few exceptions, they will be read rather for the merits of their style and the peculiar individuality they embody, than for any additions they have made to thought or knowledge. When we consider that their author assumed to show the poets and thinkers of a whole generation how to write and to think, and that he has not left behind him a single critical principle connected with his name, his pretensions are placed in a disadvantageous contrast with his powers.

A prominent defect of Jeffrey's literary criticism arose from his lack of earnestness, — that earnestness which comes, not merely from the assent of the understanding to a proposition, but from the deep convictions of a man's whole nature. He is consequently ingenious and plausible, rather than profound, — a man of expedients, rather than of ideas and principles. In too many of his articles, he appears like an advocate, careless of the truth, or skeptical as to its existence or possibility of being reached, and only desirous to make out as good a case for his own assumed position as will puzzle or unsettle the understandings of his hearers. His logical capacity is shown in acute special pleading, in sophistical glosses, more than in fair argument. He is almost always a reasoner on the surface, and the moment he begins to argue, the reader instinctively puts his understanding on guard, with the expectation of the ingenious fallacies that are to come. He cannot handle universal principles, founded in the nature of things, and he

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would not, if he could ; for his object is victory rather than truth. When a proposition is presented to his mind, his inquiry is not whether it be true or false, but what can be said in its favor or against it. The skeptical and refining nature of his understanding, leading him to look at things merely as subjects for argument, and the mockery and *persiflage* of manner which such a habit of mind induces, made him a most provoking adversary to a man who viewed things in a more profound and earnest manner.

As an effect of this absence of earnestness, and of the consequent devotion of his faculties to the mere attainment of immediate objects, we may mention his subordination of principle to tact, both in his own writings and in his management of the Review. There is no critic more slippery, none who can shift his position so nimbly, or who avoids the consequences of a blunder with such brilliant dexterity. He understood to perfection the art of so mingling praise and blame, that, while the spirit and effect of the *critique* was to represent its object as little better than a dunce, its mere letter was consistent with a more favorable view. Thus, while it was the fashion to underrate and ridicule any class of poets, there was none who could do it with more consummate skill than Jeffrey, — none who could gain more reputation for sense and acumen in the position he assumed ; but whenever public feeling changed, he could still refer to his course, and prove that he had always acknowledged the extraordinary gifts of his victims, and only ridiculed or mourned their misdirection. He thus made his writings oracular among all talkers about taste and letters, among all who felt and thought superficially. He was popular with them, not because he gave them deeper principles by which to judge of merit, but because he reconciled them to their own shallowness. The lazy and the superficial, who consider every thing as nonsense which they have not the sense to perceive, are especially gratified with the writer who confirms their own impressions by plausible arguments, and expresses them in brilliant language. Profound and earnest feeling, sentiments of awe, wonder, and reverence, a mind trained to habits of contemplation on man and the universe, were needed in the critic who would do justice to Wordsworth and Coleridge. These Jeffrey did not possess ; but instead he had a subtle understanding, considera-

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ble quickness of apprehension, sensibility, and fancy, a great deal of wit, a most remarkable fluency of expression, and, with little insight beyond the surface of things, an acute perception of their practical and conventional relations. In the exercise of these powers on their appropriate subjects, he appears to great advantage. No one could demolish a dunce more effectively, or represent in clearer light the follies and crimes of knavish politicians. But when he came to discuss the merits of works of high and refined imagination, or to criticize sentiments lying deeper than those which usually appear in actual life, he did little more than express brilliant absurdities. It is here that we discover his lack of power to perceive the thing he ridicules; and accordingly his wit only beats the air.

In saying this we are by no means insensible to the charm of Jeffrey's wit, nor to the facile grace of his diction. The reviews of Wordsworth's different works are masterpieces of impertinence. The airiness and vivacity of expression, the easy arrogance of manner, the cool and provoking dogmatism, the insulting tone of fairness, the admirable adaptation of the sarcasm to tease and irritate its object, the subordination of the praise of particular passages to the sweeping condemnation passed on the whole poem, and the singular skill with which the loftiest imaginations are represented as commonplace or nonsensical, are good examples of Jeffrey's acutenesss and wit. Of "The Excursion" he remarks:—

"It is longer, weaker, and tamer, than any of Mr. Wordsworth's other productions; with less boldness of originality, and less even of that extreme simplicity and lowliness of tone which wavered so prettily, in the Lyrical Ballads, between silliness and pathos. We have imitations of Cowper, and even of Milton, here, engrafted on the natural drawl of the Lakers,—and all diluted into harmony by that profuse and irrepressible wordiness which deluges all the blank verse of this school of poetry, and lubricates and weakens the whole structure of their style."

Then the critic informs us, that, if he were to describe the volume very shortly, he should characterize it

"as a tissue of *moral and devotional ravings*, in which innumerable changes are rung upon a very few simple and familiar ideas;—but with such an accompaniment of long words,

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long sentences, and unwieldy phrases — and such a hubbub of strained raptures and fantastic sublimities, that it is often difficult for the most skilful and attentive student to obtain a glimpse of the author's meaning — and altogether impossible for an ordinary reader to conjecture what he is about. . . . . The fact accordingly is, that in this production he is more obscure than a Pindaric poet of the seventeenth century; and more verbose 'than even himself of yore'; while the wilfulness with which he persists in choosing his examples of intellectual dignity and tenderness exclusively from the lowest ranks of society, will be sufficiently apparent from the circumstance of his having thought fit to make his chief prolocutor in this poetical dialogue, the chief advocate of Providence and Virtue, an *old Scotch Pedler* — retired indeed from business — but still rambling about in his former haunts, and gossiping among his old customers without his pack on his shoulders. The other persons of the drama are, a retired military chaplain, who has grown half an atheist and half a misanthrope — the wife of an unprosperous weaver — a servant-girl with her natural child — a parish pauper, and one or two other personages of equal rank and dignity."

After condemning some of the most splendid, and some feeble, passages in the poem, and extracting a few which are thought really beautiful or pathetic, this honest critic concludes thus: —

"The absurdity in this case, we think, is palpable and glaring; but it is exactly of the same nature with that which infects the whole substance of the work — a puerile ambition of singularity engrafted on an unlucky predilection for truisms; and an affected passion for simplicity and humble life, most awkwardly combined with a taste for mystical refinements, and all the gorgeousness of obscure phraseology. His taste for simplicity is evinced by sprinkling up and down his interminable declamations a few descriptions of baby-houses, and of old hats with wet brims; and his amiable partiality for humble life, by assuring us that a wordy rhetorician, who talks about Thebes, and allegorizes all the heathen mythology, was once a pedler — and making him break in upon his magnificent orations with two or three awkward notices of something that he had seen when selling winter raiment about the country — or of the changes in the state of society, which had almost annihilated his former calling."

In the review of the "White Doe of Rylstone," Jeffrey

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is even more emphatic in his censures. He had given up Wordsworth, on the appearance of "The Excursion," as beyond the reach of his teachings; and accordingly, in this article, he merely libels and parodies his poem. We are told that,

"In the Lyrical Ballads, he was exhibited, on the whole, in a vein of very pretty deliration; but in the poem before us he appears in a state of low and maudlin imbecility, which would not have misbecome Master Silence himself, in the close of a social day. . . . . The seventh and last canto contains the history of the desolated Emily and her faithful doe; but so very discreetly and cautiously written, that we will engage that the most tender-hearted reader shall peruse it without the least risk of any excessive emotion. The poor lady runs about indeed for some years in a very disconsolate way, in a worsted gown and flannel night-cap: But at last the old white doe finds her out, and takes again to following her — whereupon Mr. Wordsworth breaks out into this fine and natural rapture," &c., &c.

The importance which should attach to criticism like this may be estimated by a short contrast of the character and pursuits of the poet and critic; Wordsworth, living amid the most magnificent scenery, impressed with a mysterious sense of the spiritualities of things, pure, high-minded, imaginative, contemplative, earnest; — Jeffrey, passing his life in the bustle of politics and courts of law, brisk, vivacious, plausible, sarcastic, practical, available. Was ever poet matched with critic so well calculated to discern excellences, so capable of correcting faults?

In his articles on the poetry of Crabbe, Campbell, Byron, Scott, Moore, Keats, Rogers, and Mrs. Hemans, although we think he has not always perceived their highest merits, or accurately estimated their relative position, Jeffrey still appears to considerable advantage. The happy facility of his expression, the neatness and precision of his thinking, his occasional glow of feeling and fancy, and his sly, stinging wit, make them very fascinating compositions. But we see nothing in them that indicates the highest taste, — nothing that gives evidence of profound feeling or thought. They are kept studiously within the tone of "good society." Though vigorous and brilliant, they rather sparkle than burn, and have little of the living energy of earnest feel-

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ing. Though Jeffrey evidently felt contempt for the taste of Wordsworth and Coleridge, none of his articles on poetry can be compared, in point of true insight into critical principles, with their prefaces and essays on the same theme. But these articles still have a charm apart from their critical value ; and we have no doubt that they will long be read for their shrewdness and point, and their peculiar sweetness and grace of diction. The practical remarks are always acute, and evince uncommon power of distinct expression. The review of Moore's "Lalla Rookh" — a work just calculated to display his qualities of mind and manner in their best light — is full of fancy and observation, conveyed in a style of exuberant richness. There is one sentence which well illustrates the richness and ease of expression which he had so readily at command.

"There are passages," he says, "and those neither few nor brief, over which the very Genius of Poetry seems to have breathed his richest enchantment, — where the melody of the verse and the beauty of the images conspire so harmoniously with the force and tenderness of the emotion, that the whole is blended into one deep and bright stream of sweetness and feeling, along which the spirit of the reader is borne passively away, *through long reaches of delight.*"

The passage on Shakspeare, in the review of Hazlitt, is another instance of his sweetness and luxuriance of diction. Though it is well known, we cannot resist the inclination to quote it.

"In the exposition of these is room enough for originality, — and more room than Mr. Hazlitt has yet filled. In many points, however, he has acquitted himself excellently ; — partly in the development of the principal characters with which Shakspeare has peopled the fancies of all English readers — but principally, we think, in the delicate sensibility with which he has traced, and the natural eloquence with which he has pointed out their familiarity with beautiful forms and images — that eternal recurrence to what is sweet or majestic in the simple aspects of nature — that indestructible love of flowers and odors, and dews and clear waters, and soft airs and sounds, and bright skies, and woodland solitudes, and moonlight bowers, which are the material elements of poetry — and that fine sense of their undefinable relation to mental emotion, which is its essence and vivifying soul — and which, in the midst of Shakspeare's most busy

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and atrocious scenes, falls like gleams of sunshine on rocks and ruins — contrasting with all that is rugged and repulsive, and reminding us of the existence of purer and brighter elements — which he alone has poured out from the richness of his own mind, without effort or restraint, and contrived to intermingle with the play of all the passions and the vulgar course of this world's affairs, without deserting for an instant the proper business of the scene, or appearing to pause or digress from love of ornament or need of repose; — he alone, who, when the object requires it, is always keen, and worldly, and practical — and who yet, without changing his hand, or stopping his course, scatters around him, as he goes, all sounds and shapes of sweetness — and conjures up landscapes of immortal fragrance and freshness, and peoples them with spirits of glorious aspect and attractive grace — and is a thousand times more full of fancy and imagery, and splendor, than those who, for the sake of such qualities, have shrunk back from the delineation of character or passion, and declined the discussion of human duties and cares. More full of wisdom, and ridicule, and sagacity, than all the moralists and satirists in existence — he is more wild, airy, and inventive, and more pathetic and fantastic, than all the poets of all regions and ages of the world — and has all those elements so happily mixed up in him, and bears his high faculties so temperately, that the most severe reader cannot complain of him for want of strength or of reason — nor the most sensitive for defect of ornament or ingenuity. Every thing in him is in unmeasured abundance, and unequalled perfection — but every thing so balanced and kept in subordination, as not to jostle, or disturb, or take the place of another. The most exquisite poetical conceptions, images, and descriptions, are given with such brevity, and introduced with such skill, as merely to adorn, without loading, the sense they accompany. Although his sails are purple and perfumed, and his prow of beaten gold, they waft him on his voyage, not less but more rapidly and directly than if they had been composed of baser materials. All his excellences, like those of Nature herself, are thrown out together; and, instead of interfering with, support and recommend each other. His flowers are not tied up in garlands, nor his fruits crushed into baskets — but spring living from the soil, in all the dew and freshness of youth; while the graceful foliage in which they lurk, and the ample branches, the rough and vigorous stem, and the wide-spreading roots on which they depend, are present along with them, and share, in their places, the equal care of their creator."

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Every reader will appreciate the voluble beauty of this loving description ; and passages almost equal to it, in richness and melody, are not infrequently found in the multifarious *critiques* of the author. The elaborate disquisition on Beauty, though founded on a mistaken theory, is written with a grace and unstudied ease, which cannot fail to interest and charm. We could not, without trespassing beyond our limits, enter into a discussion to test the force of its reasoning or the pertinence of its illustrations ; but we think that no poet, who ever created new beauty, could subscribe to Jeffrey's theory without doing violence to his nature. By making beauty dependent on the association of external things with the ordinary emotions and affections of our nature, by denying its existence, both as an inward sense and as an outward reality, he substantially annihilates it. His theory of "agreeable sensations" would find but little toleration from any whose souls had ever been awed before the presence of the highest beauty which the mind can recognize. Jeffrey has not made out his case even from his own point of view ; and a reader, who carefully follows the ingenious twists and turns of his argument, finds that the theory is radically superficial, or continually supposes the very principles it aims to reason away. He misconceives the nature and processes of the imagination, or rather, in the dazzling fence of his rhetoric, imagination is used more as a meaningless word, than as that power which,

> "Like to the fabled Cytherea's zone,
> Binding all things with beauty,"

is not only the bond which unites the soul with external objects, and gives the feeling and sense of beauty, but likewise suggests a loveliness grander than both, compared with which all finite beauty is insignificant. The contempt with which he refers to a "rapturous Platonic doctrine as to the existence of a Supreme Good and Beauty, and of a certain internal sense, by which both beauty and moral merit are distinguished," shows that his consciousness had never been disturbed by a class of phenomena vitally important to a settlement of the question he discusses. Carlyle, in an article in the Edinburgh Review, published in 1829, entitled "Signs of the Times," quietly sneers at the editor's whole theory, we believe, without condescending to expend any

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argument upon it. The same writer has contradicted Jeffrey's estimate of Burns, of Goethe, and of German literature generally, in the Edinburgh Review, with the most provoking coolness.

Perhaps the ablest and most interesting contributions of Jeffrey to the Review were those in which he portrayed the characters of eminent authors and politicians, such as his articles on Swift, Warburton, Burns, Franklin, Alfieri, Mackintosh, Curran, Richardson, and Cowper. The impeachment of Swift of high crimes and misdemeanours, before the bar of history, is a masterpiece of its kind, and has obtained deserved celebrity. The vices of his character are exposed with tremendous force, and considered as an argument drawn simply from the actions of the man, the article is conclusive. But even in this able and powerful paper the deficiencies of Jeffrey are still apparent. In delineating character, he did it from the "skin inwards, and not from the heart outwards." His own character was the test he ever applied. He had not imagination enough to identify himself with another, and look at things from his point of view. Thus, all the palliations which bad or questionable actions might receive from original temperament or mental disease were not taken into consideration; but the individual was judged from an antagonist position, according to the very letter which killeth. This is the mode of the advocate, rather than of the critic. In the case of Swift, the feeling that the article excites against the man is one of unmitigated detestation. A more profound knowledge of his internal character might have modified the harshness of this feeling with one of commiseration. A similar remark is applicable to the judgment expressed of Burns. As regards Warburton, however, we think Jeffrey was essentially right. Nothing can be finer than the castigation he gives the insolent and vindictive bishop, at the same time that he acknowledges his talents and erudition.

Jeffrey's political articles are very spirited compositions, full of information and ability, displaying an admirable practical intellect and talent for affairs, and great command over the weapons both of logic and sarcasm. The course of the Edinburgh Review, in opposing with courage and skill the numerous political crimes and corruptions of the day, and the vigor with which it scourged tyranny and its apologists, though too often alloyed by wilful injustice to authors who

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happened to be classed with the Tory party, will always be remembered in its favor. The part which the editor took in the political warfare of the time was honorable to his talents and his integrity. Though the extreme practical view he takes of government and freedom is not always to our taste, and though we could have wished that he possessed a more hopeful faith in human nature, and principles deeper grounded in right and less modified by expediency, it would be unjust to deny his claim to be considered among the most prominent of those who, in small minorities and with the whole influence of the government against them, warred for years, with inflexible zeal, to overthrow great abuses, and remove pestilent prejudices.

The critical and historical essays, contributed to the Edinburgh Review by Thomas Babington Macaulay, have obtained a wide celebrity. Compared with Jeffrey, he may be said to have more earnestness, industry, learning, energy of feeling, more intellectual and moral hardihood, and a wider range of argumentation, but less grace, ease, subtilty, and sweetness. There are few writers more purely masculine, more free from all feminine fastidiousness of taste and sentiment, more richly endowed with the qualities of a hard and robust manhood, than Macaulay. His diction and style of thinking indicate physical as well as mental strength, and a contemptuous impatience of all weak emotions. He never commits himself on any subject until he has fully mastered it, and then he writes like a person who neither expects nor gives quarter, — who shows no mercy for the errors of others, because he cares not to have any shown to his own. Though a good analyst, his chief strength lies in generalization. He would hardly condescend, like Jeffrey, to pause and play with the details of a subject, or fritter away his acuteness in petty refinements ; but he always aims to grasp general principles. He has one power that Jeffrey lacks, — the capacity to learn from other minds. Accustomed to look before and after, to view a literary or a political revolution in its connection with general history, his taste is comprehensive in the sense of not being fettered by conventional rules. He has considerable rectitude of intellect, and a desire to ascertain the truth of things. His literary criticism refers to the great elements or the prominent characteristic of an author's mind, not to the minutiæ of his rhetoric or his

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superficial beauties and faults. With Jeffrey, the reverse is often true. His wit and acuteness are so continually exercised in detecting and caricaturing small defects, that the result of his representation is to magnify the faults of his author into characteristics, and to consider his excellences as exceptions to the general rule. Macaulay, by taking a higher point of view, by his willingness to receive instruction as well as to administer advice, contrives to give more effect to his censures of faults, by keeping them in strict subordination to his warm acknowledgment of merits. The skill with which he does this entitles him to high praise as an artist. He has attempted to delineate a large number of eminent men of action and speculation, many of whose characters present a seemingly tangled web of virtues and crimes ; and he has been almost always successful in preserving the keeping of character, and the relation which different qualities bear to each other. Milton, Hampden, Johnson, Bunyan, Chatham, Walpole, Byron, Addison, Shelley, Clive, Hastings, Frederic the Great, Bacon, and Barrère, are admirable illustrations of his felicity of delineation. He places himself in the position of the man whose character and actions he judges, seizes upon his leading traits of mind and disposition, and ascertains the relation borne to them by his other powers and feelings. As his object is to represent his subject pictorially to the imagination, as well as analytically to the understanding, and at all events to stamp a correct portrait on the mind of the reader, he sometimes epigrammatically exaggerates leading traits, in order that the complexity of the character may not prevent the perception of its individuality. This epigrammatic manner has often been censured as a fault, — in some instances justly censured ; but we think that his use of it often evinces as much wisdom as wit ; for his object is to convey the truth more vividly, by suggesting it through the medium of a brilliant exaggeration. No person is such a fool as to give the epigram a literal interpretation ; and all must acknowledge, that at times it is an arrow of light, sent directly into the heart of the matter under discussion.

There is probably no writer living, who can hold up a great criminal to infamy with such terrible force of invective and sarcasm as Macaulay. Scattered over his essays, we find references to men and events that have become immor-

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tal through their criminality; and he has allowed few such occasions to pass without a flash of scorn or an outbreak of fiery indignation. All instances of bigotry, meanness, selfishness, and cruelty, especially if they are overlaid with sophistical defences, he opposes with a force of reason and energy of passion, which render them as ridiculous as they are infamous. He is especially severe against those panders to tyranny, who attempt to reason base actions into respectability, and to give guilt the character of wisdom. He crushes all such opponents with a kind of merciless strength. Even when his view of a person is on the whole favorable, he never defends any crime he commits. This is the case in the most difficult and delicate task he ever undertook, — the character and actions of Warren Hastings. No one can be more severe than he on Mr. Gleig, the worthy biographer and apologist of Hastings. Every instance of oppression and cruelty which comes under his notice he condemns with the utmost indignation; but in summing up the character, he balances great crimes against great difficulties and strong temptations. The reader is at liberty to take an opposite view, and, indeed, is supplied with the materials of an impartial moral judgment. In truth, Macaulay's admiration of great intellectual powers and talent for administration is preserved amid all the detestation he feels for the crimes by which they may be accompanied. This is the amount of his toleration for Warren Hastings. In the case of Barrère, however, he had to do with a man as mean in intellect as he was fiendlike in disposition; and his delineation of him is masterly. The skill with which the essential littleness of the man is kept in view amid all the greatness of his crimes, the mingled contempt and horror which his actions inspire, and the felicity with which his cruelty is always associated with his cowardice and baseness, are in Macaulay's finest manner.

We have introduced this notice of Macaulay rather to illustrate the objection to Jeffrey, than from any hope or intention to give his various writings a strict review; and we accordingly pass to another eminent essayist and critic, Sir James Mackintosh. His miscellaneous compositions are now in the course of publication in London. He is known as the author of various political, literary, and philosophical articles in the Edinburgh Review. It would be

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difficult to mention any writer, whose name has been connected with the literary journals of the nineteenth century, who has carried into the task of criticism so much fairness and moderation as Mackintosh. His nature was singularly free from asperity and dogmatism ; to a large understanding, and boundless stores of knowledge, he united candor, and even humility, in their employment. His mind was eminently judicial. From the character of his intellectual powers, and the moral qualities from which they received their direction, it was natural for him to look at things with an impartial desire to arrive at truth, and to view both sides of every question. The very fact, that his opinions on any subject were decided, induced him to examine the claims of adverse opinions with the more care and candor, rather than to dispose of them with contempt or bitterness. He had no intellectual pride, no love for principles simply because they were his by discovery or adoption. His mind was always open to new truth. As far as his perceptions extended, he ever did full and complete justice to all systems of philosophy or legislation which came under his notice. He was incapable of misrepresenting a personal enemy or a political opponent. We have sometimes thought, that an argument for the Whig party of Great Britain might be built on the simple fact, that their general principles and conduct were warmly approved by a man of so much comprehensiveness of heart and understanding, and so much freedom from partisanship, as Sir James Mackintosh.

The intellectual and moral character of this eminent man are so closely connected, that it is difficult to view them separately. We do not think his works are fair and full exponents of his nature ; and his reputation was always justly greater for what he was, than for what he performed, valuable as were most of his performances. His friends and associates were among the greatest intellects of his time, and he was respected and venerated by them all. His name always carried with it a moral influence ; and wherever heard, it was always associated with sound and weighty views of philosophy, with liberal principles of government, with learning, humanity, justice, and freedom. His influence was great, although it was not so palpable as that of many among his contemporaries ; and it will be permanent. A man of so much uprightness and virtue, placed in such a prominent po-

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sition, and mingling daily with his contemporaries as a practical statesman and philosopher, could not fail to wield unconsciously great power over the opinions and actions of his generation; and the beauty of his character will long continue to exert an influence, in insensibly moulding the minds of scholars and statesmen, and giving a humane and moral direction to their powers.

Among the critical essays contributed by Mackintosh to the Edinburgh Review, the most distinguished are his two articles on Dugald Stewart's review of the "Progress of Ethical, Metaphysical, and Political Science." These are eminently characteristic of his mind and character, being remarkable rather for largeness of view than strength of grasp, and free altogether from the fanaticism of system. The sketches of Aquinas, Bacon, Descartes, Hobbes, Locke, Boyle, Leibnitz, Machiavel, Montaigne, Grotius, Puffendorf, Barrow, and Jeremy Taylor, abound in profound remark, and often in delicate criticism. The different thinkers who pass before him for review he treats with admirable fairness, and sets forth their leading principles in a clear light. Though the style is elegant and condensed, it is at times languid, as if it paused in its movement with the pauses of the writer's judgment, or its pace was retarded by the mass of thought and erudition it conveyed. Occasionally it becomes a little verbose, from the introduction of words to restrain the full force of general epithets, or to indicate minute distinctions. A large number of striking thoughts might be quoted from these articles. They can be read again and again with pleasure and instruction. The weight, solidity, and coolness of understanding, of which Mackintosh's disquisitions give so marked an example, remind the reader more of the judicial minds of the old English prose writers, than of the pugnacious and partisan intellects of the moderns. They lack the fire both of passion and prejudice; but their mingled gravity and sweetness of feeling, and amplitude of comprehension, will always preserve their interest. His miscellaneous essays and reviews, when collected, will occupy, we think, a permanent place in the higher literature of the generation of thinkers to which he belongs.

The various disquisitions of Sir William Hamilton seem to have attracted but little attention on this side of the Atlantic, from the fact that they deal with subjects somewhat

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removed from popular taste and popular apprehension ; yet it would be difficult to name any contributions to a Review, which display such a despotic command of all the resources of logic and metaphysics, as his articles in the Edinburgh Review on Cousin, Dr. Brown, and Bishop Whately. Apart from their scientific value, they should be read as specimens of intellectual power. They evince more intense strength of understanding than any other writings of the age ; and in the blended merits of their logic, rhetoric, and learning, they may challenge comparison with the best works of any British metaphysicians. He seems to have read every writer, ancient and modern, on logic and metaphysics, and is conversant with every philosophical theory, from the lowest form of materialism to the most abstract development of idealism ; and yet his learning is not so remarkable as the thorough manner in which he has digested it, and the perfect command he has of all its stores. Every thing that he comprehends, no matter how abstruse, he comprehends with the utmost clearness, and employs with the most consummate skill. He is altogether the best trained reasoner on abstract subjects of his time. He is a most terrible adversary, because his logic is unalloyed by an atom of passion or prejudice ; and nothing is more merciless than the intellect. No fallacy, or sophism, or half-proof, can escape his analysis, and he is pitiless in its exposure. His method is to strike directly at his object, and he accomplishes it in a few stern, brief sentences. His path is over the wreck of opinions which he demolishes as he goes. After he has decided a question, it seems to be at rest for ever, for his rigorous logic leaves no room for controversy. He will not allow his adversary a single loophole for escape. He forces him back from one position to another, or trips up his most ingenious reasonings, and leaves him at the end naked and defenceless, mournfully gathering up the scattered fragments of his once symmetrical system. The article on "Cousin's Course of Philosophy," and that on "Reid and Brown," are grand examples of this gladiatorial exercise of intellectual power.

Hamilton is not only a great logician, but a great rhetorician. His matter is arranged with the utmost art ; his style is a model of philosophical clearness, conciseness, and energy. Every word is in its right place, has a precise scientific meaning, can stand the severest tests of analysis, and bears

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but one interpretation. He is as impregnable in his terms as in his argument; and with all the hard accuracy of his language, the movement of his style is as rapid, and sometimes as brilliant, as that of Macaulay. It seems to drag on the mind of the student by pure force. The key to a whole philosophical system is often given in a single emphatic sentence, and its stern compression has sometimes the effect of epigram, — as when he condenses the results of the Scotch philosophy into these few words: — "It proved that intelligence *supposed* principles, which, as the *conditions* of its activity, could not be the *results* of its operation; and that the mind contained notions, which, as primitive, necessary, and universal, were not to be explained as generalizations from the contingent and particular, about which alone our external experience was conversant. The phenomena of mind were thus distinguished from the phenomena of matter, and if the impossibility of materialism were not demonstrated, there was, at least, demonstrated the impossibility of its proof." The mastery of his subject, which Hamilton possesses, the perfect order with which his thoughts are arranged in his mind, and his exact knowledge of terms free him altogether from that comparative vassalage to words, which so often confuses the understandings of metaphysicians. His style has the hard brilliancy of polished steel; its lustre comes from its strength and compactness.

Among his contributions to the Edinburgh Review, besides those already enumerated, are the articles on the "Universities of England," on "Recent Publications on Logical Science," and on "Johnson's Translation of Tenneman's History of Philosophy." The most pleasing to the general reader would be the article on Cousin, although that on the Philosophy of Perception displays to greater advantage his immense stores of metaphysical learning and his intensity of thought. None of his articles have ever been answered. Indeed, on logical principles, they are probably unanswerable. The disquisition on Cousin, which comprehends not only a review of his philosophy, but a consideration of the whole ground of Rationalism, and a course of argument directed against all philosophical theories of the Infinite, is admirably calculated for the present state of speculation in this country, however unpalatable may be its doctrines. He takes the position, that our knowledge is restricted

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within the domain of the finite, — that we have no immediate knowledge of things, but only of their phenomena, — and that, in every attempt to fix the absolute as a positive in knowledge, "the absolute, like the water in the sieves of the Danaides, has always hitherto run through as a negative into the abyss of nothing." As a specimen of the style, we extract his statement of the opinions "which may be entertained regarding the unconditioned as an immediate object of knowledge and thought."

"These opinions may be reduced to four: — 1. The unconditioned is incognizable and inconceivable; its notion being only negative of the conditioned, which last can alone be positively known or conceived. 2. It is not an object of knowledge; but its notion, as a regulative principle of the mind itself, is more than a mere negation of the conditioned. 3. It is cognizable, but not conceivable; it can be known by sinking back into identity with the absolute, but is incomprehensible by consciousness and reflection, which are only of the relative and the different. 4. It is cognizable and conceivable by consciousness and reflection, under relation, difference, and plurality.

"The first of these opinions we regard as true; the second is held by Kant; the third by Schelling; and the last by our author.

"1. In our opinion, the mind can conceive, and consequently can know, only the *limited, and the conditionally limited.* The unconditionally unlimited, or the *infinite*, the unconditionally limited, or the *absolute*, cannot positively be construed to the mind; they can be conceived at all only by a thinking away, or abstraction, of those very conditions under which thought itself is realized; consequently, the notion of the unconditioned is only negative, — negative of the conceivable itself. For example, on the one hand, we can positively conceive neither an absolute whole, that is, a whole so great, that we cannot also conceive it as a relative part of a still greater whole; nor an absolute part, that is, a part so small, that we cannot also conceive it as a relative whole, divisible into smaller parts. On the other hand, we cannot positively represent to the mind an infinite whole, for this could only be done by the infinite synthesis in thought of finite wholes, which would itself require an infinite time for its accomplishment; nor, for the same reason, can we follow out in thought an infinite divisibility of parts. The result is the same, whether we apply the process to limitation in space, in time, or in degree. The unconditional negation and the unconditional affirmation of

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limitation — in other words, the *infinite* and the *absolute, properly so called** — are thus equally inconceivable to us.

"As the conditionally limited (which we may briefly call the conditioned) is thus the only object of knowledge and of positive thought — thought necessarily supposes conditions; to think is therefore to condition, and conditional limitation is the fundamental law of the possibility of thought. How, indeed, it could ever be doubted that thought is only of the conditioned, may well be deemed a matter of the profoundest admiration. Thought cannot transcend consciousness; consciousness is only possible under the antithesis of a subject and object of thought, known only in correlation and mutually limiting each other; while, independently of this, all we know either of subject or object, either of mind or matter, is only a knowledge in each of the particular, of the different, of the modified, of the phenomenal. We admit that the consequence of this doctrine is, that philosophy, if viewed as more than a science of the conditioned, is impossible. Departing from the particular, we admit that we can never, in our highest generalizations, rise above the finite; that our knowledge, whether of mind or matter, can be nothing more than a knowledge of the relative manifestations of an existence which, in itself, it is our highest wisdom to recognize as beyond the reach of philosophy: — *Cognoscendo ignorari, et ignorando cognosci.*"

A collection of Sir William Hamilton's articles, as far as they are generally known, might easily be contained in a moderately sized volume, and we trust it will soon be made. Such a book could not fail to be successful, even in the publisher's notion of that word; and it would familiarize the minds of our students with far more rigorous habits of thinking and investigation than are now in vogue. Three or four of the ablest of these papers have already been translated into French, and published in a single volume at Paris.

William Gifford, the editor of the Quarterly Review, seems to have united in himself all the bad qualities of the criticism of his time. He was fierce, dogmatic, bigoted, libellous, and unsympathizing. Whatever may have been

* "It is proper to observe, that though we are of opinion that the terms Infinite and Absolute, and Unconditioned, ought not to be confounded, and accurately distinguish them in the statement of our own view; yet, in speaking of the doctrines of those by whom they are indifferently employed, we have not thought it necessary, or rather we have found it impossible, to adhere to the distinction."

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his talents, they were exquisitely unfitted for his position, his literary judgments being contemptible, where any sense of beauty was required, and principally distinguished for malice and word-picking. The bitter and snarling spirit with which he commented on the excellence he could not appreciate, the extreme narrowness and shallowness of his taste, the labored blackguardism in which he was wont to indulge, under the impression that it was satire, his detestable habit of carrying his political hatreds into literary criticism, his gross personal attacks on Hunt, Hazlitt, and others, who might happen to profess less illiberal principles than his own, made him a dangerous and disagreeable adversary, and one of the worst critics of modern times. Through his position as the editor of an influential journal, his enmity acquired an importance due neither to his talents nor his character. His notoriety was coextensive with his malignity; his fame consisted in having the power to wound better men than himself; and consequently, from being a terror and scourge, he has now passed into oblivion, or is only occasionally rescued from it to be an object of wondering contempt. As far as his influence in the management of the Review extended, it was employed to serve the meanest and dirtiest ends of his party, and the exploded principles of a past literary taste; and it was owing to no fault of his, that the journal did not become a synonyme of malignant dulness and ferocious illiberality, and feed to the full the vulgar appetite for defamation. Nothing but the occasional contributions of eminent writers and scholars prevented it from sinking to the dead level of his intellect and prejudices. The blindness which partisan warfare produces, even in men of education and courtesy, could alone have permitted the organ of a great party to be under the management of this critical Dennis, this political Quilp. His acumen was shown in his profound appreciation of works which died as soon as puffed, and in his insensibility to those whose fame was destined to begin with his oblivion; and his statesmanship, in the low abuse of individuals, in a resolute defence of the rotten parts of Toryism, and in assiduous libels on foreign countries. It is to him, we presume, that we are indebted for the lies and blunders about the United States, for which the Quarterly was once distinguished.

To Gifford for a time belonged the equivocal fame of killing John Keats; but we are glad that a disclosure of the facts

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has lately robbed him of this laurel of slander. It is quite a satisfaction to know, that even the tenderest and most sensitive of poets was beyond the reach of his envenomed arrows. Shelley, in a monody on the death of Keats, — then supposed to have been accelerated by the brutal article in the Quarterly, — has, in a strain of invective hot from his heart, fixed a brand on Gifford's brow, which may keep it above the waters of oblivion for some years to come.

"Live thou, whose infamy is not thy fame!
Live! fear no heavier chastisement from me,
Thou noteless blot on a remembered name!
But be thyself, and know thyself to be!
And ever at thy season be thou free
To spill the venom, when thy fangs o'erflow:
Remorse and Self-contempt shall cling to thee;
Hot Shame shall burn upon thy secret brow,
And like a beaten hound tremble thou shalt — as now.

"Nor let us weep that our delight is fled
Far from these carrion-kites that scream below;
He wakes or sleeps with the enduring dead;
Thou canst not soar where he is sitting now. —
Dust to the dust! but the pure spirit shall flow
Back to the burning fountain whence it came,
A portion of the Eternal, which must glow
Through time and change, unquenchably the same,
Whilst thy cold embers choke the sordid hearth of shame."

The various critical writings of William Hazlitt are laden with original and striking thoughts, and indicate an intellect strong and intense, but somewhat narrowed by prejudice and personal feeling. His works are now in the course of publication in "Wiley and Putnam's Library of Choice Reading," a collection of cheap and elegant volumes, published periodically, having for its object to supplant a bad "cheap literature" by placing a good one by its side. Whatever is read by large bodies of people becomes from that fact important, no matter how intrinsically worthless it may be; and yet there is a strange apathy existing with regard to a class of poisonous publications, which obtain in a week a greater circulation than the most popular valuable books meet in years, are read at we know not how many firesides, and form the mental nutriment of we know not how many youth. It is evident that literature as well as morals is concerned in

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the overthrow of this system ; and we do not know how it can be better done, than by the diffusion, in a cheap form, of such works as will familiarize the minds of the people with higher notions of taste, and give them the desire to convert reading into a means of mental improvement instead of moral degradation. Such a publication as " Wiley and Putnam's Library " is calculated to aid in this work. We believe that in the numbers already published there is really more to interest and please common readers, than in the books they are now ignorantly devouring ; while, to the lover of literature, the collection recommends itself as containing choice books in the cheapest form consistent with elegance. Among these three of Hazlitt's works have appeared, — " Table Talk," " Lectures on the Reign of Elizabeth," and " Characters of Shakspeare's Plays."

Hazlitt was an acute but somewhat bitter observer of life and manners, and satirized rather than described them. Though bold and arrogant in the expression of his opinions, and continually provoking opposition by the hardihood of his paradoxes, he does not appear to have been influenced so much by self-esteem as sensibility. He was naturally shy and despairing of his own powers, and his dogmatism was of that turbulent kind which comes from passion and self-distrust. He had little repose of mind or manner, and in his works almost always appears as if his faculties had been stung and spurred into action. His life was vexed by many troubles, which rendered him impatient and irritable, prone to opposition, and inclined to take delight in the mere exercise of power, rather than to produce the effects for which alone power is valuable. Contempt and bitterness too often vitiate his notions of men and measures ; and his political writings especially often exhibit him as one who courts and defies opposition, and who is more desirous of making enemies than converts. He would often give the results of patient reasonings in headlong assertions, or paradoxical impertinences. In attacking ignorance and prejudice, he did not distinguish them from positive vices, but covered them with stinging sneers or rough contempt. If any one of his opinions was more heretical than another, he sought to enunciate it with a startling abruptness of expression, in order that it might give the more offence. There was bad temper in this, and it made him violent enemies, and subjected his character and writings to the most unscrupulous attacks.

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The element in which Hazlitt's mind was most genially developed was literature. If he was lacking in love for actual human nature, or viewed men in too intolerant a spirit, his affections clustered none the less intensely around the "beings of the mind." His best friends and companions he found in poetry and romance. In the world of imagination he lived his most delightful days. As a critic, in spite of the acrimony and prejudice which occasionally dim his insight, he is admirable for acuteness, clearness, and force. His mind pierces and delves into his subject, rather than gracefully comprehends it; but his labors in the mine almost always bring out its riches. Where his sympathies were not perverted by personal feeling or individual association, where his mind could act uninfluenced by party spirit, his perceptions of truth and beauty were exquisite in their force and refinement. When he dogmatizes, his paradoxes evince a clear insight into one element of the truth, and serve as admirable stimulants to thought. His comments on passages of poetry or traits of character which have struck his own imagination forcibly are unrivalled for warmth of feeling and coloring. His criticism inspires the reader with a desire to peruse the works to which it refers. It is not often coldly analytical, but glows with enthusiasm and "noble rage." His style, though generally sharp and pointed, sometimes overflows with ornament and illustrations. Though many of his opinions are unsound, their unsoundness is hardly calculated to mislead the taste of the reader, from the ease with which it is perceived, and referred to its source in caprice or a momentary fit of spleen. He is a critic who can give delight and instruction, and infuse into his readers some of his own vehement enthusiasm for letters, without making them participants of his errors and passions.

Some of the most distinguished of Hazlitt's critical writings are, — "Lectures on the Comic Writers," "Spirit of the Age," "Characters of Shakspeare's Plays," "Lectures on the Age of Elizabeth," "Lectures on the English Poets," and "Criticisms on Art." These cover a wide ground, and are all more or less distinguished by his characteristic merits and faults. They all startle the reader from the self-complacency of his opinions, and provoke him into thinking. We extract from the "Characters of Shakspeare's Plays" — a work which contains much splendid

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writing and fine delineation, and some failures — a passage on Coriolanus, in which Hazlitt's bitterness and strength of feeling are well displayed.

"Shakspeare has in this play shown himself well versed in history and state-affairs. Coriolanus is a store-house of political commonplaces. Any one who studies it may save himself the trouble of reading Burke's Reflections, or Paine's Rights of Man, or the Debates in both Houses of Parliament since the French Revolution or our own. The arguments for and against aristocracy or democracy, on the privileges of the few and the claims of the many, on liberty and slavery, power and the abuse of it, peace and war, are here very ably handled, with the spirit of a poet and the acuteness of a philosopher. Shakspeare himself seems to have had a leaning to the arbitrary side of the question, perhaps from some feeling of contempt for his own origin; and to have spared no occasion of baiting the rabble. What he says of them is very true: what he says of their betters is also very true, though he dwells less upon it. The cause of the people is indeed but ill calculated as a subject for poetry; it admits of rhetoric, which goes into argument and explanation, but it presents no immediate or distinct images to the mind, 'no jutting frieze, buttress, or coigne of vantage' for poetry 'to make its pendant bed and procreant cradle in.' The language of poetry naturally falls in with the language of power. The imagination is an exaggerating and exclusive faculty; it takes from one thing to add to another: it accumulates circumstances together to give the greatest possible effect to a favorite object. The understanding is a dividing and measuring faculty; it judges of things, not according to their immediate impression on the mind, but according to their relations to one another. The one is a monopolizing faculty, which seeks the greatest quantity of present excitement by inequality and disproportion; the other is a distributive faculty, which seeks the greatest quantity of ultimate good, by justice and proportion. The one is an aristocratical, the other a republican faculty. The principle of poetry is a very anti-levelling principle. It aims at effect, it exists by contrast. It admits of no medium. It is every thing by excess. It rises above the ordinary standard of sufferings and crimes. It presents an imposing appearance. It shows its head turreted, crowned, and crested. Its front is gilt and blood-stained. Before it, 'it carries noise, and behind it, it leaves tears.' It has its altars and its victims, sacrifices, human sacrifices. Kings, priests, nobles, are its train-bearers; tyrants and slaves its executioners. 'Carnage is its daughter.' Poetry is right-royal. It puts the individual for the species, the

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one above the infinite many, might before right. A lion hunting a flock of sheep, or a herd of wild asses, is a more poetical object than his prey; and we even take part with the lordly beast, because our vanity or some other feeling makes us disposed to place ourselves in the situation of the strongest party. So we feel some concern for the poor citizens of Rome when they meet together to compare their wants and grievances, till Coriolanus comes in, and with blows and big words drives this set of 'poor rats,' this rascal scum, to their homes and beggary, before him. There is nothing heroical in a multitude of miserable rogues not wishing to be starved, or complaining that they are like to be so; but when a single man comes forward to brave their cries, and to make them submit to the last indignities, from mere pride and self-will, our admiration of his prowess is immediately coupled with contempt for their pusillanimity. The insolence of power is stronger than the plea of necessity. The tame submission to usurped authority, or even the natural resistance to it, has nothing to excite or flatter the imagination; it is the assumption of a right to insult or oppress others, that carries an imposing air of superiority with it. We had rather be the oppressor than the oppressed.

"The love of power in ourselves, and the admiration of it in others, are both natural to man; the one makes him a tyrant, the other a slave. Wrong dressed out in pride, pomp, and circumstance, has more attraction than abstract right. Coriolanus complains of the fickleness of the people; yet the instant he cannot gratify his pride and obstinacy at their expense, he turns his arms against his country. If his country was not worth defending, why did he build his pride on its defence? He is a conqueror and a hero; he conquers other countries, and makes this a plea for enslaving his own; and when he is prevented from doing so, he leagues with its enemies to destroy his country. He rates the people "as if he were a God to punish, and not a man of their infirmity." He scoffs at one of their tribunes for maintaining their rights and franchises: 'Mark you his absolute *shall?*' not marking his own absolute *will* to take every thing from them; his impatience of the slightest opposition to his own pretensions being in proportion to their arrogance and absurdity. If the great and powerful had the beneficence and wisdom of gods, then all this would have been well: if with greater knowledge of what is good for the people, they had as great a care for their interest as they have for their own, if they were seated above the world, sympathizing with the welfare, but not feeling the passions of men, receiving neither good nor hurt from them, but bestowing their benefits as free gifts on them, they might

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then rule over them like another Providence. But this is not the case. Coriolanus is unwilling that the senate should show their 'cares' for the people, lest their 'cares' should be construed into 'fears,' to the subversion of all due authority; and he is no sooner disappointed in his schemes to deprive the people not only of the cares of the state, but of all power to redress hemselves, than Volumnia is made madly to exclaim,

> 'Now the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome,
> And occupations perish.'"

Leigh Hunt is well known as the author of a large number of agreeable essays, and for his connection with many of his eminent contemporaries. He has been more a victim of criticism, than a critic. It has been truly said of him by Macaulay, "that there is no man living, whose merits have been more grudgingly allowed, and whose faults have been so cruelly expiated." In his character there is such a union of pertness and kindliness, that he is always open to attack. He made the public his confidant, poured into its ear his little frailties and fopperies, expressed his opinions on all subjects with the most artless self-conceit, and at times exhibited a kind of Richard Swiveller order of good feeling, in speaking of such men as Shelley and Byron. These follies, though most of them venial, made him a continual butt for magazine scribblers; and the fine qualities of heart and intellect, which underlie his affectations, have not, until lately, been generally acknowledged. He is, in truth, one of the pleasantest writers of his time, — easy, colloquial, genial, humane, full of fine fancies and verbal niceties, possessing a loving if not a "learned spirit," with hardly a spice of bitterness in his composition. He is an excellent commentator on the minute beauties of poetry. He has no grasp or acuteness of understanding, and his opinions are valueless where those qualities should be called into play; but he has a natural taste, which detects with nice accuracy what is beautiful, and a power of jaunty expression, which conveys its intuitive decisions directly to other minds. He surveys poetry almost always from a luxurious point of view, and his criticism therefore is merely a transcript of the fine and warm sensations it has awakened in him. He is a sympathizing critic of words, sentences, and images, but has little success in explaining the grounds of his instinctive judgments, and is feeble and jejune in generalization. He

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broods over a dainty bit of fancy or feeling, until he overflows with affection for it. He dandles a poetic image on his knee, as though it were a child, pats it lovingly on the back, and addresses to it all manner of dainty phrases; and, consequently, he has much of the baby-talk, as well as the warm appreciation, which comes from affection. This billing and cooing is often distasteful, especially if it be employed on some passages which the reader desires to keep sacred from such handling; and we cannot see him approaching a poet like Shelley, without a gesture of impatience; but generally it is far from unpleasant. His "Imagination and Fancy" is a delightful book. "The Indicator" and "The Seer" are filled with essays of peculiar excellence. Hunt's faults of style and thinking are ingrained, and cannot be weeded out by criticism. To get at what is really valuable in his writings, considerable toleration must be exercised towards his effeminacy of manner and daintiness of fancy. That, with all his faults, he has a mind of great delicacy and fulness, a fluent fancy, unrivalled good-will to the whole world, a pervading sweetness of feeling, and that he occasionally displays remarkable clearness of perception, must be cheerfully acknowledged by every reader of his essays.

In these hurried remarks on some of the essayists and critics of the time, we have not noticed two, who are well entitled to an extended consideration. We refer to Thomas Carlyle and John Stuart Mill. The influence of Carlyle on the whole tone of criticism at the present day has been powerfully felt. Mill is principally known on this side of the Atlantic by his work on Logic; but he has been for a number of years a writer for the "Westminster Review," over the signature of "A," and his articles, especially his masterly disquisition on Jeremy Bentham, evince uncommon solidity, fairness, and reach of thought. These are worthy of a more elaborate review than our limits will now permit; but we trust at some early period to repair the deficiency.

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ART. VIII. — *Travels in North America in the Years 1841 – 2; with Geological Observations on the United States, Canada, and Nova Scotia.* By CHARLES LYELL, ESQ., F. R. S., etc. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1845. 2 vols. 12mo.

MR. LYELL'S book, to borrow a term from his favorite science, may be likened to a *pudding-stone*, in which the geological plums are thickly set in a thin paste of travel. As the latter is seasoned with praise nearly to the American taste, the whole will be devoured by the omnivorous general reader, although much of it will be somewhat beyond his comprehension. We may try, perhaps, to extract the kernel from some of the geological speculations, for the unprofessional reader's benefit; but we must first entertain him with more generally palatable, not to say more substantial fare.

Although, as we have already intimated, only a small part of these volumes is made up from the materials of an ordinary book of travels, yet as such it is none the worse because the author came to inspect American rocks, rather than American manners. The remarks he does offer are so sensible and discriminating, so evidently thrown out by one who possesses that rare knowledge, how to observe, and who thinks for himself, that we only regret they are so few and cursory, and are a little provoked when he cuts short his observations upon the current topics of the day, and falls to "napping the chuckie stanes" again. Arriving at Boston in midsummer, when nearly deserted of fashionable society, our author hastens at once to Nahant, speaks with delight of the polished — rocks he found there, and falls to comparing, not the society and manners, but the shells, with those of Brighton and Margate. The reader will be gratified to learn "the curious and very unexpected fact," that they were very much alike, "only a fraction of the whole affording characteristic or peculiar forms." As to his dinner, and the *cuisine* at the hotels, over which his countrymen commonly delight to grumble, we are left in utmost ignorance, save an incidental observation, that "the Tremont merits its reputation as one of the best hotels in the world"; but he speaks with evident satisfaction of the "*roches moutonnées*"

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— tough old bellwethers they must be — which he met with in the environs of the city. At Bunker Hill, the peculiar reminiscences of the place are all unnoticed, — indeed, the monument is only obliquely mentioned, — but an ambiguous allusion is made to some terribly hard scratches on the rocks. Excepting Niagara, which falls unavoidably in his way, he passes with a cold and casual glance all the objects most attractive to the common tourist; but he talks volubly about marl-pits, examines heaps of gravel and all sorts of rubbish, digs about the floors of coal mines, and expatiates with manifest delight upon Big-bone Lick and the Dismal Swamp.

Mr. Lyell's first departure from the ordinary route of travel occurred in an excursion from Geneseo to the northern border of the great coal region at Blossberg, Pennsylvania.

"On this occasion we left the main road, and entered, for the first time, an American stage-coach, having been warned not to raise our expectations too high in regard to the ease or speed of our conveyance. Accordingly, we found that after much fatigue, we had only accomplished a journey of 46 miles in 12 hours, between Geneseo and Dansville. We had four horses; and when I complained at one of the inns that our coachman seemed to take pleasure in driving rapidly over deep ruts and the roughest ground, it was explained to me that this was the first time in his life he had ever attempted to drive any vehicle, whether two or four-wheeled. The coolness and confidence with which every one here is ready to try his hand at any craft is truly amusing." — Vol. I., p. 46.

This is a genuine American characteristic. The English laborer or artisan confines himself to one task, which he makes a business of, and learns to do it well. The coachman, who drives inimitably, has perhaps only a remote conception of the mode in which his horses are harnessed; and, when any part of the apparatus gives way, finds himself literally "in a fix." The Yankee is capital at a *succedaneum.* If he cannot do any particular thing to perfection, he can do passably well more diverse things than any other mortal. In one particular, we venture to say, our author was misinformed, or else the stage-driver spoken of was a recent importation. We doubt if there can be found in all that region a native lad, seven years breeched, who has not tried his hand at driving every kind of vehicle that has fallen in his way.

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We have next an "infant phenomenon," in more senses than one; for it seems that he had accumulated a fortune as an editor.

"A few days afterwards I engaged a young man to drive me in a gig from Tioga to Blossberg. On the way, he pointed out, first, his father's property, and then a farm of his own, which he had lately purchased. As he was not yet twenty years of age, I expressed surprise that he had got on so well in the world, when he told me that he had been editor of the 'Tioga Democrat' for several years, but had now sold his share of the newspaper." — Vol. I., p. 46.

It was in Alabama, if we rightly remember, that the Duke of Saxe Weimar was inquired of on this wise: "Are you the man that wants to go to ——? Then I am the gentleman that is going to drive you." As the following happened in the State of New-York, at the other extremity of the long range of the Alleghanies, we are compelled to accept this mode of speech as a national characteristic.

"I asked the landlord of the inn at Corning, who was very attentive to his guests, to find my coachman. He immediately called out in his bar-room, 'Where is the gentleman that brought this man here?' A few days before, a farmer in New York had styled my wife 'the woman,' though he called his own daughters *ladies*, and would, I believe, have freely extended that title to their maid-servant." — Vol. I., p. 49.

The brief notice of the "Helderberg war" may serve to show the sensible manner in which Mr. Lyell treats such topics. Still more painful scenes have since been enacted; but we have not the heart to continue the narrative down to the present day. Until the laws of the State are fully enforced, and the recent murderers brought to the gallows, our author, on revisiting the country, will be fairly entitled to wave this tone of forbearance, and draw those unfavorable conclusions which it will not be easy for us to gainsay or resist.

"On our way back from Schoharie to Albany, we found the country people in a ferment, a sheriff's officer having been seriously wounded when in the act of distraining for rent, this being the third year of the 'Helderberg war,' or a successful resistance by an armed tenantry to the legal demands of their landlord, Mr. Van Rensselaer. It appears that a large amount of

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territory on both sides of the river Hudson, now supporting, according to some estimates, a population of 100,000 souls, had long been held in fee by the Van Rensselaer family, the tenants paying a small ground rent. This system of things is regarded by many as not only injurious, because it imposes grievous restraints upon alienation, but as unconstitutional, or contrary to the genius of their political institutions, and tending to create a sort of feudal perpetuity. Some of the leases have already been turned into fees, but many of the tenants were unable to unwilling to pay the prices asked for such conveyances, and declared that they had paid rent long enough, and that it was high time that they should be owners of the land.

"A few years ago, when the estates descended from the late General Van Rensselaer to his sons, the attempt to enforce the landlord's rights met with open opposition. The courts of law gave judgment, and the sheriff of Albany having failed to execute his process, at length took military force in 1839, but with no better success. The governor of New York was then compelled to back him with the military array of the state, about 700 men, who began the campaign at a day's notice in a severe snow-storm. The tenants are said to have mustered against them 1,500 strong, and the rents were still unpaid, when, in the following year, 1840, the governor, courting popularity, as it should seem, while condemning the recusants in his message, virtually encouraged them by recommending their case to the favorable consideration of the state, hinting at the same time at legislative remedies. Their legislature, however, to their credit, refused to enact these, leaving the case to the ordinary courts of law.

"The whole affair is curious, as demonstrating the impossibility of creating at present in this country a class of landed proprietors deriving their income from the letting of lands upon lease. Every man must occupy his own acres. He who has capital enough to stock a farm can obtain land of his own so cheap as naturally to prefer being his own landlord."— Vol. I., pp. 55 – 57.

The next paragraph introduces a topic more creditable to the country. So long as the estimation in which the female sex is held by the mass of the people shall be acknowledged to constitute the best criterion of civilization and refinement, our national character is saved from utter perdition. It was Charles Lamb, we believe, who refused to believe in the existence of any such thing as deference to the fair sex, as a principle, until he should see a gentleman hold his umbrella

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over his laundress, or help a lone woman across a gutter. The English are in a bad way in this respect, past all doubt; our author, therefore, establishes a comparison between us and the *soi-disant* polite nation across the channel. Mr. Lyell has been a great traveller, and ought to know.

"One of the first peculiarities that must strike a foreigner in the United States is the deference paid universally to the sex, without regard to station. Women may travel alone here in stage-coaches, steamboats, and railways, with less risk of encountering disagreeable behaviour, and of hearing coarse and unpleasant conversation, than in any country I have ever visited. The contrast in this respect between the Americans and the French is quite remarkable. There is a spirit of true gallantry in all this; but the publicity of the railway car, where all are in one long room, and of the large ordinaries, whether on land or water, is a great protection, the want of which has been felt by many a female traveller without escort in England. As the Americans address no conversation to strangers, we soon became tolerably reconciled to living so much in public. Our fellow-passengers consisted for the most part of shopkeepers, artisans, and mechanics, with their families, all well-dressed, and, so far as we had intercourse with them, polite and desirous to please. A large part of them were on pleasure excursions, in which they delight to spend their spare cash.

"On one or two occasions during our late tour in the newly-settled districts of New York, it was intimated to us that we were expected to sit down to dinner with our driver, usually the son or brother of the farmer who owned our vehicle. We were invariably struck with the propriety of their manners, in which there was self-respect without forwardness." — Vol. I., pp. 57, 58.

There is, however, a trifling mistake into which less discriminating travellers than Mr. Lyell are apt to fall, which is fairly pointed out in the following paragraph.

"Travellers must make up their minds, in this as in other countries, to fall in now and then with free and easy people. I am bound, however, to say that in the two most glaring instances of vulgar familiarity which we have experienced here, we found out that both the offenders had crossed the Atlantic only ten years before, and had risen rapidly from a humble station. Whatever good breeding exists here in the middle classes is certainly not of foreign importation; and John Bull, in particular, when out of humor with the manners of the Americans, is often unconsciously beholding his own image in the mirror, or com-

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paring one class of society in the United States with another in his own country, which ought, from superior affluence and leisure, to exhibit a higher standard of refinement and intelligence." — Vol. I., pp. 58, 59.

How many a lecture on American rudeness and the debasing influence of democratic institutions might have been spared us, were English tourists generally as ready to acknowledge their countrymen! The manners they bring, like the allegiance they owe, appear to be inalienable. Our chief danger, therefore, lies in over-importation. If, in one instance, even our author failed to recognize his countrymen, and wondered what sort of barbarians he had encountered, it was for the sufficient reason, that he was unable to comprehend a word of their language. This was in Canada, when, benighted on his return from a geological excursion, he applied at a log-house, where

"the inmates, though eager to serve us, could not comprehend a syllable of our language. I tried English, French, and German, all in vain. Tired and disappointed, we walked to another log-house, a mile farther on, leading our weary horses, and then to others, but with no better success. Though not among Indians, we were as foreigners in a strange land. At last we stumbled, by good luck, upon our inn, and the next day were told, that the poor settlers with whom we had fallen in the night before had all come from the British Isles in the course of the five preceding years. Some of them could speak Gaelic, others Welsh, and others Irish; and the farmers were most eloquent in descanting on their misfortune in having no alternative but that of employing laborers with whom they were unable to communicate, or remaining in want of hands while so many were out of work, and in great distress. For the first time I became fully aware how much the success and progress of a new colony depend on the state of schools in the mother country." — Vol. II., p. 95.

We may now cross Mason and Dixon's line, and hear our author's opinions upon the greatest of the vexed questions of the present day. It is true that Mr. Lyell made no long stay in the Southern States. Yet, owing to the facilities he enjoyed, and the nature of his pursuits, which led him away from the great lines of rapid conveyance, and brought him into immediate intercourse with the slave population, he must be allowed to have had better opportunities for observ-

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ing their condition than fall to the lot of most travellers. His opinions are therefore entitled to great consideration. He can have no inducement, certainly, to paint slavery in colors less dark than the facts will justify. Indeed, truthful as his general portraiture is, as respects the districts he visited, we suspect that no portion of Mr. Lyell's volumes will be received by his countrymen with so much incredulity and so little satisfaction, as that which relates to the physical condition of the colored race in the Southern Atlantic States. As our object is to present Mr. Lyell's views, not our own, we give the following series of pretty copious extracts, without comment.

"The negroes, so far as I have yet seen them, whether in domestic service or on the farms, appear very cheerful and free from care, better fed than a large part of the laboring class of Europe; and, though meanly dressed, and often in patched garments, never scantily clothed for the climate. We asked a woman in Georgia, whether she was the slave of a family of our acquaintance. She replied, merrily, 'Yes, I belong to them, and they belong to me.' She was, in fact, born and brought up on the estate.

"On another occasion we were proceeding in a well-appointed carriage with a planter, when we came unexpectedly to a dead halt. Inquiring the cause, the black coachman said he had dropped one of his white gloves on the road, and must drive back and try to find it. He could not recollect within a mile where he had last seen it: we remonstrated, but in vain. As time pressed, the master in despair took off his own gloves, and saying he had a second pair, gave them to him. When our charioteer had deliberately put them on, we started again."—Vol. I., p. 135.

"Arriving often at a late hour at our quarters in the evening, we heard the negroes singing loudly and joyously in chorus after their day's work was over. On one estate, about forty black children were brought up daily before the windows of the planter's house, and fed in sight of the family; otherwise, we were told, the old women who have charge of them might, in the absence of the parents, appropriate part of their allowance to themselves. All the slaves have some animal food daily. When they are ill, they sometimes refuse to take medicine, except from the hands of the master or mistress; and it is of all tasks the most delicate for the owners to decide when they are really sick, and when only shamming from indolence.

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"After the accounts I had read of the sufferings of slaves, I was agreeably surprised to find them, in general, so remarkably cheerful and light-hearted. It is true that I saw no gangs working under overseers on sugar-plantations, but out of two millions and a half of slaves in the United States, the larger proportion are engaged in such farming occupations and domestic services as I witnessed in Georgia and South Carolina. I was often for days together with negroes who served me as guides, and found them as talkative and chatty as children, usually boasting of their master's wealth, and their own peculiar merits. At an inn in Virginia, a female slave asked us to guess for how many dollars a year she was let out by her owner. We named a small sum, but she told us exultingly, that we were much under the mark, for the landlord paid fifty dollars, or ten guineas a year for her hire. A good-humored butler, at another inn in the same State, took care to tell me that his owner got 30*l.* a year for him. The colored stewardess of a steam-vessel was at great pains to tell us her value, and how she came by the name of Queen Victoria. When we recollect that the dollars are not their own, we can hardly refrain from smiling at the childlike simplicity with which they express their satisfaction at the high price set on them. That price, however, is a fair test of their intelligence and moral worth, of which they have just reason to feel proud, and their pride is at least free from all sordid and mercenary considerations. We might even say that they labor with higher motives than the whites, — a disinterested love of doing their duty. I am aware that we may reflect and philosophize on this peculiar and amusing form of vanity, until we perceive in it the evidence of extreme social degradation; but the first impression which it made upon my mind was very consolatory, as I found it impossible to feel a painful degree of commiseration for persons so exceedingly well satisfied with themselves." — Vol. I., pp. 144, 145.

"I talked with several slaves who had been set to fell timber by task-work, and had finished by the middle of the day. They never appeared to be overworked; and the rapidity with which they increase beyond the whites in the United States shows that they are not in a state of discomfort, oppression, and misery. Doubtless, in the same manner as in Ireland and parts of Great Britain, the want of education, mental culture, and respect for themselves, favors improvident marriages among the poor; so the state of mere animal existence of the slave, and his low moral and intellectual condition, coupled with kind treatment and all freedom from care, promote their multiplication. The effect of the institution on the progress of the whites is most injurious.

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and, after travelling in the northern States, and admiring their rapid advance, it is most depressing to the spirits. Their appears to be no place in society for poor whites. If they are rich, their slaves multiply, and from motives of kindly feeling towards retainers, and often from false pride, they are very unwilling to sell them. Hence they are constantly tempted to maintain a larger establishment than is warranted by the amount of their capital, and they often become involved in their circumstances and finally bankrupt. The prudence, temper, and decision of character required to manage a plantation successfully are very great. It is notorious, that the hardest taskmasters to the slaves are those who come from the northern free States.

"I often asked myself, when in the midst of a large plantation, what steps I would take if I had inherited such a property from British ancestors. I thought, first, of immediately emancipating all the slaves; but I was reminded that the law humanely provides, in that case, that I should still support them, so that I might ruin myself and family; and it would still be a question whether those whom I had released from bondage would be happier, or would be prepared for freedom. I then proposed to begin with education as a preliminary step. Here I was met with the objection that, since the abolition movement and the fanatical exertions of missionaries, severe statutes had been enacted, making it penal to teach slaves to read and write. I must first, therefore, endeavour to persuade my fellow slaveholders to repeal these laws against improving the moral and intellectual condition of the slaves. I remarked that, in order to overcome the apathy and reluctance of the planters, the same kind of agitation, the same 'pressure from without,' might be indispensable, which had brought about our West Indian emancipation. To this my American friends replied, that the small number of our slaves, so insignificant in comparison to their two and a half millions, had made an indemnity to the owner possible; also, that the free negroes, in small islands, could always be held in subjection by the British fleets; and, lastly, that England had a right to interfere and legislate for her own colonies, whereas the northern States of the Union, and foreigners, had no constitutional right to intermeddle with the domestic concerns of the slave States. Such intervention, by exciting the fears and indignation of the planters, had retarded, and must always be expected to retard, the progress of the cause."—Vol. I., pp. 147, 148.

To show that our author is not, like some travellers, determined to see only one side of a question, we will cite a

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few sentences in which he speaks of the injurious consequences of "the peculiar institution" on the prosperity of the country.

"On entering the station-house of a railway which was to carry us to our place of embarkation, we found a room with only two chairs in it. One of these was occupied by a respectable-looking woman, who immediately rose, intending to give it up to me, an act betraying that she was English, and newly-arrived, as an American gentleman, even if already seated, would have felt it necessary to rise and offer the chair to any woman, whether mistress or maid, and she, as a matter of course, would have accepted the proffered seat. After I had gone out, she told my wife that she and her husband had come a few months before from Hertfordshire, hoping to get work in Virginia, but she had discovered that there was no room here for poor white people, who were despised by the very negroes if they labored with their own hands. She had found herself looked down upon, even for carrying her own child, for they said she ought to hire a black nurse. These poor emigrants were now anxious to settle in some free State.

"As another exemplification of the impediments to improvement existing here, I was told that a New England agriculturist had bought a farm on the south side of the James river, sold off all the slaves, and introduced Irish laborers, being persuaded that their services would prove more economical than slave labor. The scheme was answering well, till, by the end of the third year, the Irish became very much dissatisfied with their position, feeling degraded by losing the respect of the whites, and being exposed to the contempt of the surrounding negroes. They had, in fact, lowered themselves by the habitual performance of offices which, south of the Potomac, are assigned to hereditary bondsmen." — Vol. I., pp. 104, 105.

"On several of the small plantations here [in North Carolina], I found the proprietors by no means in a thriving state, evidently losing ground from year to year, and some of them talking of abandoning the exhausted soil, and migrating with their slaves to the southwestern States. If, while large numbers of the negroes were thus carried to the South, slavery had been abolished in North Carolina, the black population might ere this have been reduced considerably in numbers, without suffering those privations to which a free competition with white laborers must expose them, wherever great facilities for emigration are not afforded.

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"From the deck of our steamboat on the Potomac, we saw Mount Vernon, formerly the plantation of General Washington. Instead of exhibiting, like the farms in the northern States, a lively picture of progress and improvement, this property was described to me by all as worn out, and of less value now than in the days of its illustrious owner. The bears and wolves, they say, are actually reëntering their ancient haunts, which would scarcely have happened if slavery had been abolished in Virginia. — Vol. I., pp. 156 – 158.

The subject of Pennsylvanian incipient repudiation is very discreetly, and even tenderly, handled. Mr. Lyell's remarks contain much that may tend to enlighten the English reader. The topic, fortunately, does not at present demand any comment on our part. The long episode on education in the English Universities, which closes the first volume, will doubtless, as the author observes, prove equally interesting to his readers on both sides of the Atlantic ; for it is almost the only succinct and intelligible account of that anomalous system which is to be met with.

It will be recollected, that Mr. Lyell came to this country partly for the purpose of fulfilling an engagement to deliver a course of lectures on his favorite science before the Lowell Institute. His observations upon that noble endowment will be read with interest ; and the topic which they serve to introduce, namely, the waste of precious funds in brick and mortar, is worthy of especial note. This seems to be the besetting sin in England as well as in this country, although it was left to the New World to perpetrate so signal an enormity as that of the Girard College for Orphans.

"To obtain the services of eminent men engaged in original researches, for the delivery of systematic courses of lectures, is impossible without the command of much larger funds than are usually devoted to this object. When it is stated that the fees at the Lowell Institute at Boston are on a scale more than three times higher than the remuneration awarded to the best literary and scientific public lecturers in London, it will at first be thought hopeless to endeavour to carry similar plans into execution in other large cities, whether at home or in the United States. In reality, however, the sum bequeathed by the late Mr. John Lowell for his foundation, though munificent, was by no means enormous, not much exceeding 70,000*l*., which, according to the usual fate awaiting donations for educational objects, would have been all swallowed up in the erection of costly buildings, after

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which the learned would be invited to share the scanty leavings of the 'Committee of Taste,' and the merciless architect, 'reliquias Danaûm atque immitis Achillei.' But in the present case, the testator provided in his will that not a single dollar should be spent in brick and mortar, in consequence of which proviso, a spacious room was at once hired, and the intentions of the donor carried immediately into effect, without a year's delay.

"If there be any who imagine that a donation might be so splendid as to render an anti-building clause superfluous, let them remember the history of the Girard bequest in Philadelphia. Half a million sterling, with the express desire of the testator that the expenditure on architectural ornament should be moderate! Yet this vast sum is so nearly consumed, that it is doubtful whether the remaining funds will suffice for the completion of the palace — splendid, indeed, but extremely ill-fitted for a school-house! It is evident that when a passion so strong as that for building is to be resisted, total abstinence alone, as in the case of spirituous liquors, will prove an adequate safeguard. In the 'old country,' the same fatal propensity has stood in the way of all the most spirited efforts of modern times to establish and endow new institutions for the diffusion of knowledge. It is well known that the sum expended in the purchase of the ground, and in the erection of that part of University College, London, the exterior of which is nearly complete, exceeded 100,000*l.*, one third of which was spent on the portico and dome, or the purely ornamental, the rooms under the dome having remained useless, and not even fitted up at the expiration of fifteen years. When the professor of chemistry inquired for the chimney of his laboratory, he was informed that there was none, and to remove the defect, a flue was run up which encroached on a handsome staircase, and destroyed the symmetry of the architect's design. Still greater was the dismay of the anatomical professor on learning that his lecture room was to conform to the classical model of an ancient theatre, designed for the recitation of Greek plays. Sir Charles Bell remarked that an anatomical theatre, to be perfect, should approach as nearly as possible to the shape of a well, that every student might look down and see distinctly the subject under demonstration. At a considerable cost the room was altered, so as to serve the ends for which it was wanted.

"The liberal sums contributed by the public for the foundation of a rival college were expended in like manner long before the academical body came into existence. When the professor of chemistry at King's College asked for his laboratory, he was told it had been entirely forgotten in the plan, but that he might take the kitchen on the floor below, and by ingenious machinery carry up

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his apparatus for illustrating experiments, through a trap door into an upper story, where his lecture room was placed.

"Still these collegiate buildings, in support of which the public came forward so liberally, were left, like the Girard College, half finished; whereas, if the same funds had been devoted to the securing of teachers of high acquirements, station, character, and celebrity; and if rooms of moderate dimensions had been at first hired, while the classes of pupils remained small, a generation would not have been lost, the new Institutions would have risen more rapidly to that high rank which they are one day destined to attain, and testamentary bequests would have flowed in more copiously for buildings well adapted to the known and ascertained wants of the establishment. None would then grudge the fluted column, the swelling dome, and the stately portico; and literature and science would continue to be the patrons of architecture, without being its victims.

"Prescott, in his admirable work on the Conquest of Mexico, remarks, when discussing the extent of the ancient Aztec civilization, that the progress made by the Mexicans in astronomy, and especially the fact of their having a general board for public education and the fine arts, proves more in favor of their advancement, than the noble architectural monuments which they and their kindred tribes erected. 'Architecture,' he observes, 'is a sensual gratification, and addresses itself to the eye; it is the form in which the resources of a semi-civilized people are most likely to be lavished.'*" — Vol. I., pp. 89 – 92.

The most popular of the geological questions upon which Mr. Lyell discourses is, naturally, that which relates to the Falls of Niagara. It is, no doubt, the common opinion, that the Niagara once quietly flowed in a shallow bed from Lake Erie to the brow of the precipice at Queenston, much as it now flows from its commencement up to the rapids just above the present site of the cataract; and, consequently, that the deep chasm through which the pent waters now rush for seven miles to reach the plain below is entirely the work of the river itself, which has been slowly eating its way backwards for all that distance. Mr. Lyell confirms this view, and has found, as he supposes, traces of the ancient bed of the river at a higher level, where it must have flown before the chasm existed, — these traces being principally the remains of fluviatile shells that occur abundantly in deposits of

* Conquest of Mexico, Vol. I., p. 155.

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sand and gravel in the position which the bed of the stream must have occupied, had the river extended farther northward at nearly its present level above the cataract. These, indeed, had been already detected by Mr. Hall, one of the geologists of the New York State survey. As the fossil shells are identical in species and in relative numbers with those now deposited from year to year in the ooze of the stream, it is concluded that the excavation is quite a modern affair, speaking after the mode in which the geologists take note of time. Our author confirms, consequently, these corollaries; — that the cataract was of nearly twice its present height, long before there were any men to enjoy the view or use the water-power for paper-mills; that it has been constantly diminishing in grandeur, and wearing itself out from age to age; and finally, that the time must arrive, if the world last long enough, when there will be no cataract at all. In regard to its future retrocession, there are grounds of encouragement. The rock upon which this huge water-saw now exerts its direct power is made of firmer stuff than any through which it has already cut its way; and the changes which are now going on, and which have produced very perceptible effects within the memory of the present generation, are entirely owing to the rapid disintegration of the soft slaty strata at the base of the falls, leaving the superincumbent limestone without support. But when they have travelled back a mile or two further, the hard limestone will be at the base also, and will effectually arrest their present progress. Further up, they will have a still more stubborn lime-rock to contend with; so that, on the whole, the drainage of lake Erie may be considered as indefinitely postponed.

Big-bone Lick lies somewhat out of the way of the common tourist, in whose eyes it would possess as little attraction as an ordinary quagmire; but in our author's hands it becomes a subject of no small interest. It is a bog in Kentucky, near the Ohio river, more or less impregnated with saline matter from salt springs, and which, like all similar places, was frequented by deer, buffaloes, and other wild cattle, to drink the water, or, in default thereof, to lick the mud or soft soil greedily for the sake of the salt; whence the name, so common in the Western States. This was a favorite watering-place, — the Saratoga of the bisons of former days, and of the mastodons of the old time before them.

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Even within the memory of surviving settlers, buffaloes thronged to these springs in great numbers, coming and going by two principal highways or beaten trails, that are still plainly discernible for several miles in the woods. One of them, "three or four yards wide, only partially overgrown with grass, was sixty years ago as bare, hard, and well trodden as a high road." Delightful times they must have had at the springs, and yet, like all pleasant dissipation, not unattended with danger. For now and then one, gambolling too venturously on the treacherous surface of the tremulous bog, broke through the thin crust, and was blandly absorbed in the slime beneath. The elephants, for they were at least occasional visiters, and especially the mastodons, which seem to have almost monopolized the springs until they became the resort of ignobler herds, had of course a marvellous alacrity in sinking; and many a portly mammoth was thus ingloriously swamped, ingulphed in the morass, until, after the Lord knows how many ages, some grubbing *savant* "knocks him about the sconce with a dirty shovel," and his huge bones are raised from their long rest to adorn the wondrous tale of the modern geologist. "Here 's a fine revolution, if we had the trick to see 't." We are informed, "that the bones of the mastodon found here could not have belonged to less than one hundred distinct individuals, those of the fossil elephant to twenty, besides which a few bones of a stag, horse, megalonyx, and bison are stated to have been obtained." The remains of the mammoth and other extinct animals are found buried to a greater depth than those of the common bison, which in vast numbers fill the superficial stratum, showing that the former were the first comers.

It is interesting to observe, though Mr. Lyell does not allude to the fact, that all the nearly entire skeletons that have been exhumed in the Atlantic States were found in bogs, with the bones in a vertical position, as if these land-leviathans had merely sunk in the mud. This was the case with the well known skeleton in Peale's Museum, taken from a marsh in Orange County, New York, as well as the very large one disinterred during the last summer in the same region. "He had evidently become mired, and had settled down upon his haunches, with his fore legs spread out, and in this posture he was found." A skeleton some years ago disinterred in New Jersey was found standing upon all fours on

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the gravel at the bottom of the shallow morass, the shoulder-bones and hips still resting on the limbs, and the whole trunk in its natural position. Cuvier states, on the authority of General Collaud, that the bones of mastodons formerly discovered near the Great Osage river were almost all in an upright position, as if the animal had been thus bemired.* As to the time which has elapsed since these huge beasts roamed in our forests, Mr. Lyell gives us no estimate in years or centuries; but he remarks, that the shells which are mingled with the fossil bones at Big-bone Lick belong to species that are still living, perhaps even in the immediate neighbourhood; and it is impossible to view the plain without at once concluding that it has remained unchanged in all its principal features from that period to the present.

No part of Mr. Lyell's book has interested us more highly than his account of the "Great Dismal Swamp." Instead of occupying a depression below the general level, it seems that this great morass, which is some forty miles long, and about twenty-five miles wide, is actually more elevated than the surrounding country, and, in spite of its semi-fluid character, is twelve feet higher in the centre than at the margin. It is, in fact, a huge sponge laid on the surface of the soil; receiving a few streams, indeed, along a short distance on one side, but giving rise to many others which flow from it in every direction. Our author's account is partly drawn from personal observation, and partly from an article on the subject published a few years ago by Mr. Ruffin of Virginia, the editor of the "Farmer's Register."

We were curious to know, while the Alleghany mountains were under consideration, whether Mr. Lyell would adopt the hypothesis so ingeniously devised and eloquently expounded by Professor Rogers to account for the formation and configuration of the long rows of parallel, billow-like ridges that constitute this chain.

"According to the theory of the Professors Rogers, the wave-like flexures, above alluded to, are explained by supposing the strata, when in a plastic state, to have rested on a widely-extended surface of fluid lava, and elastic vapors and gases. The billowy movement of this subterranean sea of melted matter imparted its undulations to the elastic overlying crust,

* *Ossemens Fossiles*, Ed. 2, Tom. I., pp. 217 and 222.

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which was enabled to retain the new shapes thus given to it by the consolidation of the liquid matter injected into fissures." — Vol. I., pp. 77, 78.

We find, however, that Mr. Lyell, true to the views he so early adopted, of taking plenty of time and leaving every thing to the slow action of existing causes, seems to discountenance this more prompt and off-hand mode of creating mountain chains.

"For my own part, I cannot imagine any real connection between the great parallel undulations of the rocks and the real waves of a subjacent ocean of liquid matter, on which the bent and broken crust may once have rested. That there were great lakes, or seas of lava, retained by volcanic heat for ages, in a liquid state, beneath the Alleghanies, is highly probable, for the simultaneous eruptions of distant vents in the Andes leave no doubt of the wide subterranean areas permanently occupied by sheets of fluid lava in our own times. It is also consistent with what we know of the laws governing volcanic action to assume that the force operated in a linear direction, for we see trains of volcanic vents breaking out for hundreds of miles along a straight line, and we behold long parallel fissures, often filled with trap or consolidated lava, holding a straight course for great distances through rocks of all ages. The causes of this peculiar mode of development are as yet obscure and unexplained; but the existence of long narrow ranges of mountains, and of great faults and vertical shifts in the strata prolonged for great distances in certain directions, may all be results of the same kind of action. It also accords well with established facts to assume that the solid crust overlying a region where the subterranean heat is increasing in intensity, becomes gradually upheaved, fractured, and distended, the lower part of the newly opened fissures becoming filled with fused matter, which soon consolidates and crystallizes. These uplifting movements may be propagated along narrow belts, placed side by side, and may have been in progress simultaneously, or in succession, in one narrow zone after another.

"When the expansive force has been locally in operation for a long period, in a given district, there is a tendency in the subterranean heat to diminish; — the volcanic energy is spent, and its position is transferred to some new region. Subsidence then begins, in consequence of the cooling and shrinking of subterranean seas of lava and gaseous matter: and the solid strata collapse in obedience to gravity. If this contraction take place along narrow and parallel zones of country, the incumbent flex-

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ible strata would be forced, in proportion as they were let down, to pack themselves into a smaller space, as they conformed to the circumference of a smaller arc. The manner in which undulations may be gradually produced in pliant strata by subsidence is illustrated on a small scale by the creeps in coal-mines; there both the overlying and underlying shales and clays sink down from the ceiling, or rise up from the floor, and fill the galleries which have been left vacant by the abstraction of the fuel." — Vol. I., pp. 78, 79.

Our extracts have been so copious, that we must not meddle with the complicated questions relating to drift, boulders, and the parallel scratches or furrows on the rocks, so frequent in the northern section of the country, — questions, upon which the opinions of geologists are still greatly at variance. We may merely state, that Mr. Lyell adopts that modification of the "glacial theory," which attributes these scratches to the action of icebergs and islands of floating ice coming down from the north, "which, as they grounded on the coast or on shoals, pushed along all loose materials of sand and pebbles, broke off all angular and projecting points of rock, and when fragments of hard stone were frozen into their lower surface, scooped out grooves in the subjacent solid stratra." There is little difficulty as respects the existence of icebergs of sufficient size and weight for the purpose; since many of those measured in the Antarctic sea by the officers of the French and American exploring expeditions rose to the height of more than two hundred feet above the surface of the water, and were from two to five miles in length. Indeed, the late Captain D'Urville, the ill-fated commander of the French expedition, ascertained one of these ice-islands, floating at large in the Southern Ocean, to be thirteen miles long and a hundred feet high, the submerged portion being of course six or eight times greater than the part which is visible; so that the mechanical power they may exert, when once set in motion, must be truly prodigious. It is only requisite that they should run aground where they are wanted; but the geological machinery for raising the level of the sea or depressing the land is so perfect and in such constant operation, that there can seldom be any failure in that respect. Still it would be desirable to show that a body of ice, impelled over a rocky surface, is actually capable of producing such scratch-

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es on a small scale, in our own days. On this point our author made a fortunate observation. We give the account in his own words, merely leaving out the references to the wood-cuts that illustrate it.

"As I was strolling along the beach at the base of these basaltic cliffs [at Cape Blomidon, Nova Scotia], collecting minerals, and occasionally recent shells at low tide, I stopped short at the sight of an unexpected phenomenon. The solitary inhabitant of a desert island could scarcely have been more startled by a human foot-print in the sand, than I was on beholding some recent furrows on a ledge of sandstone under my feet, the exact counterpart of those grooves of ancient date which I have so often described in this work, and attributed to glacial action. After having searched in vain at Quebec for such indications of a modern date, I had despaired of witnessing any in this part of the world. I was now satisfied that, whatever might be their origin, those before me were quite recent.

"The inferior beds of soft sandstone, which are exposed at low water at the base of the cliff at Cape Blomidon, form a broad ledge of bare rock to the surface of which no sea-weed or barnacles can attach themselves, as the stone is always wearing away slowly by the continual passage of sand and gravel, washed over it from the talus of fallen fragments, which lies at the foot of the cliff on the beach above. The slow but constant undermining of the perpendicular cliff forming this promontory, round which the powerful currents caused by the tide sweep backwards and forwards with prodigious velocity, must satisfy every geologist that the denudation by which the ledge in question has been exposed to view is of modern date. Whether the rocks forming the cliff extended so far as the points *a*, 10, 50, or 100 years ago, I have no means of estimating; but the exact date and rate of destruction are immaterial. On this recently formed ledge, I saw several straight furrows half an inch broad, some of them very nearly parallel, others diverging, the direction being N. 35° E., or corresponding to that of the shore at this point. After walking about a quarter of a mile, I found another set of similar furrows, having the same general direction within five degrees; and I made up my mind that if these grooves could not be referred to the modern instrumentality of ice, it would throw no small doubt on the glacial hypothesis. When I asked my guide, a peasant of the neighbourhood, whether he had ever seen much ice on the spot, where we stood, the heat was so excessive (for we were in the latitude of the south of France, 45° N.) that I seemed to be putting a

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strange question. He replied that in the preceding winter of 1841 he had seen the ice, in spite of the tide, which ran at the rate of 10 miles an hour, extending in one uninterrupted mass from the shore where we stood to the opposite coast at Parrsborough, and that the icy blocks, heaped on each other, and frozen together or 'packed,' at the foot of Cape Blomidon, were often fifteen feet thick, and were pushed along when the tide rose, over the sandstone ledges. He also stated that fragments of the 'black stone' which fell from the summit of the cliff, a pile of which lay at its base, were often frozen into the ice, and moved along with it. I then examined these fallen blocks of amygdaloid scattered round me, and observed in them numerous geodes coated with quartz crystals. I have no doubt that the hardness of these gravers, firmly fixed in masses of ice, which, although only fifteen feet thick, are often of considerable horizontal extent, have furnished sufficient pressure and mechanical power to groove the ledge of soft sandstone."—Vol. II., pp. 144–146.

We have touched only upon some of the simpler of the geological matters which make up the greater part of Mr. Lyell's book; we have explored the mere shallows, taking some care not to venture beyond our depth, lest we should be swept out to sea with only a slippery geological hypothesis to cling to. All the deeper questions, "in which are some things hard to be understood," and harder to believe, we must leave our scientific friends to manage by themselves.

We were pleased to meet with frequent evidences of that harmonious intercourse which generally does and always ought to prevail among the votaries of the same science, without distinction of country or name. Whenever a scholar or scientific man of this country visits the Old World, nothing so much gladdens his heart as the cordial welcome he is sure to receive from his transatlantic brethren, and the readiness with which all the stores of information, whether public or private, and every thing calculated to facilitate his inquiries, are laid open to him. On this account we are glad to find that Mr. Lyell's pages abound with acknowledgments for information received from, and facilities courteously rendered by, our numerous geologists, especially those who have conducted State surveys, and whose official publications and other works do so much credit to themselves and to the country. Without such assistance, indeed, Mr. Lyell could by no means have turned his limited time to such good account. On the other hand, our own geologists must have

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deemed it no small advantage thus to compare notes, directly upon the field, with one so deeply versed in European geology as Mr. Lyell. It is this freedom from sectional jealousies and local interests which makes the commonwealth of science "one and indivisible." It is this spirit which ever distinguishes the naturalist who is worthy of the name. We do, indeed, remember something of an anonymous newspaper article, in which the engagement of an eminent foreign geologist to lecture before a popular audience was seriously complained of, as a positive wrong and discouragement to native talent, and our own geologists were warned against allowing foreigners to poach on their preserves. But this narrow spirit, peculiarly ungenerous under the circumstances, is, we trust, entirely dispelled.

There is a single paragraph in Mr. Lyell's book which we strongly desire to see erased. We cannot pass by this blemish in silence, and we have no desire to render it more prominent by quotation. Yet we cannot open that page without wondering how such a piece of bad taste could have found admission. The sentence to which we refer is to be found on page 163 of the first volume. The gratuitous sneer at the "young ladies, filled with an exceeding sense of their own wickedness," is bad enough in itself; but it is unfortunately aggravated, surely without Mr. Lyell being aware of it, by the context, which almost irresistibly points its application to the families of his own friends and acquaintance.

Art. IX. — CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. — *The True Grandeur of Nations: an Oration delivered before the Authorities of the City of Boston*, July 4, 1845. By Charles Sumner. Second Edition. Boston: Published by the American Peace Society. 1845. 8vo. pp. 96.

The real subject of this discourse is more clearly indicated by the advertisement, "Published by the American Peace Society," than by its more formal and comprehensive title. It is a Peace tract, in the rhetorical dress of a popular oration. In-

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deed, the choice of the title is in some measure significant of the character of the whole performance. The orator is so thoroughly absorbed by his theme, that it seems to him to embrace the entire sphere of national grandeur. It is enough to make a nation great, that it systematically avoids all war, offensive or defensive, with other powers. We grant that this may be the highest proof of national grandeur; yet it is possible that without this a nation may be great, or with it, contemptible.

It is gratifying to see, that the tone of our anniversary harangues is undergoing a radical change. From the vapid commonplaces of self-adulation, varied chiefly by the praises of ancestors, every eulogy of whom was only a more delicate compliment to the hearer who claimed the merit of their blood, we are beginning to ascend to higher and more edifying themes, — to the discussion of our duties and our dangers. Our festival of thanksgiving wears in part the garb of a fast. Many a bold and earnest call has been sounded from the rostrum, where before was heard only the voice of party hate or self-complacent patriotism. In this class of addresses the one before us deserves a high place. It is full of honest, manly, and Christian sentiment, uttered with a frank disdain of concealment or compromise. Even where our judgment halts a little, it takes our sympathies captive. After exposing in strong terms the savage character of war, its horrible consequences and its fruitlessness, the discourse passes to an examination of the influences and prejudices which have kept up so monstrous and absurd a system. It denies the necessity of war; makes no account of the practice of nations; condemns the tolerant or temporizing tone of the Church; explodes the vulgar ideas of honor; subordinates patriotism to philanthropy; and, after displaying with a most imposing and insuperable array of statistics the enormous expensiveness of a military establishment, and insisting on the utter uselessness of all national defences, advises us at once to turn our swords into ploughshares, and our spears into pruninghooks, and not to learn war any more.

We are not aware that the treatment of the subject of this oration is distinguished by great originality; nor do we suppose that the orator was ambitious of such distinction. The strength of his positions lies in their plainness. The horrors, the follies, the sacrifices of war are near the surface, and need no divining-rod to detect them. They are, however, set forth with a vigor which must leave a fresh and abiding impression on the mind of the reader. We are persuaded, that the only way to extirpate war is never to let the subject rest, but again and again to bring home to the public mind new proofs and illustrations of the great principles of universal peace, and to ring in the ears of

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our rulers the solemn proclamation of their responsibility. There can be no exaggerated picture of the dark side of war, — and it has no bright side. We care not how sharply the spirit of Christ is set in contrast with the spirit of the world. Neither war, nor slavery, nor party spirit can be extinguished, till the breath of Christian life is breathed into the hearts of the people. To persuade them fully of the unchristian spirit of war is the surest way to convince them of the possibility of its extinction. Where there is a will there is a way, and war must eventually cease in the more perfect day of Christian civilization.

So far we go with the orator. But when from the symptoms of the disease he passes to the cure, and proposes at one sweep to put an end to war by abolishing its ways and means, we are somewhat startled. To bring about a radical revolution in national ethics, and digest anew the law of nations, a system which has been the work of many centuries, must be the work at least of many years. By a just law of retribution, the rubbish of old abuses remains long after the main structure has fallen down. We are not suffered to bask to our liking in the sunshine of our sins, without shivering in the night that follows. "*Nec vitia nostra nec remedia pati possumus*," might be the lamentation of many a sorrowing philanthropist of our own day.

The orator rejects the phrase "defensive wars," as absurd, on the ground, that, in the present advanced state of civilization, no nation would dare to disgrace itself by an attack on a defenceless neighbour. We hope this is true. But when we have before our eyes the invasion of Turkey by Russia, the bombardment of Acre, the expedition against Affghanistan, and the occupation of Scinde, to say nothing of the opium war in China, a little skepticism as to the probable forbearance of the same civilized powers, in the absence of all resistance, may be borne with. Nor are these cases which can be summarily dismissed with the sentence, "Let the dead Past bury its dead." How near extinction the war spirit in France is, the events of the last few years amply demonstrate. And when we see, on the least rumor of a declaration of war, thousands of volunteers crowding to our western frontier, eager less to defend their country than to have a fight, and read the pugnacious exhortations of our patriotic newspaper press, we may doubt of the safety of those nations who, content with the panoply of meekness, should throw away the more vulgar harness of brass and steel. We question if the celebrated example of William Penn, backed even by the grave authority of Mrs. Child, will be sufficient to divest of a certain paradoxical air the assertion, that "every new fortification and every additional gun in our harbour is not a

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safeguard, but a source of danger to our city," because, if national defences do not exist, "there can be no aliment, no fuel for the flame" of war. We must say, we wait for more proof. The doctrine of this address does not even make an exception in the case of a conflict between a savage and a civilized state. The case is possible, and the barbarian, who is incapable of understanding the more refined expedients of negotiation, mediation, &c., may be the aggressor. How shall he be dealt with? Nor are we quite clear, that no violation of national right short of an armed assault can be so flagrant as to justify a resort to immediate force by the injured party. Whether such a war shall or shall not be styled defensive is a question of terms only. In the efficacy of a congress of nations, arbitration, or negotiation, the orator has great faith. Our hope is stronger than our faith. The nations, as yet, are far from forming a brotherhood, and we have some apprehension of an active centrifugal force. Should a single nation prove recreant, we must come to arms at last. To say that the issue of war is of all things the most doubtful, and that justice cannot be established by an appeal to brute force, disposes of the difficulty only when you have shown some better resort. The very ingenious and striking parallel drawn by the orator between national wars and the old wager of battle is the most original and effective portion of the address. But public opinion had been won over to the side of order and justice before that ancient practice was abolished; and till the public opinion of nations has become also imbued, by successful experiment and the interchange of national courtesies, with the fraternal sentiment and the love of peace, we can hardly expect a single nation to demolish its forts and arsenals. But every thing now makes for peace, and the hope of the philanthropist becomes every day more reasonable.

These few remarks have left us little room for any observations on the literary execution of Mr. Sumner's Oration. We could wish there were even less; so difficult is it to apply to this whole *genus* of anniversary addresses the ordinary canons of criticism. Our Fourth of July rhetoric is one of the most indubitable tokens of our national independence. Borrowing from the mother country the homely Anglo-Saxon phrase, and from our Gallic ally the swell and pomp of Parisian declamation, we have seasoned the mixture with enough of patriotic truculence to establish our title to the compound. According to the varying proportions of these elements, we have every shade of style from the florid to the tawdry, and from the pedestrian to the bombastic. The Juvenal of our day might forget the "*Augusti recitantes mense poetas*," though we are not quite sinless in

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that matter, in the more heinous offences of an earlier month. The address before us, free as it is from the nauseous fustian of its race, is somewhat infected with the license of the season. There is abundant evidence of the ability of the author to distinguish himself as a rhetorician and orator. There are glowing passages in this address, which thrill the very soul. There is here and there a pomp of language, a procession of gorgeous periods, that hurries the reader irresistibly and willingly along. But these spots are interspersed and intersected by veins and seams of quite another ore. We are sometimes surprised and disappointed by a prosaic dash in the very midst of an eloquent paragraph, and occasionally bewildered by a chaotic confusion of metaphors. It would be ungrateful and unfair to ransack a popular oration for instances of bad taste and faulty expression. And yet, where a performance bears ample marks of supplementary additions, we could wish that the author's privilege of retrenchment had also been more liberally exercised. This allusion to Ziska's skin is absolutely revolting: — "God forbid that his [Washington's] sacred character should be profanely stretched, like the skin of John Ziska, on a militia drum to arouse the martial ardor of the American people." Nor is this comparison of man to the lion in Paradise, with the quotation annexed, quite to our liking: — "History shows the sure progress of man, like the lion in Paradise 'still pawing to get free his hinder parts,' but certain, if he be true to his nature, to emancipate himself from the restraints of earth." The very confines of courtesy are reached in the phrase, "Respectable citizens volunteer to look like soldiers," considering the circumstances of the occasion. We must also call the author's attention to the incongruity of the several kinds of physical elevation and moral grandeur that are huddled together in the following passage: — "As the cedars of Lebanon are higher than the grass of the valley; as the heavens are higher than the earth; as man is higher than the beasts of the field; as the angels are higher than man; as he that ruleth his spirit is higher than he that taketh a city; so are the virtues and victories of Peace higher than the virtues and victories of War." Once more, we cannot conceive how, in his description of the massacre of the Roman senators by the Gauls, the author could have tortured Livy's *in vestibulis ædium* into "in a temple."

But we gladly abandon the invidious work of verbal criticism. We have but a word to say on the general structure of this address. That it should be somewhat amphibious in its nature is not surprising. By the necessity of the case, it is a cross between an oration and an essay; and logic and rhetoric cannot

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but be at loggerheads here and there. This is the author's misfortune. But we think he exceeds his privilege. After the text had been distended to its utmost capacity by allusion and quotation, the overflowing fragments are with a somewhat too scrupulous care caught, as in a bowl, in the notes below. The array of authors cited and characterized is oppressive. The page is so overloaded with them, that it absolutely reels and staggers. But these blemishes are but specks; and we gladly take leave of the orator with the honest hope, that we may often hear his free and fearless voice in the defence of struggling truth, and in the assault upon established errors.

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2. — *Report of the Committee appointed to make the Annual Examination of the Grammar Schools in the City of Boston.* 1845. 8vo. pp. 147.

By the rules of the Boston School Committee, two sub-committees, of three persons each, are annually appointed in the month of May to conduct a general examination of these schools. One of these committees examines the schools in the grammar department, and the other examines them in the writing department. Formerly, these committees examined all the classes in the schools; but as the increasing number of schools and of scholars made this duty very arduous, it was provided a few years ago, that they should limit their examination to the pupils of the first class.

As is the case in every department of human life, the duties of these several annual examining committees have been discharged with various degrees of thoroughness and ability, according to the capacity, leisure, and conscientiousness of the members composing them. As a general rule, however, the examinations have been superficial, or, at least, not thorough and searching; and this not from want of good-will or a sense of duty on the part of the committees, but partly from inexperience and partly from want of time; the members of the school committee being generally persons engaged in the duties of active life, who had not the leisure requisite to bring so many large schools to any thing like a decisive test of their merits. This year, the duty of examining the schools in the grammar department was committed to singularly competent hands. The members of the committee were Mr. Theophilus Parsons, who, by his great activity of mind and widely varied attainments, does honor to an honored

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name, to Dr. Howe, the world-renowned philanthropist and principal of the Blind Asylum, a living proof of the truth that the man who has the most to do has also the most leisure, and to the Rev. Mr. Neale, a highly estimable and intelligent clergyman of the Baptist persuasion.

These gentlemen addressed themselves to their duties with a generous spirit of self-sacrifice which deserves all praise. They entered upon them zealously, and continued in them perseveringly. They brought to their task the two great qualifications of experience and industry. Feeling that the results of mere oral examination must always be to some extent unsatisfactory, they resolved upon a more rigorous and searching test. They submitted to the scholars sets of printed questions upon all the subjects studied in the schools. Fifteen schools declined to be questioned upon astronomy, six upon natural philosophy, and two upon history; all were examined in geography, English grammar, and definitions. To these printed questions the scholars were required to furnish written answers, one hour being allowed to each set of questions, and the scholars placed apart, so as to prevent mutual assistance, and not being allowed to have access to books or maps.

The pamphlet before us contains the results of the examination, and the remarks of the committee upon these results and the condition of the schools revealed by them, with suggestions for changes and improvements. The Report alone comprises forty-nine pages. The remaining pages are devoted to an appendix, containing the various tables referred to in the Report, which are very elaborately and carefully prepared.

The first thing which strikes us in this Report is the astonishing amount of labor which it shows the committee to have gone through with. Besides the Report itself, which is a carefully prepared document, there are nearly a hundred pages of tables, which would alone, apparently, have been as much as the committee could have been expected to do, with all the assistance of intelligent clerks, in the space of three months. The quality of the work, too, deserves commendation no less than the quantity. In the preparation of this Report, a gratuitous and perhaps a thankless labor, the committee have expended no small quantity of severe intellectual toil; of such as usually goes to the composition of grave books, written for bread or fame. When we add to the labor of preparing the Report, that of the examinations themselves, and remember that all has been done since last May, and that none of the committee are men of leisure, we can only explain the results by supposing that they have discovered some short-hand method of working, which bears the

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same proportion to common toils and efforts, that logarithms do to the cumbrous processes which they superseded. Their labors are certainly a great encouragement to all the bees, and a severe rebuke to all the drones, in the world's great hive.

The results of the examination are unquestionably not creditable to the Boston schools, and are not commensurate with the high reputation which they have enjoyed. Our limits will not permit us to go into details, or to cull from the appendix any of the many startling and ludicrous errors which it presents, in the answers therein recorded. We earnestly commend the whole document alike to the friends of education everywhere, and to the people of Boston in particular, who have a right to a faithful account of the large sums devoted to the support of those schools which have so long been their pride and boast. The following general results, which we copy from the Report, are sufficiently significant; but they make but a faint impression, compared with the actual answers set down in the appendix.

"The whole number of pupils present in the Schools on the days when we examined, was 7,526; the whole number offered for examination, — a number comprising the flower of the Boston Public Schools, — was 530; their average age is about thirteen years, six months.* The whole number of questions put to them

In	Geography, — was	31
	Definitions,	28
	Grammar,	14
	History,	30
	Natural Philosophy,	20
	Astronomy,	31
	Making a total of 154 questions.	154

To these there should have been 57,873 answers, if each scholar had been able to answer; but there were only 31,159, of which only 17,216 were correct in sense, leaving unanswered 26,714. The 31,159 answers contained 2,801 errors in grammar; 3,733 errors in spelling; and 35,947 errors in punctuation." — pp. 7, 8.

In order to obtain a comparative view of the Boston schools, the committee extended their examination into some of the schools in the neighbouring towns; but they include only the Dudley school in Roxbury among their returns, feeling a conviction, that, in that school, neither master nor scholars knew any thing beforehand of their questions, while in the others there was room for doubt. As if by way of special rebuke to the pride which Boston feels in her public schools, it appears, that, in the general summing up of the relative merits of all the schools examined,

* In the Girls' Schools, the average age of the scholars examined is about 14 years.

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the Dudley school takes precedence of all the Boston schools, and that all of the latter, with one exception, fall very considerably short of it.

Upon the condition of the Boston schools, as revealed by this examination, the committee have much to say in their Report, and many improvements to suggest. Here, too, we cannot follow them minutely or in detail, without expanding a short notice into a long article, but must content ourselves with remarking upon one or two points.

The committee recommend a change in the organization of the schools. They would have them under the charge of one head master instead of two, and would increase the number of female teachers, advancing the standard of qualifications by enlarging their salaries. They recommend, also, the appointment of a school commissioner or superintendent, who shall be a permanent officer, with a competent salary. Here, too, we are emphatically with them. The arguments which they employ in favor of the appointment of this officer are unanswerable, and commend themselves to the good sense of every one who knows any thing about the operation of bodies constituted like the Boston school committee. The vigilant combination of a body of teachers is ever an overmatch for the sleepy wisdom of a board, which meets regularly but once a quarter, and is composed of persons, most of whom have their time and thoughts engrossed by their own affairs. The essential weight of these arguments is also enforced by the good results which have followed the appointment of such an officer in other places.

We have been pleased with the remarks on corporal punishment contained in the Report. They are well conceived and well expressed, and put the whole subject upon its true ground. They flow from an enlightened and humane spirit, restrained by knowledge and experience from running into visionary extremes. We commend them to the careful consideration of all teachers, especially those in the Boston schools, where (we speak advisedly) the rod has been heretofore far too much used, as a moving and restraining power. We give, too, our hearty and admiring assent to the observations upon the moral requisites and duties of the teacher.

A bold and uncompromising Report of this kind, as might be expected, has met with some opposition. Its conclusions have been assailed with vehemence, and even the motives of the committee have been impugned. Forming our judgment from a considerable knowledge of the schools and from an examination of the Report itself, we do not hesitate to say that nothing can be more unwarrantable than such charges. We do not find a line

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flowing from a previous prejudice against the schools, but, on the contrary, everywhere the evidence of a deep interest in them, a just appreciation of what is praiseworthy in them, and an earnest desire to make them better. We think, too, that no candid person, who is well acquainted with the schools, will dissent from its conclusions. We honor the members of the committee for the thoroughness and fidelity with which they have discharged their trust. We thank them for the valuable contribution which they have made to the cause of education. We hope that their Report, and the discussions it has provoked, will lead the people of Boston to look more carefully after their schools than they have heretofore done, and bring a more powerful public opinion to bear upon their management. If they fall upon evil tongues, they must console themselves with the reflection, that the abuse which a reformer encounters is exactly in proportion to the need of a reformation.

New Publications Received.

The Miscellaneous Works of Thomas Arnold, D. D., late Head Master of Rugby School, and Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford. First American Edition, with nine Additional Essays not included in the English Collection. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1845. 8vo. pp. 519.

Introductory Lectures on Modern History, delivered in Lent Term, 1842, with the Inaugural Lecture. By Thomas Arnold, D. D. Edited from the second London Edition, with a Preface and Notes. By Henry Reed, M. A., Professor of English Literature in the University of Pennsylvania. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1845. 12mo. pp. 428.

A Commentary on the Apocalypse. By Moses Stuart, Professor of Sacred Literature in the Theological Seminary at Andover, Mass. Andover: Allen, Morrill, and Wardwell. 1845. 2 vols. 8vo.

Memoirs of the American Academy: The Latitude of the Cambridge Observatory, in Massachusetts, determined from Transits of Stars over the Prime Vertical, observed during the Months of December, 1844, and January, 1845, by William C. Bond, Major James D. Graham, and George P. Bond. By Benjamin Peirce, Perkins Professor of Astronomy and Mathematics in Harvard University. 1845. 4to. pp. 18.

Elementary Grammar of the Latin Language, with a Series of Latin and English Exercises, and the requisite Vocabularies. By Dr.

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Raphael Kühner. Translated from the German by J. T. Champlin, Professor of Greek and Latin in Waterville College. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1845. 12mo. pp. 383.

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